Inside GIANT SPECIAL ISSUE

JUNE/1970
50¢ K

WRESTLING

"IT FELT LIKE MY CHEST CAVED IN!" Admits Toni Rose

Bobby Heenan Tells: "WHY I FINALLY BUSTED OUT!"

THE CONVICT MUST BE STOPPED FROM KILLING OUR BOYS!

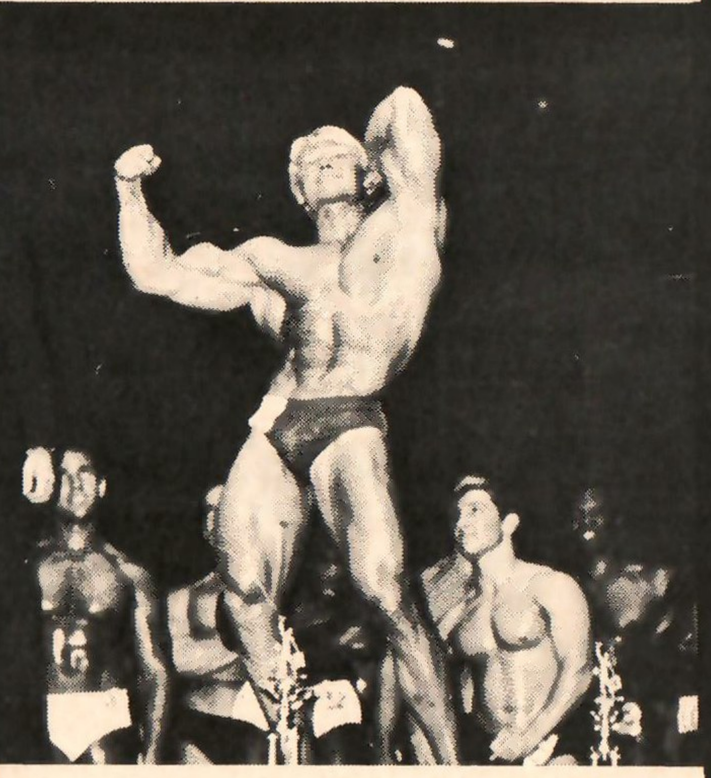
WILDEST BOUT IN HISTORY
22-MAN BATTLE ROYAL FOR $ 11,000

WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

MR. OLYMPIA

Larry Scott, Mr. Olympia," was a 136-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my free information—**just as you should**—and now weighs 205 lbs. with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! **How about you?**

MR. UNIVERSE



Dave Draper, "Mr. America," once was a fat slob—weighing 255 lbs. Then he wrote for my free information and now weighs 235 lbs., 20½-inch arms, a 55" chest, 32" waist. A real champ! **Why wait? Rush!**

MR. UNIVERSE

Reg Lewis, "Mr. Universe," was kicked around because of being skinny. only 138-lbs., and weak. But he sent for free information, now weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! **Why not you!**

THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD— GAINED 3 INCHES TO THEIR ARMS —4 INCHES TO THEIR CHEST— IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO?

You, too—just like these champions—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions these champs did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can instantly slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, musculanize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32-pages of muscle building information, I guarantee you that virtually over-night you will experience a muscle-building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did these champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to these and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. America's" and "Mr. Universe's" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time!

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- ☐ Bigger arms
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- ☐ Athletic Legs
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Lose Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

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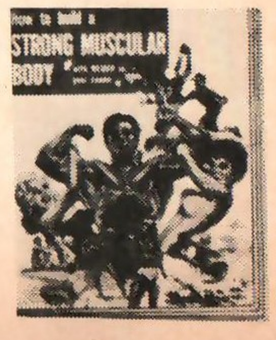

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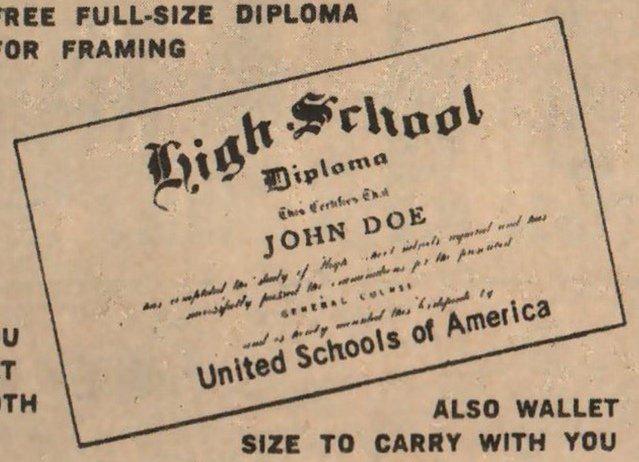

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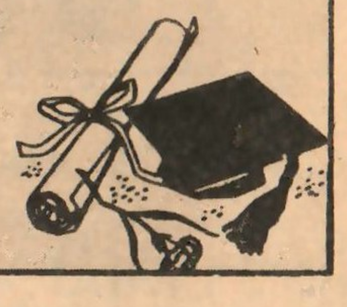

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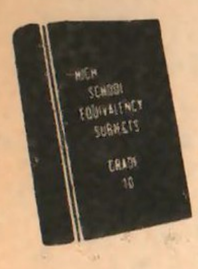

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Inside WRESTLING

CONTENTS/JUNE 1970/VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2

6 **HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY**
Our staff of correspondents takes you behind-the-scenes

12 **FAN CLUB CORNER, Produced by Mike Omansky**
Special news for special fans

14 **WILDEST BOUT IN WRESTLING HISTORY!**
That incredible 22-Man Battle Royal

18 **I'VE HAD A BELLYFULL OF BEING A MANAGER!" Insists Bobby Heenan**
Blackjack Lanza may be looking for a new manager real soon

23 **"YOU SONS OF BITCHES—DON'T CALL ME CRAZY!" Demands Luke Graham**
Now the youngest Graham brother has really gone berserk

26 **HAYSTACKS AND IRON MIKE DO OR DIES FOR AMERICA**
Let them take the championship belt to Japan? Never!

29 **THE CONVICT MUST BE STOPPED FROM KILLING OUR BOYS!**
An angry cry of protest from we, the people

32 **"I FELT LIKE MY CHEST CAVED IN!" Admits Toni Rose**
That tremendous dropkick nearly cut Toni in half

36 **THE 'KEWPIE DOLL' WHO CAN CRUSH A MAN TO DEATH**
Igor Vodik grins like a little boy and tips his cap—But . . . !

40 **NICK BOCKWINKEL—THE WRESTLER WHO HATES RETURN BOUTS**
He loses interest in an opponent once he whips him

44 **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF PEN PALS**
The fun game that is sweeping the world. And you can play, too!

62 **YOUR LETTERS**
Love us or hate us, here's your chance to sound off

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A "BEATING-UP" TURNED THIS WEAKLING INTO A CHAMP!

Charles Atlas "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

One night a frail 97-lb., 15-year-old youth was making his way home through the tough waterfront section of New York City. Suddenly, without warning, a brutal hoodlum loomed up out of the dark, and beat him senseless. That night the young man made a solemn vow: *"Never will I let any man hurt me again."*

The years ahead were to prove how well he kept that vow! For the name of that skinny youth was Charles Atlas – and he lived to become internationally famous as "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," performing feats of strength that amazed the whole world!

The day after that beating, Charles Atlas began trying every exercise he had ever heard of. Then one day, visiting New York's famed Bronx Zoo, he asked himself: "How does the *tiger* keep in physical condition? You never see *him* with a barbell!"

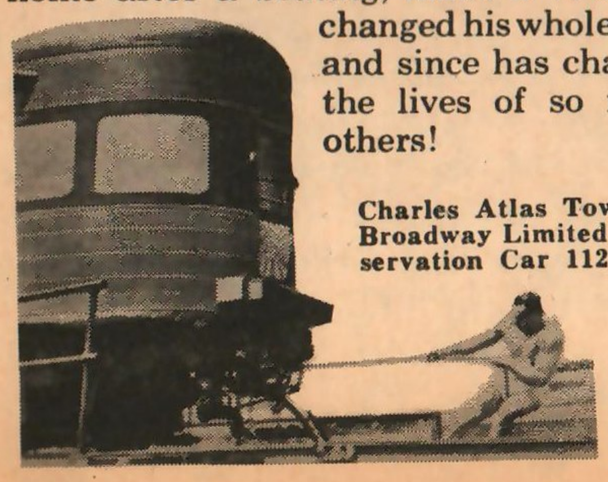
Atlas Discovers the Secret!

He saw how the tiger exercised by stretching its muscles, one against the other. From this, he worked out the amazing "Dynamic-Tension" system of muscle-building that was to make him famous.

Within 12 months, Atlas had doubled his weight. He decided to help all weak, underdeveloped men who suffered as he had. So he made his amazing secret of *"Dynamic-Tension"* – the system that uses no weights or apparatus – available to men all over the world. Thousands have benefited from his remarkably effective system.

And, as the fame of Charles Atlas spread, he was challenged to perform many thrilling feats of strength. Once he pulled six automobiles, chained together, for a mile. Another time he towed a *72½-ton railroad car* 112 feet along the tracks with a rope!

A far cry from the days of that 97-pound weakling who sobbed his way home after a beating, made a vow that changed his whole life—and since has changed the lives of so many others!



Charles Atlas Towing Broadway Limited Observation Car 112 ft!

I Take OLD Bodies and Turn Out NEW Ones!

Check the Kind of NEW BODY You Want RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW . . . and I'll Show You How EASILY You Can Have It!

I'M NO MAGICIAN. Making healthy and handsome HE-MEN out of weaklings – turning "skin and bones" or flabby fat into SOLID MUSCLE – is simply my job. But my secret *does* work like "magic."

Do you want broader shoulders—a magnificent "barrel" chest – more powerful arms and legs – a mid-section lined with solid-as-steel muscle? It's all waiting for you. Just check what you want – RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW. I'll show you how I can give it to you!

ARE YOU
Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Fat and flabby?
Want to lose or gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

From "Mouse" to MAN!

You wouldn't believe it but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "SKINNY." Girls made fun of me behind my back. Then I discovered my remarkable muscle-building secret – *"Dynamic-Tension."* It turned me from a "bag of bones" into a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping *other* fellows change themselves into *"perfectly developed men."*

Charles Atlas
Holder of title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Prize Trophy Given Away
Be the envy of friends! Win handsome trophy, over 1½ feet high!

"Dynamic-Tension" Works Fast!

My secret – *"Dynamic-Tension"* – is the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room – JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY – while you build up SOLID MUSCLE in all of the RIGHT PLACES – gain the kind of handsome and healthy build that women admire and men respect.

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FREE My 32-Page Book is Yours Not $1.00 or 10¢ – But FREE

SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. 32 Pages, packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic-Tension" has done for others. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life – and its yours absolutely FREE! Check the kind of body you want below.

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Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ More Weight – Solid – in the Right Places
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Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 Pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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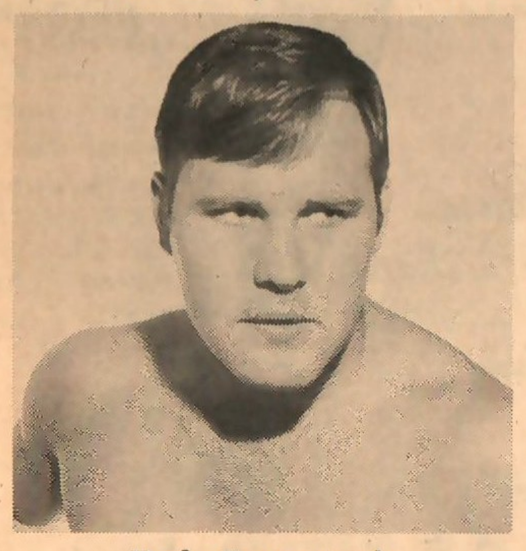
In England: Charles Atlas, 21 Poland St., London, W.1

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

BEFORE GOOD LOOKING, talented Bob Ramstad was named "Rookie of the Year" in the 1969 edition of our Wrestling Annual he was just another youngster trying to make good in the world's greatest sport. But today, after that big official boost which he so justly deserved, Ramstad is known from Coast to Coast and offers continue to flow his way from promoters around the world. But Bob is still very partial to the South. "I got my start down South," Bob says. "The people there have always treated me like a native son, even though I happen to come from Minnesota, and I'll never



Bob Ramstad
We gave him the boost to fame.

forget their kindness." Ramstad teamed with Johnny (Rubberman) Walker to capture the Southern Tag Team Championship before going on a nationwide tour. "Walker and I work great together," Bob says proudly. "I think we could win the world's tag title if we really set our minds on it and worked together regularly." But the offers are much too good these days for Bob Ramstad to stay in one place very long.

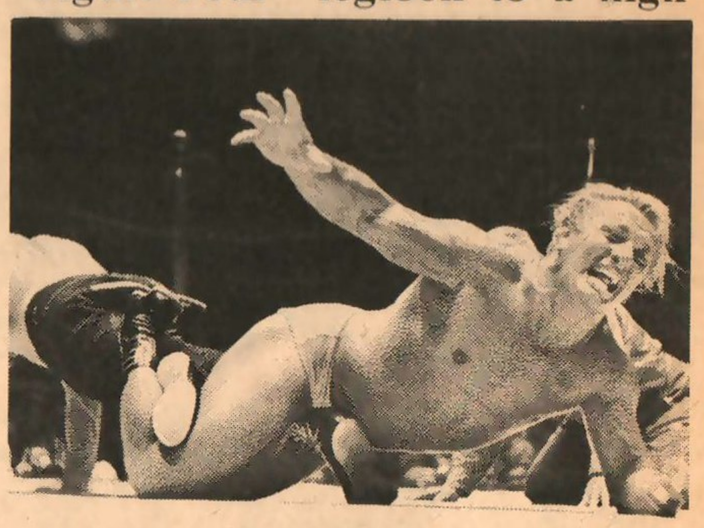
Fans boo Bull Ramos instinctively. He's the kind of a guy people seem to dislike on sight. But the massive Apache Indian could not care less. "Let 'em boo and throw things at me," he growls. "But in their hearts they know I can rip apart any of those guys they cheer."

Bull Curry and his fabulous son, Fred, have issued a formal challenge to Dory Funk, Senior, and his world champion son, Dory, Jr. What a match that would be! Think of it: the only two father-and-son teams in the world clawing away at each other. Says Bull: "I sent the challenge to Sam Muchnick, President of the National Wrestling Alliance, and asked Sam to send it on to the Funks. Muchnick did as I asked, but the only response I've received so far was through Pat O'Connor, who is a friend of the Funks. Pat called me

Bull Curry and son
A challenge to the two Funks.

on the phone last week and told me he had a message for me from Dory Funk, Sr. 'Dory says he accepts your challenge,' O'Connor told me, 'but you will have to put up a guarantee of $35,000.' How do you like that for gall? I told O'Connor to give Funk a message from me. 'Drop dead!' I said."

Notes from Here and There—The fabulous Dory Dixon is making it real big in Dixie...Dale Lewis is getting impatient waiting for a return match with Dory Funk. "He beat me by a fluke the last time." Dale insists. "The people cheered me and booed Funk when we were leaving the ring. I think I certainly deserve another shot at him." So do we, Dale... Towering (6'9, 298-pound) Tex McKenzie a sensation in the great Pacific Northwest. And for good reason. The man is a fabulous wrestler and one helluva guy. We don't think Tex has an enemy in the world...Did you know that the team of Bruiser and Crusher won 110 bouts last year while losing a scant five? And that's a record that probably will go down in history...The very popular Rickie Renaldo has shifted his talents from California to the booming St. Louis territory...Mat observers insist that crafty Jack Brisco has perfected the dreaded spinning "Figure-Four" leglock to a high-



Buddy Rogers and leglock
Jack Brisco has really perfected it.

er degree than former heavyweight champion Buddy Rogers. And when you recall to what lofty heights that hold carried Rogers, you can only anticipate what it will do for Brisco.

Gene Kiniski had a very close call during a recent match in St. Louis. One fan, who had become furious over the ex-champion's tactics, that he leaped into the ring and allegedly tried to attack Kiniski with a knife. Luckily for Kiniski, the police had been alerted by an usher who reported that he over heard the man say, "I'm gonna cut that Gene Kiniski!" So when the attack came, the police were ready. The accused was sen-

(Continued on page 10)

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Here's the most advanced, most convenient, most trouble-free way for you and your family to enjoy stereo music in your home—a way that frees you forever from records that scratch, warp and wear out...from reel-to-reel tapes that tangle and break. It's the famous, compact Columbia 8-Track TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYER...now yours, in this extraordinary offer, at a truly fabulous bargain price!

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Our regular price for the Player is $69.95—yet now, as part of this special introductory offer, you may take the Player for only $14.95 when you join the new Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service and buy three cartridges of your choice for only $6.98 each.

Your only obligation as a member is to purchase six additional cartridges during the coming year...music you'd probably buy anyway! As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Service's buying guide. Each issue contains scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from many different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered...or take no cartridge at all...just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Service will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided...or accept by doing nothing.

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(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

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This is TOM JONES
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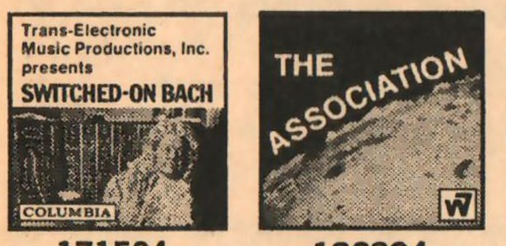

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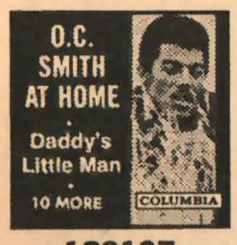

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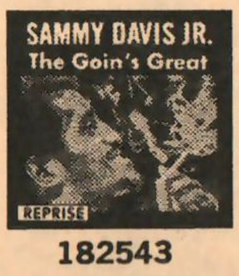

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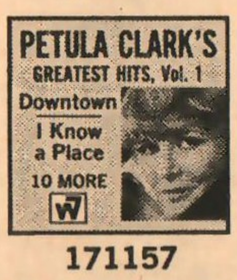

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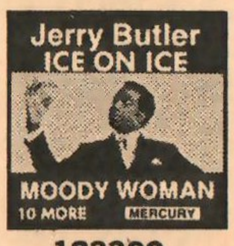

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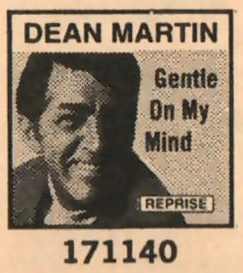

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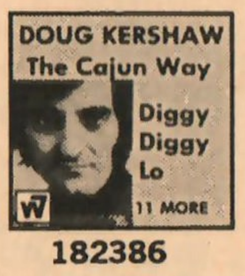

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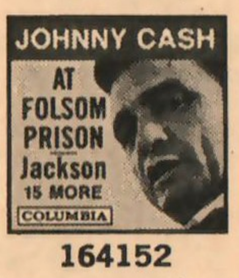

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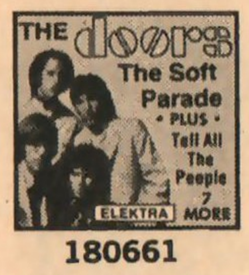

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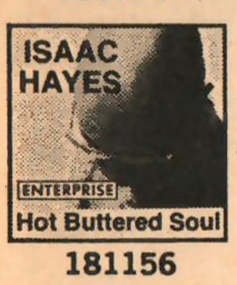

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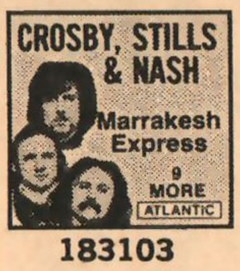

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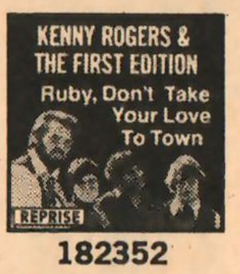

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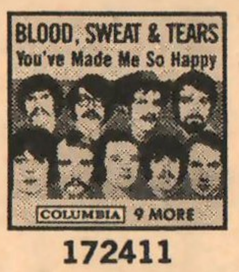

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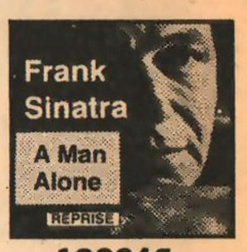

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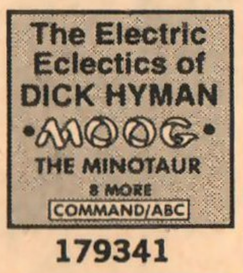

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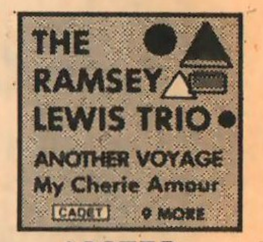

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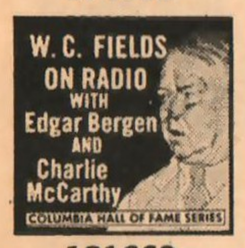

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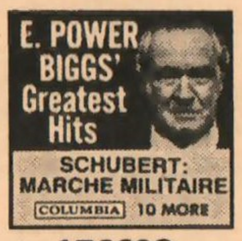

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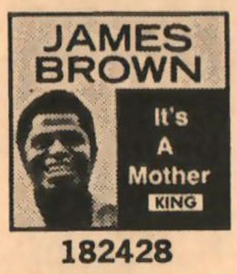

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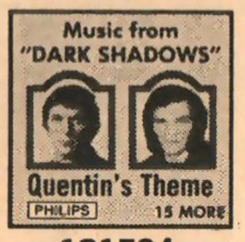

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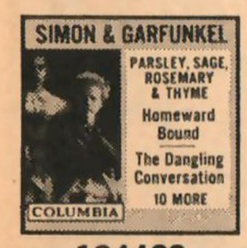

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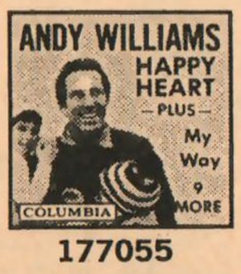

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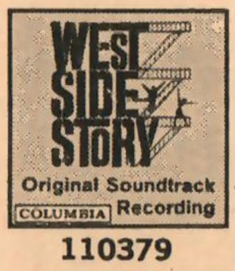

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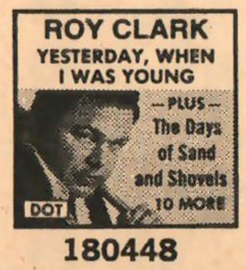

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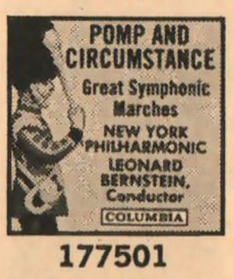

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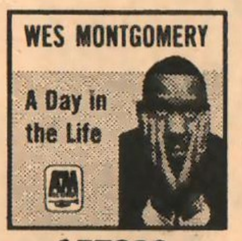

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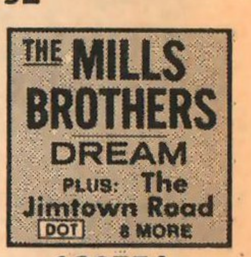

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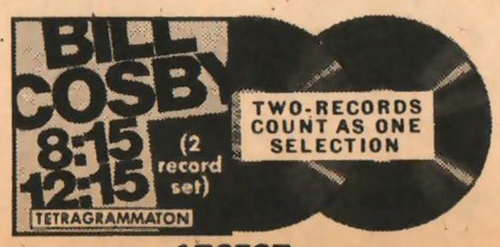

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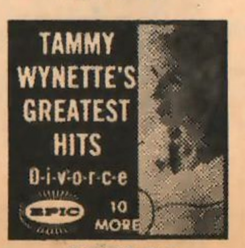

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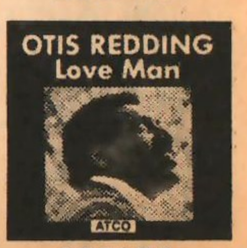

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Any 12

YES, IT'S TRUE — if you join the Columbia Record Club right now, you may have your choice of ANY 12 of the hit records shown here — ALL 12 for only $3.98. And all you have to do is agree to buy as few as ten records (at the regular Club price) during the coming two years.

That's right! — you'll have two full years in which to buy your ten records. After doing so, you'll have acquired a sizable library of 22 records of your choice — but you'll have paid for just half of them . . . *that's* practically a 50% saving off regular Club prices! Without doubt, the Club offers you the "best buy" in records *anywhere!*

AS A MEMBER you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's entertaining music magazine. Each issue describes the regular selection for each musical interest and

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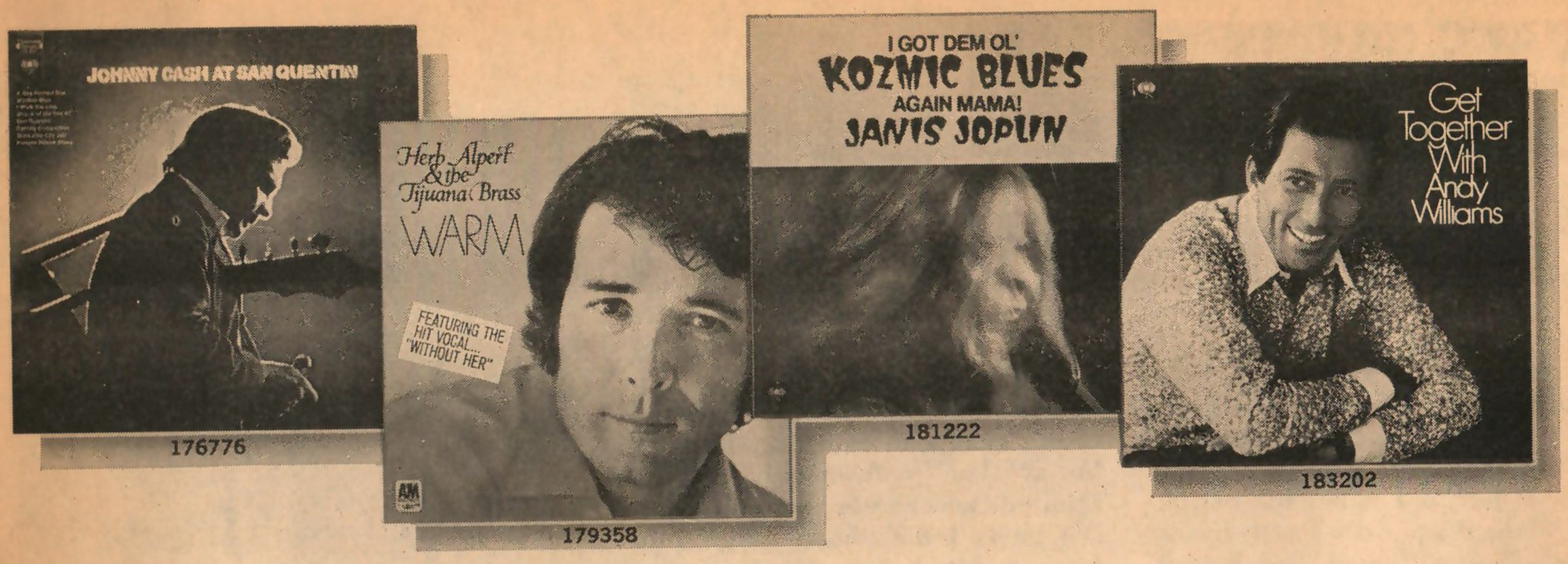


records for $3.98 plus mailing and handling

SAVE ALMOST 50% ON RECORDS

Savings are off regular Club prices

AS A MEMBER OF THE COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

You simply agree to buy 10 records during the coming 2 years almost 300 other records . . . hit albums from every field of music from scores of record labels.

If you do *not* want any record in any month — just tell us so by returning the selection card by the date specified . . . or you may use the card to order any of the records offered. If you want *only* the regular selection for your musical interest you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically. And from time to time, the Club will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided — or accept by simply doing nothing . . . the choice is always yours!

RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT. Upon enrollment, the Club will open a charge account in your name . . . you pay for your records only after you have received them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $4.98 (Classical and occasional special albums somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN. As soon as you complete your enrollment agreement, you will automatically become eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan, which entitles you to *one record of your choice free* (plus 25¢ for mailing and handling) *for every one you buy thereafter!*

SEND NO MONEY NOW — JUST MAIL THE COUPON. Write in the numbers of the twelve records you want, for which you will be billed only $3.98, plus mailing and handling. Be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested. Act today!

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Ind. (CRC) *Where smart buyers shop for hits!*

SEND NO MONEY — JUST THIS COUPON

Columbia Record Club, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please enroll me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the twelve stereo records I wish to receive for only $3.98, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase ten records during the coming two years, under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I may cancel membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.

SEND ME THESE 12 RECORDS FOR ONLY $3.98

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):

- ☐ Listening and Dancing
- ☐ Country and Western
- ☐ Broadway and Hollywood
- ☐ Teen Hits
- ☐ Classical
- ☐ Jazz

Name.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check One) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

244-8/7J

WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 6)

tenced to 75 days in the workhouse after pleading guilty to disturbing the peace and resisting arrest.

We were delighted to learn that Fran Gravette, one of the greatest girl wrestlers of all time, has decided to return to the ring after many years on the sidelines. If Fran can whip herself back into her old form, well, the rest of the girls had better watch out because this blond Texas is pure dynamite. In one of her first comeback bouts, Fran teamed up with Tami Jones against Penny Banner and Kathy O'Day in Charlotte, N.C. Although

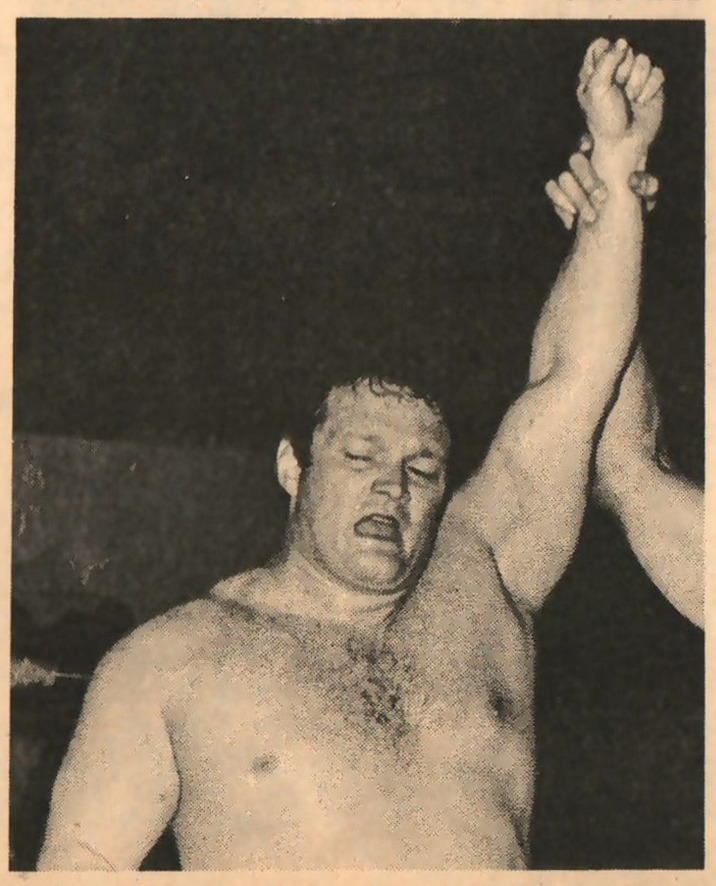
Fran Gravette
"It's really great to be back."

Fran and Tami lost the two-out-of-three fall bout, Gravette didn't seem disappointed when she talked to our reporter in the dressing room. "In this business, you don't warm your behind on the sidelines for a few years and then expect to bounce back into action as good as new. But I do want to say that it felt very good to be back."

One of wrestling's great success stories concerns brilliant Doug Gilbert, known to millions of Southern fans as, simply, "The Professional." Gilbert started his career in the Mid-West and for many years worked out of Chicago. Noted for his blinding speed and ball-like agility, Doug plowed through his opposition. He recalls having had six chances to win the world's championship, but refuses to offer any alibis as to why he was never crowned king. For a while, Doug vanished from the wrestling scene. Fans, wondering what had happened to him, called the Chicago promoter and wrote endless letters to wrestling magazines. But they never received satisfactory answers. Then, in 1968, Gilbert reappeared as suddenly as he had vanished. He turned up in Georgia, not in Chicago, and he didn't reappear as Doug Gilbert, but as "The Professional." Thus a fabulous new career was launched. We haven't the space to go into further detail here, however an in-depth story about Doug (The Pro) Gilbert is now being prepared and will be published shortly in either THE WRESTLER or its sister magazine, INSIDE WRESTLING. Don't miss it!

Homer O'Dell is doing a splendid job managing tough Paul DeMarco. A firm believer in advertising, O'Dell has placed several ads—very clever ads—in newspapers and programs which refer to DeMarco, in giant letters, as "The World's Heavyweight Champion." But, in tiny letters, the word "Claimant" appears underneath. Very clever that Mr. O'Dell.

Johnny Valentine is really something. One night not long ago, in Houston, Texas, Big John defeated not one, but *two* of the world's greatest wrestlers. First, Valentine won over Fritz Von Erich (by disqualification), then he went on to overcome former world champion Lou Thesz. Because we consider



Doug (The Pro) Gilbert
The Mid-West was never like this.

Bruiser and Crusher
105 wins and five losses. A record!

this an historic achievement, we are publishing the following newspaper account which first appeared the day after the bout: Von Erich came close to beating Valentine with his terrible "Iron Claw," last night. But when Johnny fell into the ropes, referee Danny McShane tried to force Fritz to release his hold. A scuffle between Von Erich and McShane broke out and ended when Fritz threw the official out of the ring and into the third row of seats. Of course, Von Erich was immediately disqualified. Then came Lou Thesz, who started off like a ball of fire trying to take advantage of Valentine's weakened condition. Thesz might have gotten away with it had it not been for three of John's famous "Brain Busters" which cracked into Lou's head and knocked him unconscious. Said Valentine after his remarkable double victory: "I only wish I could have wrestled Dory Funk, Jr. right after I got finished with Thesz."

Maria De Leon failed in a recent bid to win the Texas girl's crown from powerful Evelyn Stevens. But Brave Maria wasn't discouraged by the defeat. "Evelyn is a very strong girl, and very smart," she said. "But I saw a few flaws in her defense which I hope to take advantage of the next time we meet."

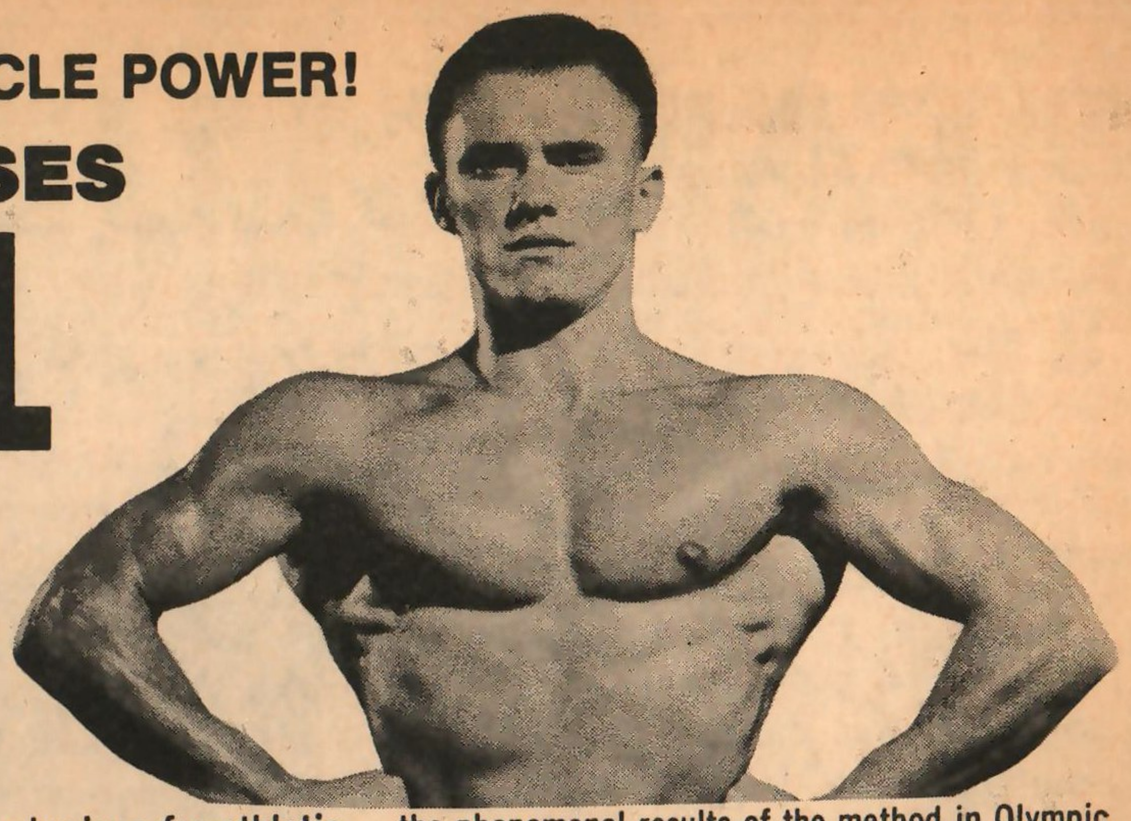
And until the next time we meet, so long... □

Here is the world's fastest way to MUSCLE POWER!

ONLY ONE METHOD PROMISES

POWERFUL MUSCLES

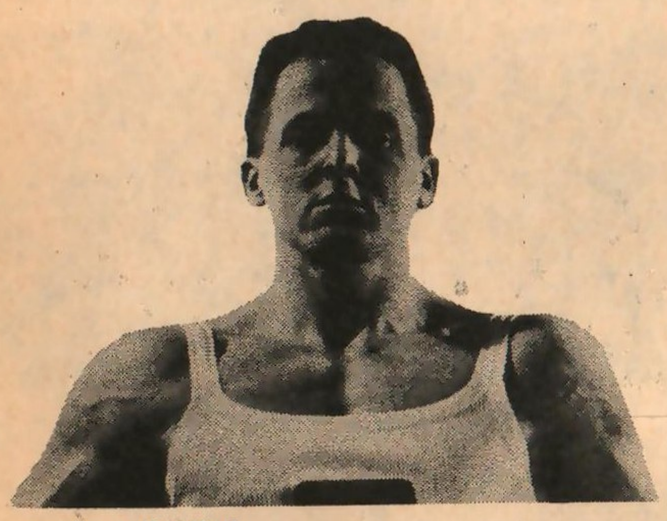
IN JUST 77 SECONDS!



Read this remarkable story if you are trying to develop a powerful physique for athletic competition—or if you are just interested in building up certain muscles, increasing your vigor, and toughening your stamina. **It will change your whole idea of body-building exercise.**

When the TENSOLATOR Method was first tested by athletes and coaches around the world, it changed traditional training methods drastically. The German Olympic Team used the new method and achieved an outstanding medal-winning record in the games. An average weight-lifter, Louis Reike, switched to TENSOLATOR in secret training and stunned the competition with a world record snatch lift, capturing the light-heavy title in the U.S. Senior Championships at the age of 40! After extensive tests with consistent success, the TENSOLATOR method was presented to the public. Results were astonishing with men of all ages and in all kinds of activities: sportsmen, executives, salesmen, students, professional men, truck drivers.

IT TAKES MORE THAN ISOMETRICS



Gert Koelbel,
Inventor of the Tensolator

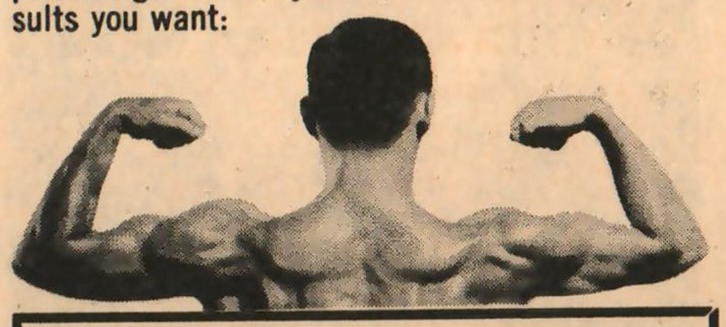
Tensolating is based on a new principle—a unique idea that exerts each muscle up to its full capacity in only a few seconds. This is the Isometric effect.

The benefits of Isometric Contraction are now well known. But Isometrics is only **part** of the TENSOLATOR story . . .

In designing the TENSOLATOR, the inventor ingeniously devised a method of supplementing the Isometric effect with a **dynamic Isotonic** tension. That combination of **Isometrics and Isotonics** develops super-powerful muscles that do not bunch up in knots, but form smooth, tough-as-steel sinews that work efficiently in exerting maximum power, and shape your body into clean, well-proportioned lines.

BUILDS UP—TRIMS DOWN

The special TENSOLATOR effect lets you concentrate on individual muscles. TENSOLATOR builds impressive shoulders . . . trims the flabby bulge around the **waistline** . . . toughens and flattens the **stomach.** Got a weak **back?** Tensolate it with special exercises—maybe 15 or 20 seconds a day. Want powerful **wrists** or a trip-hammer **forearm?** Toughen your **legs** too. TENSOLATOR pumps power right where you want it. Just pick the results you want:



1. Build a powerful, manly physique.
2. Strengthen legs.
3. Broaden shoulders.
4. Reduce waistline.
5. Increase stamina.
6. Develop strong, supple wrists.
7. Expand and deepen chest.
8. Put power in arms.
9. Strengthen upper and lower back.
10. Increase all-around fitness and vigor.

FAST? IT'S THE FASTEST

If you have no time to exercise, TENSOLATOR is for you. Imagine a full daily routine that builds you up all around in LESS THAN 2 MINUTES! Each exercise takes **only 7 seconds** for maximum effect.

Typical daily exercise routine

Chest muscles	7 sec.
Back muscles	14 sec.
Shoulder muscles	7 sec.
Stomach muscles (outer)	7 sec.
Stomach muscles (inner)	7 sec.
Biceps	7 sec.
Triceps	7 sec.
Underarm	7 sec.
Calf muscles	7 sec.
Thigh muscles	7 sec.
	77 sec.

FOR CHAMPION ATHLETES —AND YOU

Naturally, champion athletes all over the world have adopted the TENSOLATOR device after seeing the phenomenal results of the method in Olympic and other world championship events. We'll send you glowing testimonials from athletes, coaches, doctors.

World champion weightlifters, prize fighters, and football stars use it to get into top form and to build up their bodies to take the punishment of hard competition.

ALL AGES—ALL SIZES

Of course, TENSOLATOR is ideal for young men. But if you are 45-50-60, don't give in to the aging process. There is no reason you can't develop strong muscles and durable stamina. In fact, men over 50 who exercise regularly with TENSOLATOR can **outperform men 20 years younger** in strength and endurance.

You don't exhaust yourself working with TENSOLATOR as you do with weightlifting or other devices, because it needs only 7 seconds to do the job.

FAST RESULTS GUARANTEED

TENSOLATOR gives you results fast. We GUARANTEE you'll get stronger muscles and feel new vigor in only 10 days or your money back. You can't lose.

You will not only see the results in the size of your muscles, you'll also be able to **measure** your growing strength on the TENSOLATOR muscle-power gauge.

TAKE NO RISK

Send the coupon with only 25¢ (for postage and handling) to get a big, full-color illustrated book showing the TENSOLATOR method, step by step. Do it today.

IT'S A SCIENTIFIC WONDER

If you're interested in how a marvelous device like the Tensolator got developed, here's the story: Scientists at the world famous Max Planck Institute in West Germany studied how different kinds of stress affect muscles. As a result of their studies, they discovered the ideal way to apply isometric contraction to build powerful muscles. The Tensolator Method was designed according to the principles they developed. So you get the benefit of their discoveries now.

THOYLO CORPORATION P.O. Box 1509, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

☐ Please send brochure and photo. I enclose 25¢.

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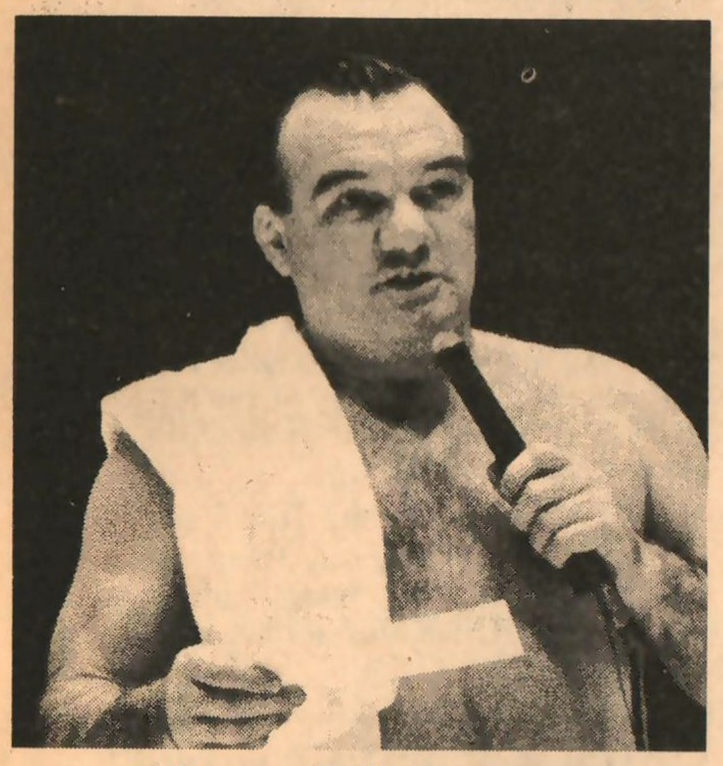
FAN CLUB CORNER

PRODUCED BY MIKE OMANSKY

POSSIBLY THE MOST frequently asked question is: "What is a good fan club for me to join?" We cannot recommend any one club. However, the purpose of this column is to give you a complete picture of the fan club world and to aid you in selecting the clubs most suited to your particular needs and interests.

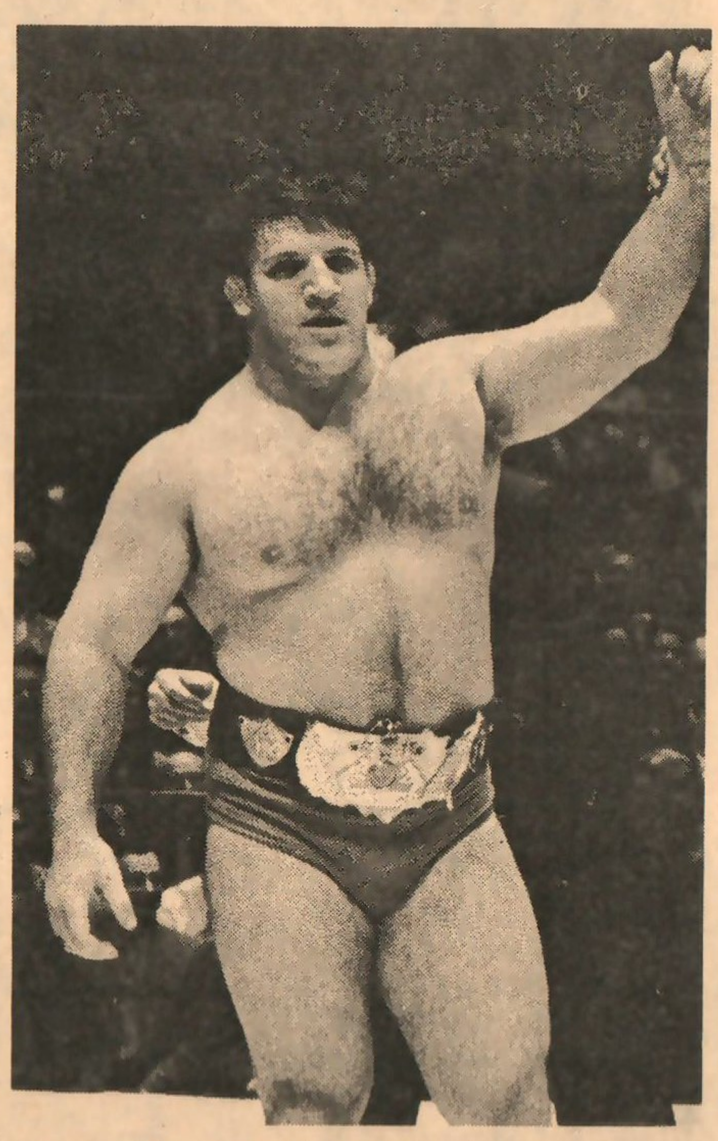
17,000 enthusiastic fans recently packed New York's Madison Square Garden to witness a thrilling battle between the two supergiants, Bruno Sammartino and



Whipper Billy Watson

Ivan Koloff. Meanwhile, Boston promoter Abe Ford continues to get the big gates with his spectacular cards. It's no wonder wrestling is bigger than ever. You can get full reports about these wrestling hotbeds from the BOSTON-NEW YORK WRESTLING SCENE. Marty Flaherty, 52 Dorset Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts 02125 puts out monthly bulletins giving complete accounts of all the action. Make sure that you don't pass up this one!

Whipper Billy Watson has an enormous following, and, thus has one of the biggest fan clubs



Bruno Sammartino

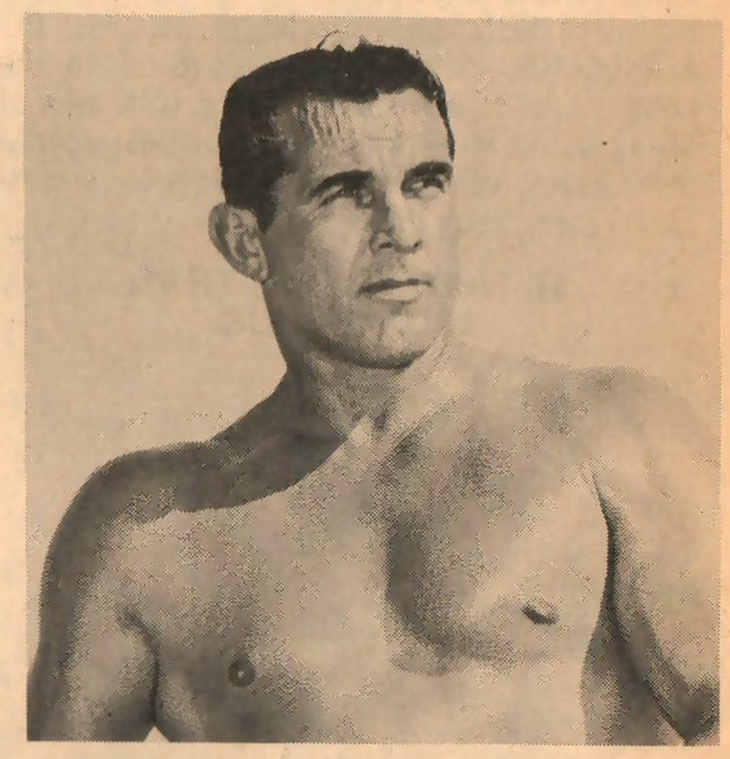
behind him. President Evelyn Davies puts out comprehensive bulletins that you won't want to miss. The address is 41 West 1st Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

According to the latest W.F.I.A. bulletin, there will be big doings in beautiful Miami Beach, Florida this summer. The big annual W.F.I.A. convention will be held on July 28th, 29th, and 30th at the plush Delano Hotel. Executive Director Don Wilson points out that the Delano is located on the ocean, just two short blocks away from the fabulous Miami Beach Auditorium, where an explosive mat card will be presented on the 29th especially for conventioneers. In addition, Don has secured reductions on hotel rates, so things are really shaping up. For further details, write Don at P.O. Box 11007, St. Louis, Missouri 63135. And please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Another disbanded club: FLORIDA WRESTLING FAN CLUB. The President was Peggy Rabun, 6705 Champlain Road, Jacksonville, Florida 32208.

We know of a young man who is interested in purchasing programs from arenas in the World Wide Wrestling Federation territory. His name is Jeffrey Bukantz and his address is 77-15 13th Street, Forest Hills, Long Island, New York. Drop Jeffrey a line if you can help.

What do Gorilla Monsoon,



"Good Guy" Bob Ellis

Bruno Sammartino, Spyros Arion, Ed Carpentier and Cowboy Bob Ellis all have in common? Well, besides being fabulous wrestlers, —all are Good Guys. And there's a fan club that honors only good-guys; the GOOD GUY FAN CLUB OF AMERICA. Prexie is Bill Downey, whose address is Route 2, Pleasureville, Kentucky 40057. Many of you should be interested in joining this one.

Remember, we'll be looking forward to hearing from all of you. Write: FAN CLUB EDITOR, Box 58, Rockville Centre, New York 11571. Until next time, keep the faith. □

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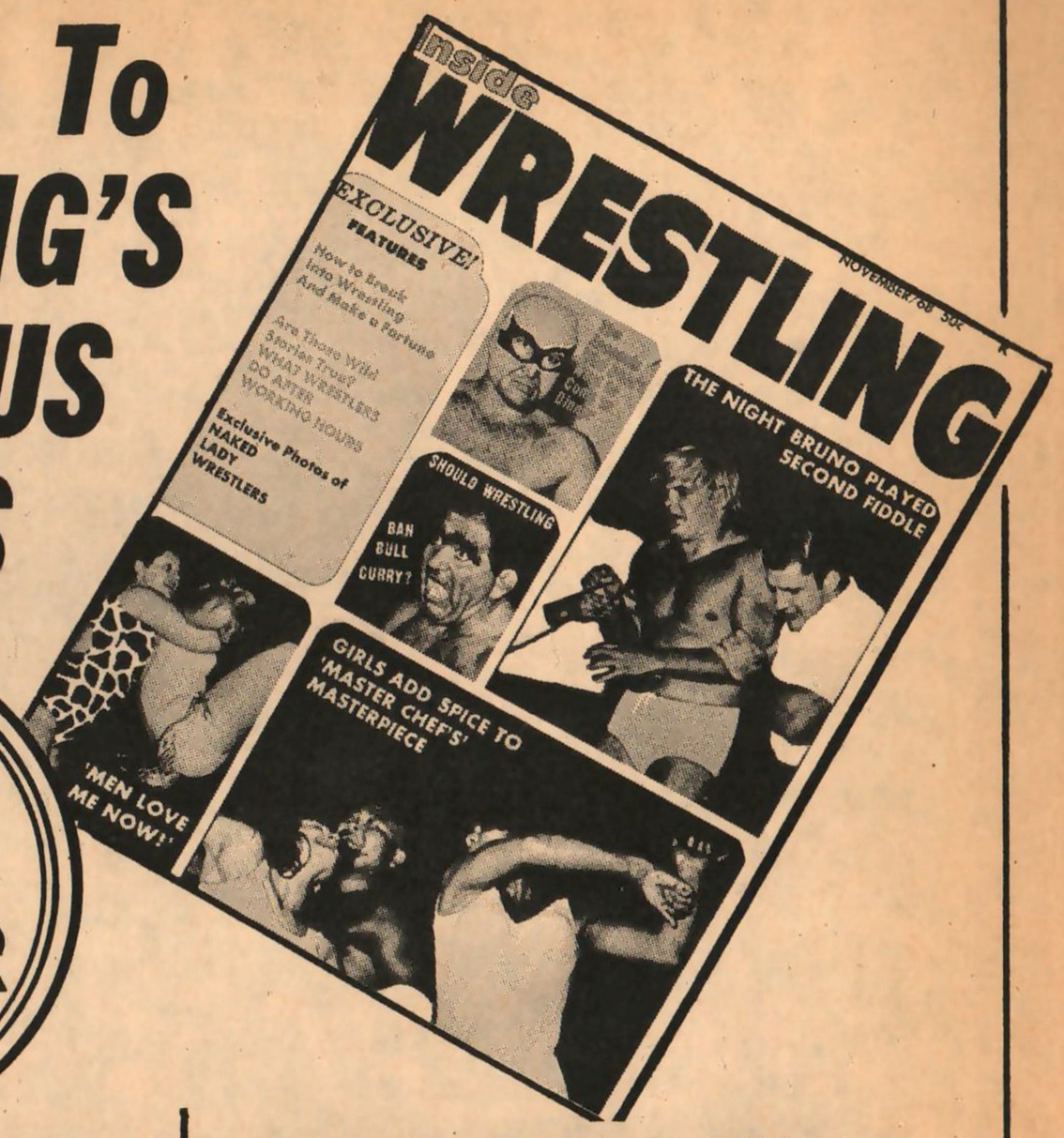
WHAT SHOULD MARLO DO? Here's What Our Readers Think (Page 36)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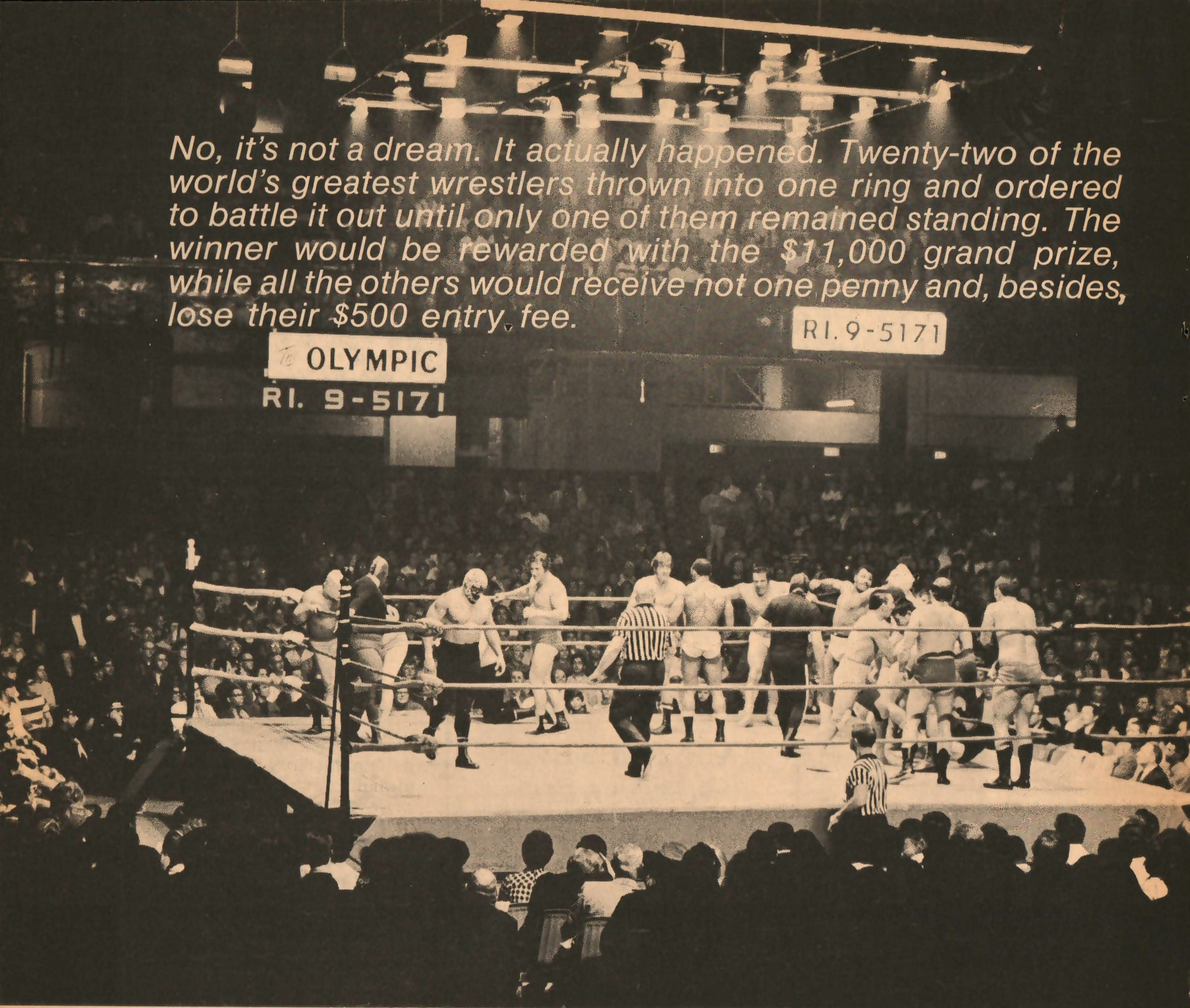
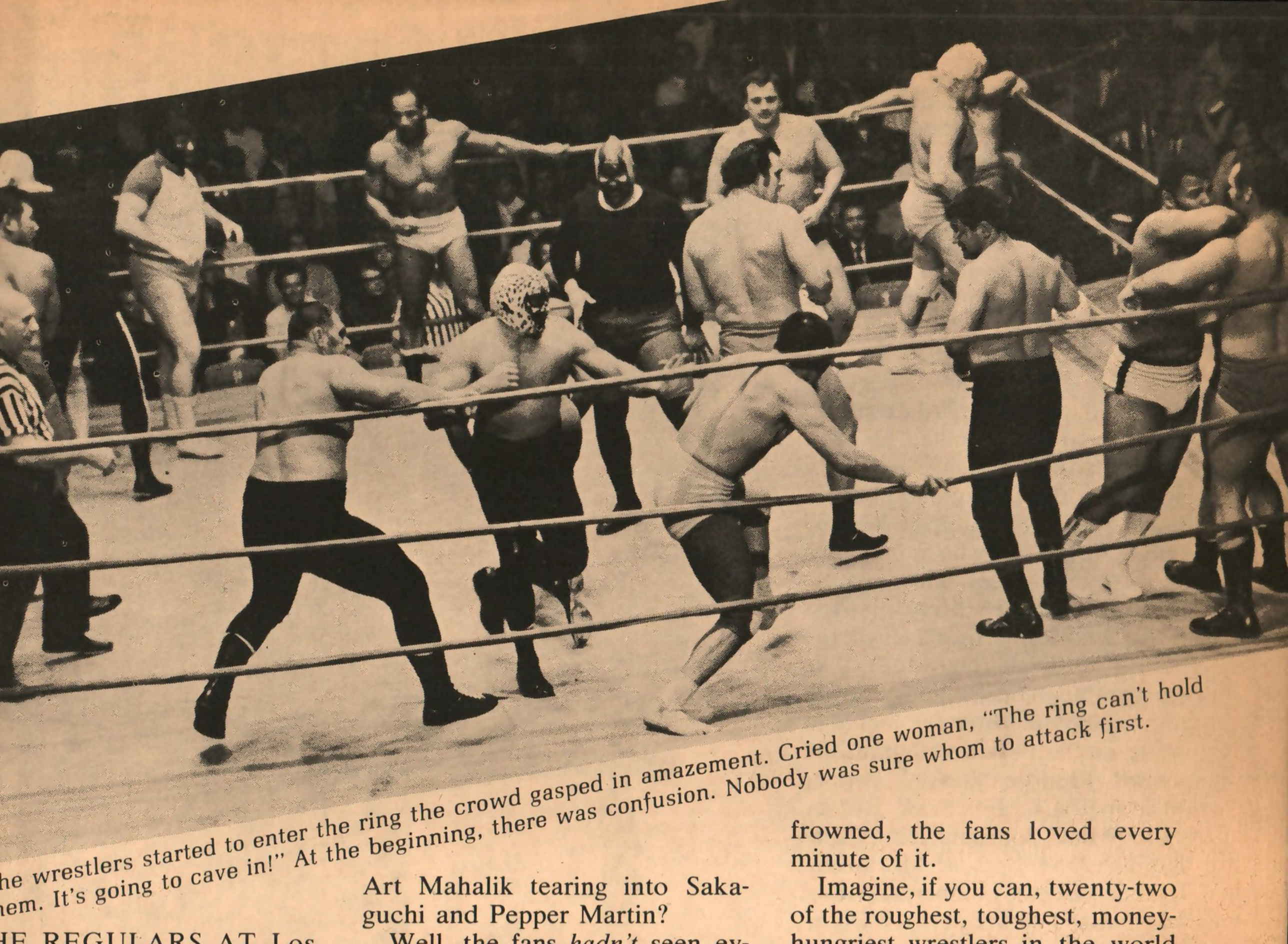


No, it's not a dream. It actually happened. Twenty-two of the world's greatest wrestlers thrown into one ring and ordered to battle it out until only one of them remained standing. The winner would be rewarded with the $11,000 grand prize, while all the others would receive not one penny and, besides, lose their $500 entry fee.

THE WILDEST BOUT
22-MAN BATTLE ROYAL



he wrestlers started to enter the ring the crowd gasped in amazement. Cried one woman, "The ring can't hold
nem. It's going to cave in!" At the beginning, there was confusion. Nobody was sure whom to attack first.

HE REGULARS AT Los
Angeles' Olympic Auditori-
nought they'd seen every-
in wrestling thrills. For the
n excitement, what can beat
team match pitting Freddie
e and Don Carson against
dico and Pepe Lopez? And
eer mayhem, what could be
er than Woodie Farmer and
Art Mahalik tearing into Saka-
guchi and Pepper Martin?

Well, the fans *hadn't* seen ev-
erything yet. And neither had
the wrestlers. Nor will they ever
again, if the California State Ath-
letic Commission has its way.

"The most brutal spectacle I've
ever seen," one Commissioner
called the recent Battle Royal.
"Just short of murder," said an-
other. But though officialdom
frowned, the fans loved every
minute of it.

Imagine, if you can, twenty-two
of the roughest, toughest, money-
hungriest wrestlers in the world
battling it out in the ring *at the
same time!* A wild, kill-crazy mob
murdering each other for a grand
prize of $11,000—*with only one
winner!*

This was the Cloud Nine dream-
ed up by Olympic promoter Mrs.
Cal Eaton, who wrote a check for
the prize money. And the dream

WRESTLING HISTORY
1,000 GRAND PRIZE

became a reality when she left the "Pay to the order of" line blank—to be filled in with the winner's name.

Every wrestler who heard about it wanted in, of course, for even top stars average not more than $1,000 a week. But Mrs. Eaton knew this would be the most dangerous sporting event ever held, and she didn't want anyone to get killed. Only the hardiest would be allowed to compete.

The Commission reluctantly agreed to the daring plan, but insisted that the match be limited only to entrants who could post a $500 entry fee. This proviso eliminated many hopefuls, for those who knew they lacked the ability to win, refused to take the gamble. Those who were willing to risk the entry fee included some of the best wrestlers in the world: Freddie Blassie! Pepper Martin! Mil Mascaras! Rocky "Soul Man" Johnson! The Great Kojika! Don Carson! Mr. Atomic! The Oregon Lumberjack! Earl Maynard! The Mauler! All Olympic idols.

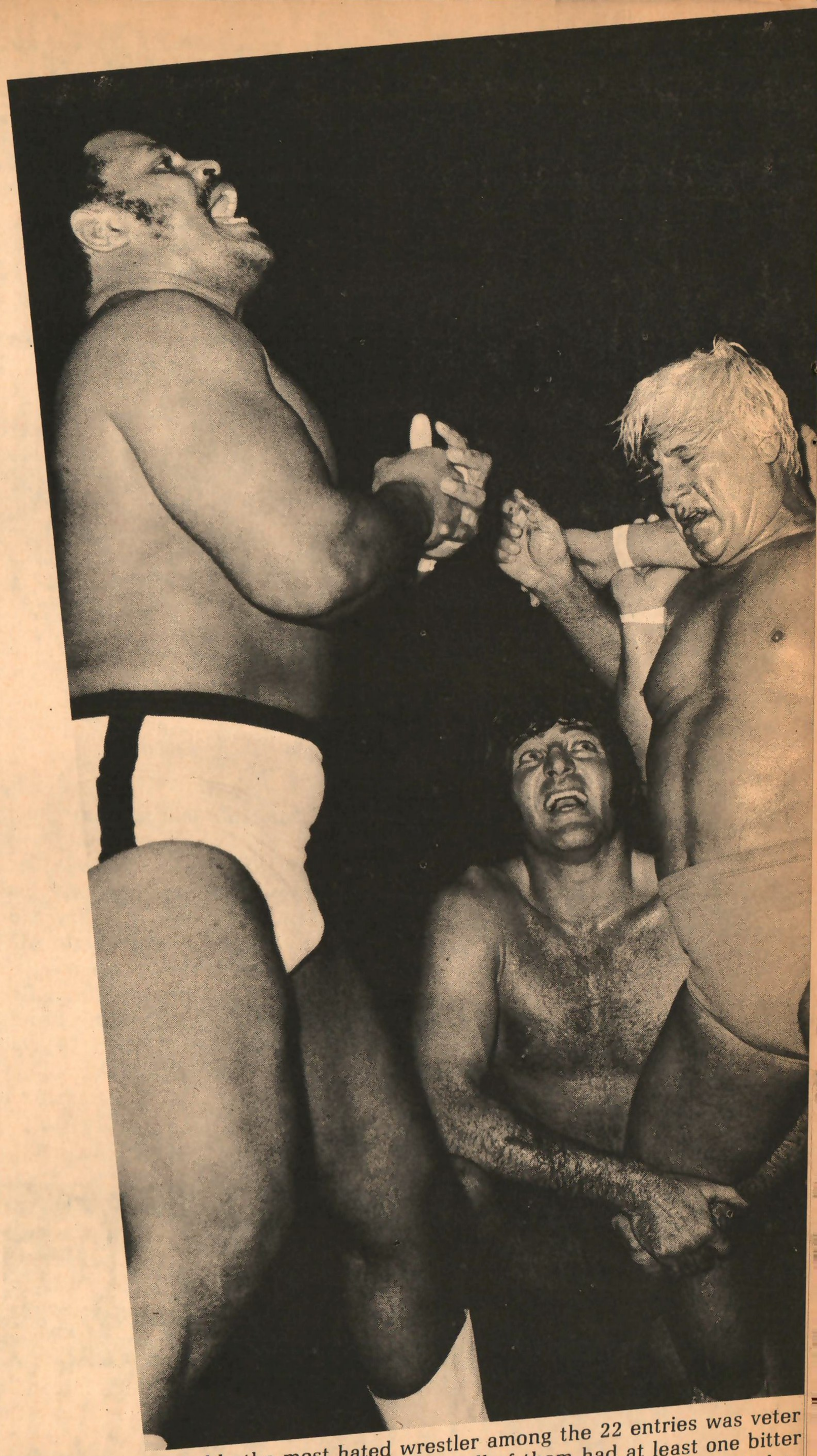
Each wrestler was sure he could flatten all the other 21. "They're all crumbs," Freddie Blassie snarled. "You might as well give me the cash right now. Nobody's gonna beat me outta all that dough!"

Rocky Johnson wanted the money for a different reason. "Los Angeles is my home, now," he said. "If I'm lucky enough to win, I'm gonna use my prize to make a down payment on a new house here."

Mil Mascaras had still another reason. "If I win," he said softly, "I'll give the money to a children's charity. I love kids and there are so many poor ones in Mexico who I could help have a better life."

"All I want," crowed a fan, "is to see all those guys chewing up each other. Believe me, this is gonna be war! I wouldn't miss it for anything!"

Eager fans lined up for the few



Probably the most hated wrestler among the 22 entries was veter primary target of the others as all of them had at least one bitter Freddie. In the picture above, Blassie is attacked by Rocky Johns center) and the Japanese ace, Kojika. When the smoke cleared B

remaining tickets just before ring time. Every seat in the Olympic was taken when the 22-man mob entered the ring. There was a tremendous air of tension in the arena that caught you as soon as you walked into the place.

Barely able to wait for the bell to ring, the wrestlers circled one another, scowling and making threatening gestures. And when the bell did finally ring, each went after his most hated rival.

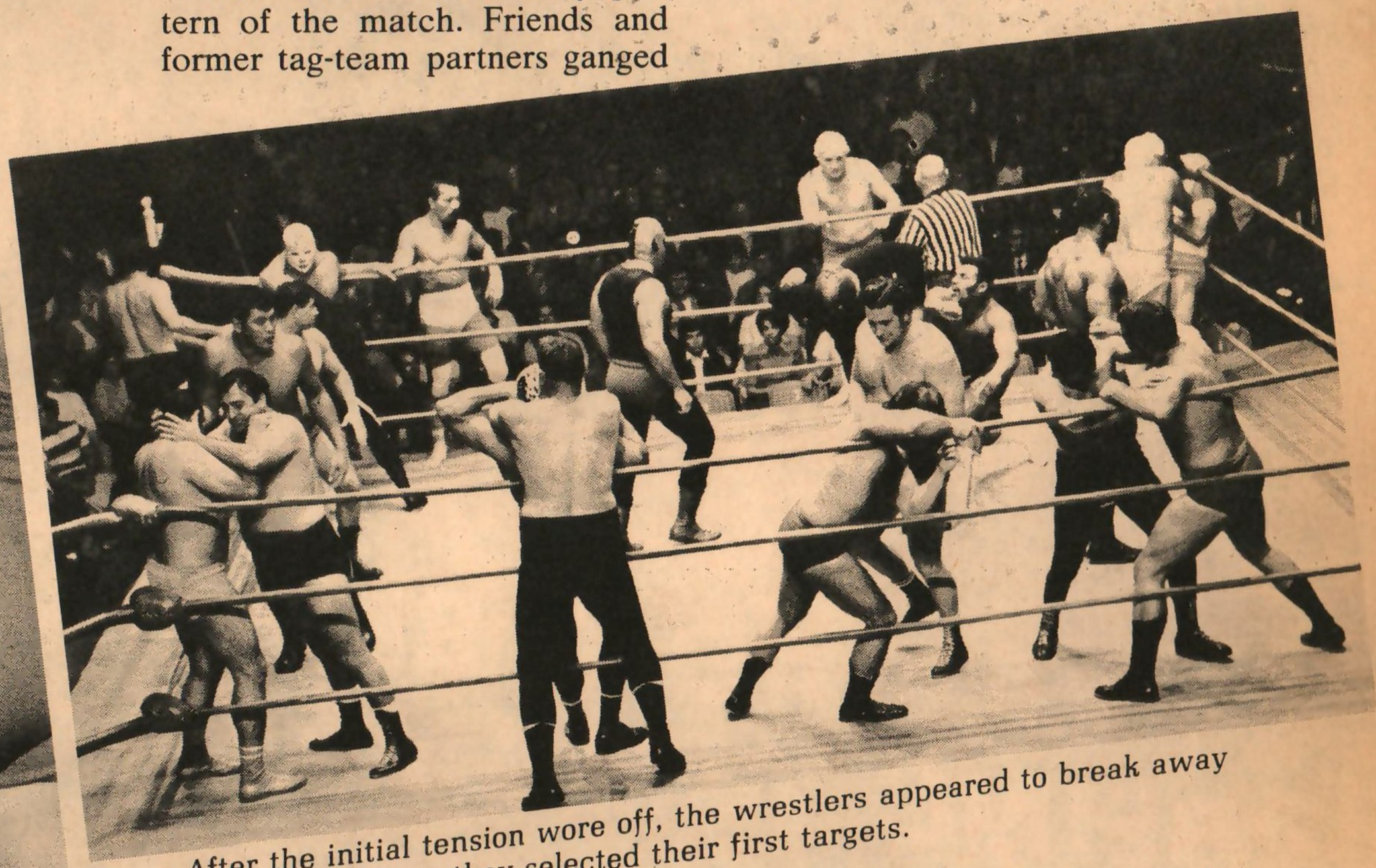
This was to be the early pattern of the match. Friends and former tag-team partners ganged up to eliminate their enemies first. But, because of the bitter feuds that had been built up over the years, and the tremendous prize involved, things quickly got out of hand. Everybody in the Auditorium realized he was witnessing a contest that, for sheer viciousness and brutality, was unequaled in the history of wrestling.

Freddie Blassie clamped a stranglehold on Mil Mascaras, then tangled Mascaras' head in the second ring rope and wrenched Mil's feet off the canvas. Don Carson then charged across the ring and landed with his full weight on Mascaras' neck. There was a sickening crunch.

"Jeez!" Pepper Martin muttered to Rocky Johnson. "They're tryin' to kill the guy!"

Mascaras' body went limp. He dangled there unconscious, his masked head still tangled in the rope. It was obvious to everyone in the arena he was badly hurt.

The referee called a halt to the mayhem while Mascaras was removed from the ring and rushed to a hospital. It was later learned that he had suffered a twisted vertebra, an injury which would sideline him for two weeks.



After the initial tension wore off, the wrestlers appeared to break away into twosomes as they selected their first targets.

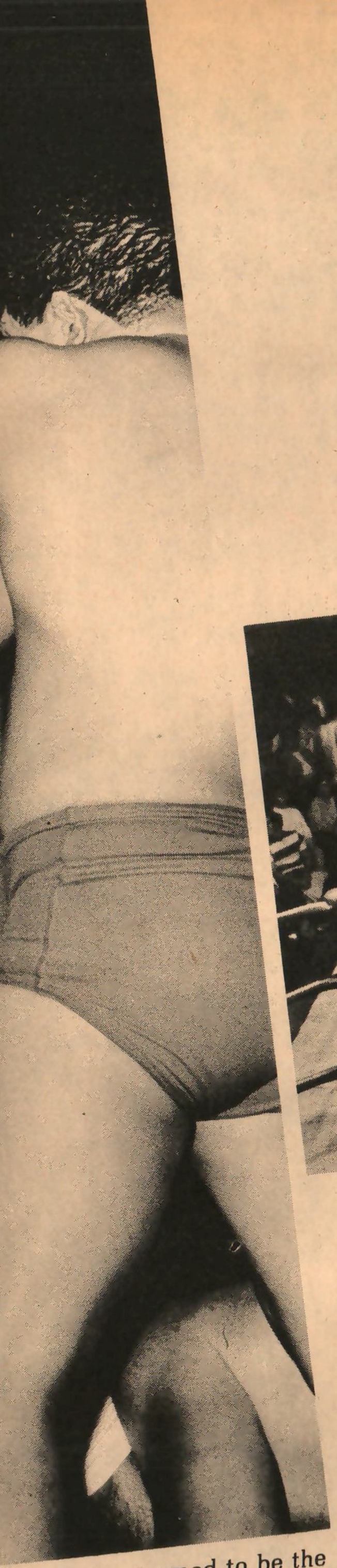
Earl Maynard, a former Mr. Universe, was next to fall prey to the brutal tactics of Blassie and Carson. They clamped Maynard in a full nelson and nearly yanked out his arms.

The rampaging pair then seized The Great Kojika and tossed him out of the ring. Kojika landed on his head and he was carried unconscious to the dressing room.

At this point, it became obvious to all the other wrestlers that Carson and Blassie would go to any lengths to nail down the prize money—and murder wasn't excepted. Something had to be done...

Something was done. The Ore-

(Continued on page 60)



Blassie. He seemed to be the
ashing with "Fearless"
per Martin (kneeling,
d, "I'm glad I'm still alive."

'I'VE HAD A BELLYFULL OF BEING A MANAGER— NOW IT'S TIME TO ACT!'

By Bobby Heenan

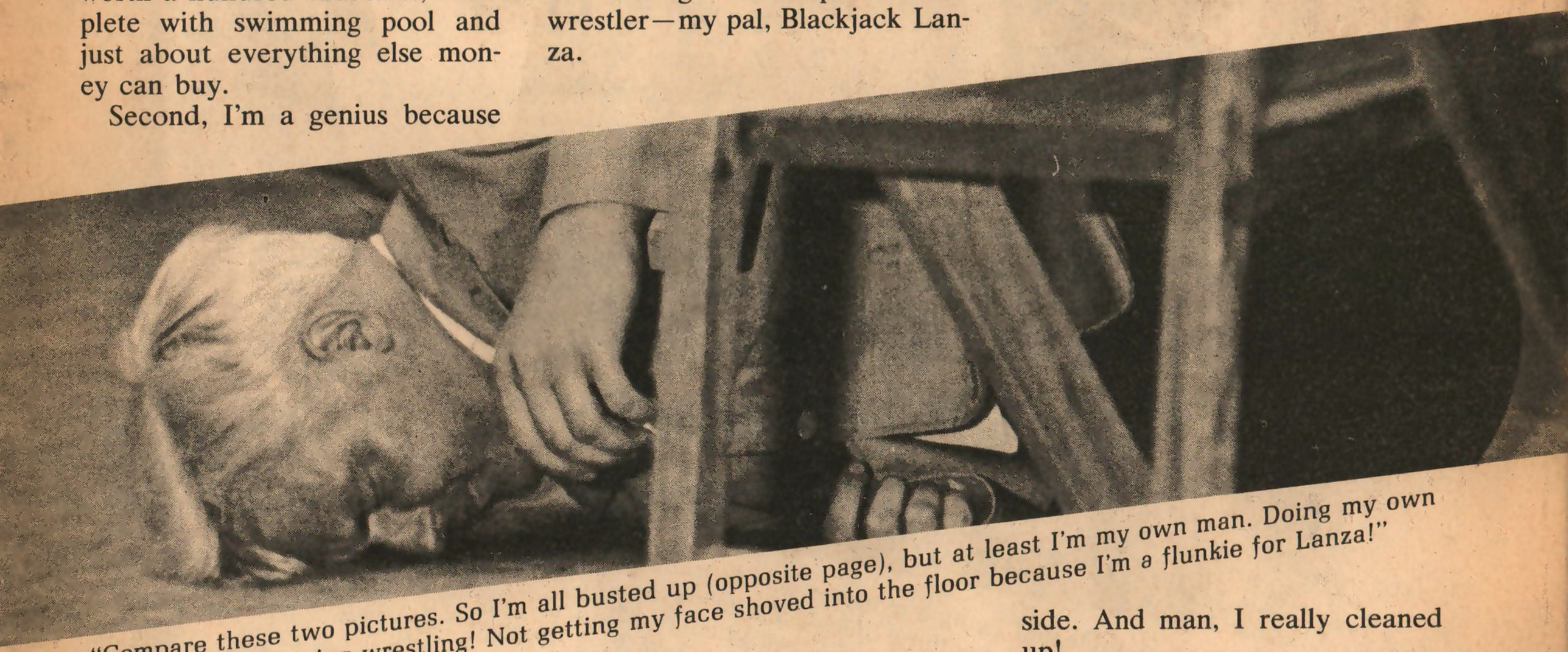
The man who guided Blackjack Lanza to fame and fortune—and made a million dollars for himself while doing it—reveals in this exclusive article, his long supressed inner feelings and his one great ambition

FOR A GENIUS, I'm a pretty stupid guy.

Who says I'm a genius? I do! And so does damn near everybody who knows me. Those who don't agree are just a bunch of jealous slobs!

First of all, I'm a genius because I've already made a million bucks. And I'm only 21 years old. I've got a house in California worth a hundred thousand, complete with swimming pool and just about everything else money can buy.

Second, I'm a genius because



"Compare these two pictures. So I'm all busted up (opposite page), but at least I'm my own man. Doing my own thing. I'm in that ring wrestling! Not getting my face shoved into the floor because I'm a flunkie for Lanza!"

I've never met the chick who could say no to me. It isn't because I'm that good looking, but the simple fact is that I've got more charm than ten guys. I've got charm because I've got the brains to know how and when to turn it on. And when I do, the babes melt like butter.

So how can I sit here, giving out this interview to *The Wrestler,* and say I'm a pretty stupid guy?

Because I'm honest, that's why. I don't pull any punches with anybody, but I don't go easy on myself, either. I call my shots the way I see them, and that includes telling the truth—even to myself. That's part of my philosophy.

It's because of this philosophy that I feel I've been stupid in one way. I've always believed a man should do what he wants to do most in life. For me, that means being a professional wrestler. Which I'm not. I'm merely the manager of a professional wrestler—my pal, Blackjack Lanza.

True, I've made a lot of money for Blackjack and for myself, too. But money isn't everything—take it from me. Every time I see a pretty gal ogle Blackjack's magnificent physique when he's in the ring, I get sick with jealousy, even though he is my pal. I've got just as good a build as Blackjack, so why not flaunt it? Why hide it in street clothes? Also, come to think of it, why let Blackjack collect the lion's share of the purse while I sit at ringside. He's not *that* great a pal!

To start at the beginning, it was my own brains that got me into this spot I'm in—being a millionaire instead of a wrestler, I mean. Because, you see, I started out as a wrestler.

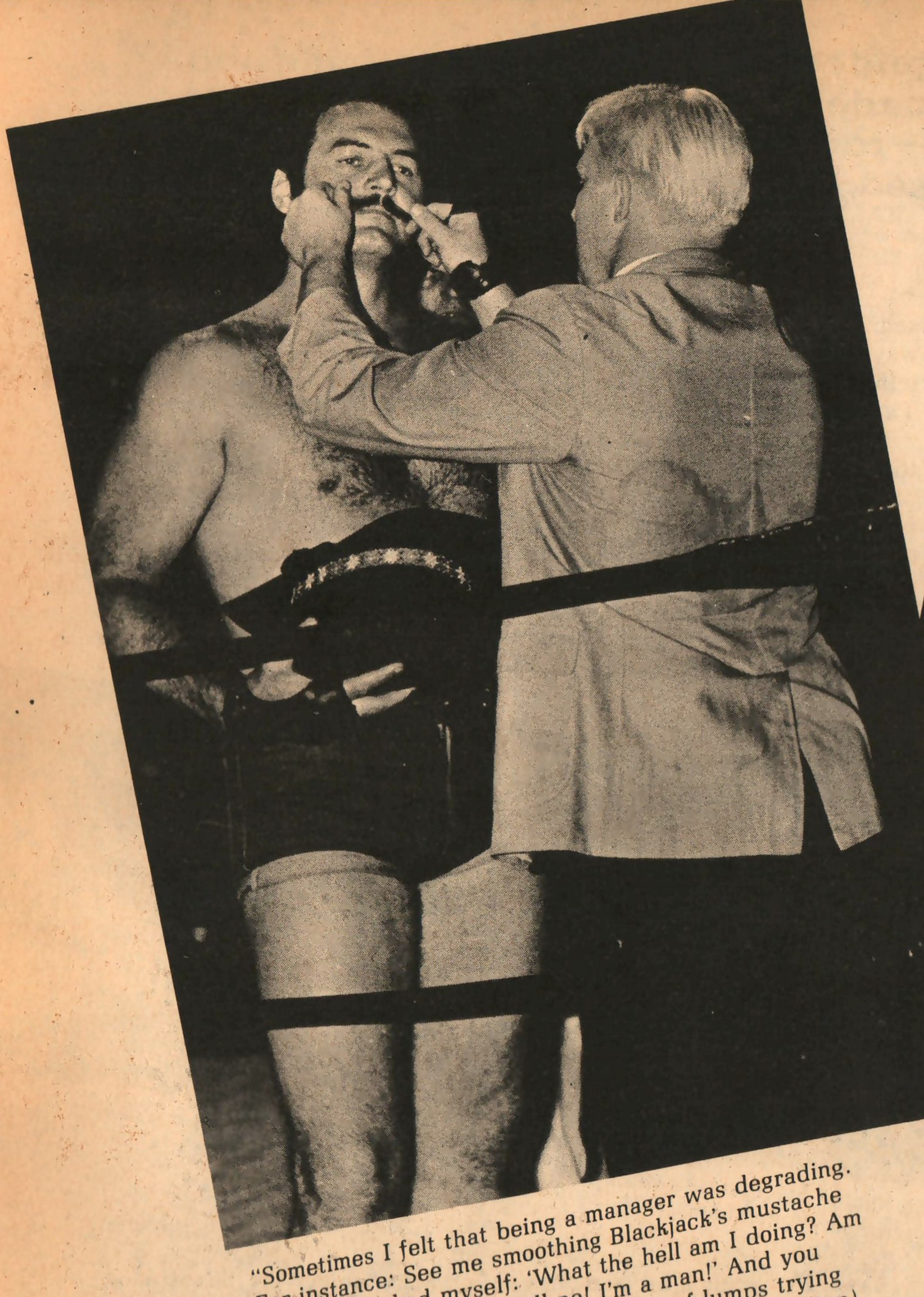
I loved every second of it—the spotlight, the drooling gals at ringside, the competition against top wrestlers—but I've got an active mind. I had to be something besides a wrestler. That's why I began to invest in the stock market and real estate on the side. And man, I really cleaned up!

Pretty soon, my investments were taking up so much of my time that I foolishly quit wrestling to devote all my efforts to business.

When Blackjack Lanza saw how good I was doing, he said, "Bobby, with a smart guy like you as my manager, I'd get rich in a hurry. How about it? Will you be my manager so I can rake it in, too?"

So, there I was, back in wrestling—only I wasn't wrestling.

But I'll always be a wrestler at heart. That's why I can't keep out of the action when the going



"Sometimes I felt that being a manager was degrading. For instance: See me smoothing Blackjack's mustache (above). I asked myself: 'What the hell am I doing? Am I a barber or a valet? Hell no! I'm a man!' And you must also remember that I took a lot of lumps trying to protect Blackjack. Take a look at that picture (top). Blackjack slugged a guy and the guy slugged me! Not Blackjack. 'What the hell is this?' I thought. 'He does something and I pay for it!' I figured I might as well go all the way. So I started to wrestle, on and off, because I didn't want to give up my association with Lanza. After all, managing a great star like Blackjack is a very profitable business. One of my first bouts was against tough Apache Lou. There I am giving him the elbow (top, opposite page). I learned how to do that by watching Blackjack. But Apache shot right back and started to bust up my face. Soon I felt blood pouring down my face and onto my body. Man, was I a mess. But it was worth it. I learned how to be my own man in that bloody match."

gets rough. That's why I can no more help climbing into the ring to help than a fish can help swimming.

The night Blackjack wrestled Ed Carpentier really made up my mind for me. Carpentier was giving Blackjack a real rough time. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore. I jumped into the ring, street clothes and all, and went after Carpentier. I hauled off and gave him a couple of jolting elbow smashes. They took the Frenchman by surprise because he thought I was outside the ring somewhere.

My interference accomplished its purpose and eventually won the match for Blackjack. But only at tremendous cost to myself, because after tasting my elbows, Carpentier forgot about Blackjack and concentrated on me—with results that I haven't gotten over even yet.

The street clothes I was wearing were my downfall. I tried to

"I had something hidden in my trunks, in case of an emergency. I won't tell you what it was. But in that bout with Apache, I needed a little something extra. So I pulled it out and all hell broke loose! Apache went crazy and so did those jerky fans. If you want to know what happened, just look at my face (above)."

pick Ed up for a body slam, but the leather soles of my shoes slipped on the mat, and down I went, with Carpentier on top of me. From then on, it was really mayhem. Blackjack was still too groggy to help me, and the referee was too slow. Carpentier picked me up, gave me a couple of body slams, then a flying mare that tossed me out of the ring. I landed on my head and blacked out.

When I came to, the match was over. But I was glad to learn that Blackjack had recovered in time to get revenge on Carpentier, pinning him after a couple of dropkicks.

But that didn't make me feel any better, physically. I spent a week in the hospital.

"Look," I told Blackjack when I got out of the hospital, "I'll keep on managing you. But as soon as I get over this, I'm going into training. I'm going to wrestle again. And the first guy I'm going after is that louse, Carpentier!"

"Better not start off as a single," Blackjack advised. "Especially against a guy like Carpentier. But together, we could easily be the world's tag-team champions."

Suddenly, all the wonderful compensations of being a wrestler flooded back into my memory—the panting gals, the roar of the crowd, the smell of the ring and the excitement of seeing blood . . . the *other* guy's blood!

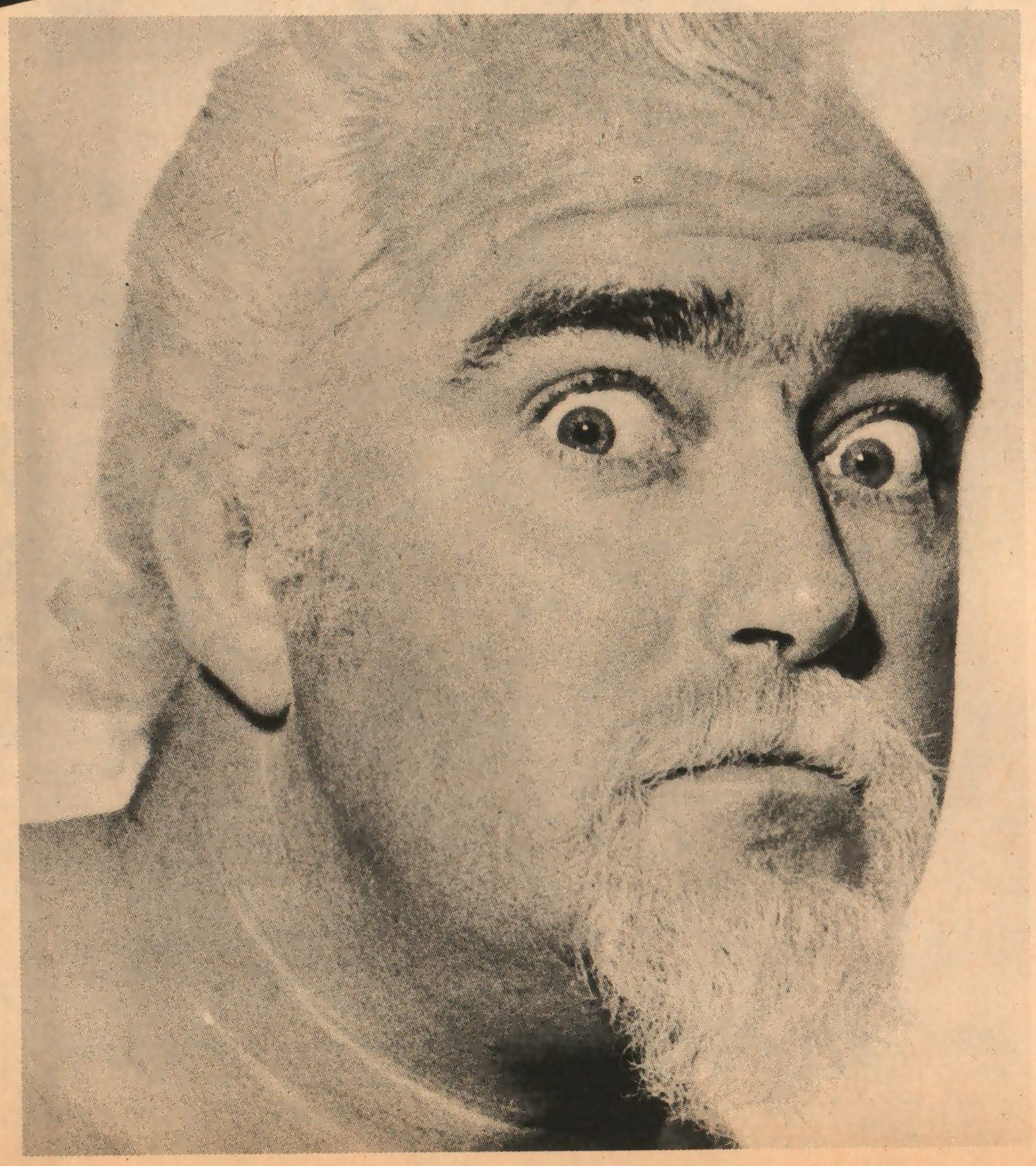
"Being tag-team champ is not enough," I told Blackjack. "I'm gonna make this on my own, and nobody gets in my way—not even you. This time, I'm gonna be world champ!"

See if I don't. And when I do, even I won't be able to say that, for a genius, I'm pretty stupid.

See you at your local arena. □

Luke Graham won his reputation doing things no other wrestler would dare do. So the fans began calling him "Crazy Luke!" And rightly so. But Luke can't stand it any longer and this is what he intends to do about it . . .

YOU SONS OF BITCHES DON'T CALL ME CRAZY!'

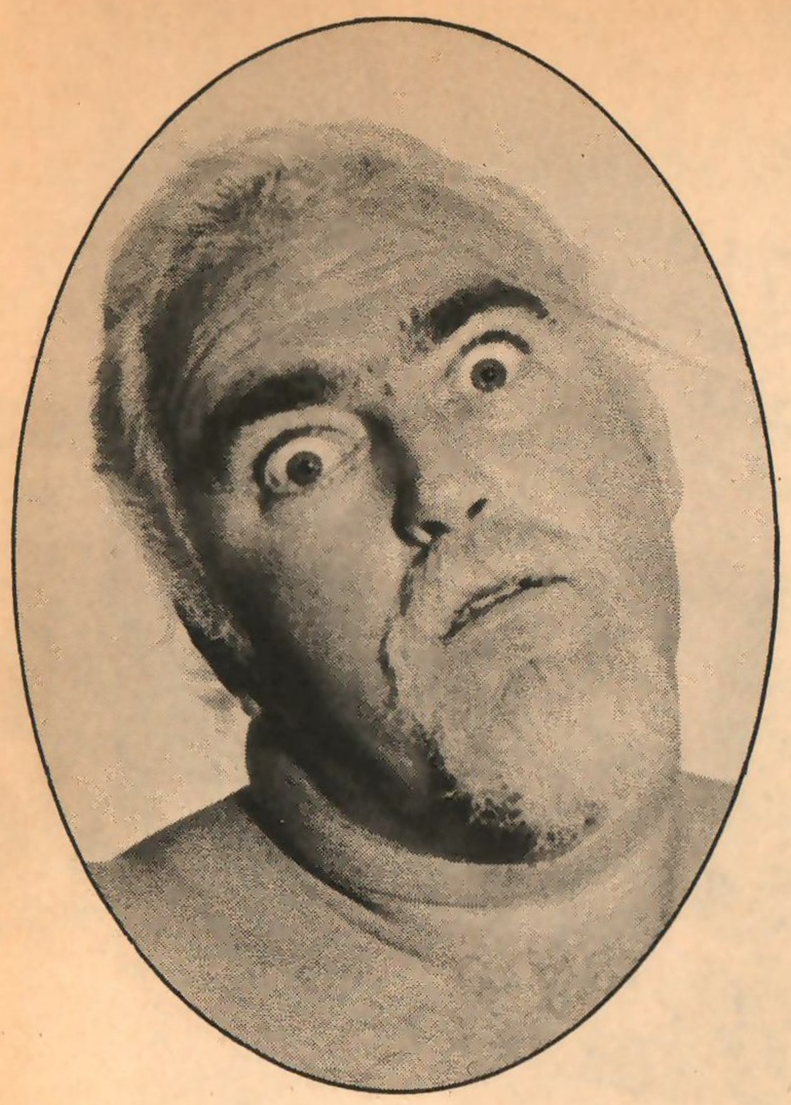


THE FANS CALL the youngest of the three Graham brothers "Crazy Luke." And with good reason, for even the most hardened and bloodthirsty of them are appalled by the insane viciousness which has caused Luke to be disqualified in more than 75% of his matches.

As one of wrestling's super-villains, Crazy Luke lives in fear of his life. Yet there is doubt that he can help himself. Apparently on the brink of madness, he goes berserk when an opponent commits even a minor foul.

"A very dangerous man," said a psychiatrist who gave Luke a mental exam after his Panama City, Fla., match with Lee Fields. The fans, inflamed by Crazy Luke's murderous treatment of Fields, had rioted for 45 minutes and nearly tore the ball park apart.

Crazy Luke takes his life into his hands every time he shows his cruel face in a wrestling arena. At least he is sane enough to know that. Yet he continues his bloody mayhem, goes on provoking the wrath of the fans. In



"I give 'em this look and they think I'm dopey. A real jerk!"

Cochrane, Georgia, recently, he gave such a sadistic working over to local favorite Bob Morrow that he was stabbed in the back on his way back to the dressing room. Luke's wound required seven stitches.

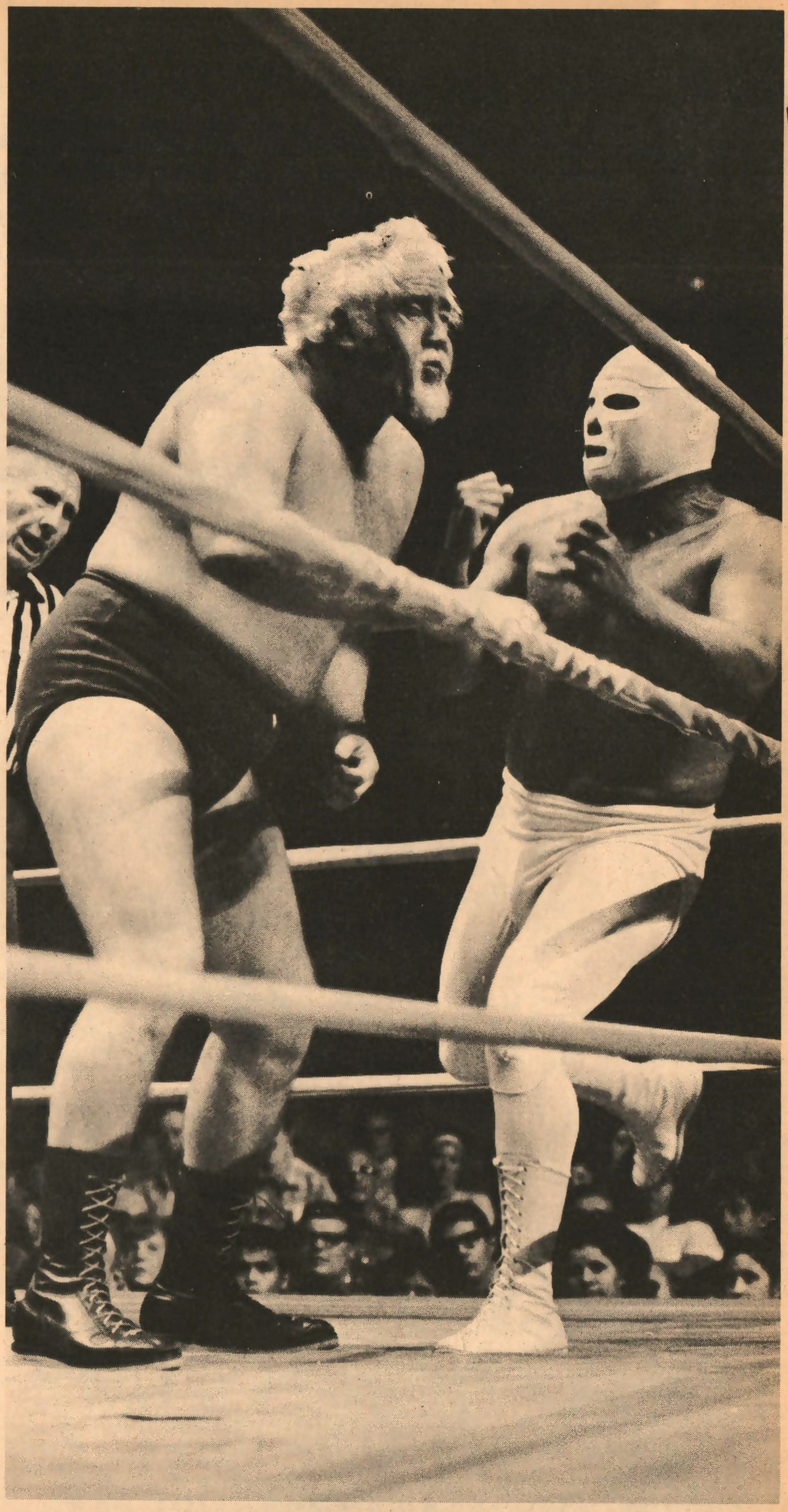
Then there was the time he had to escape through a shower-room window to a waiting car after a tag-team match in Arkansas. It had taken a flying wedge of police, many of whom had their uniforms torn to shreds, to get him safely away from the raging fans. Frustrated at not being able to tear Luke apart, the crowd vented its spleen by ripping the bleacher seats from their mooring.

There have been countless other incidents, and Luke frets and worries before each match. "I'm sick of the whole thing," he complains. "Sick of being called 'Crazy Luke.' I just wish the fans would recognize me for what I am, and stop calling me that name."

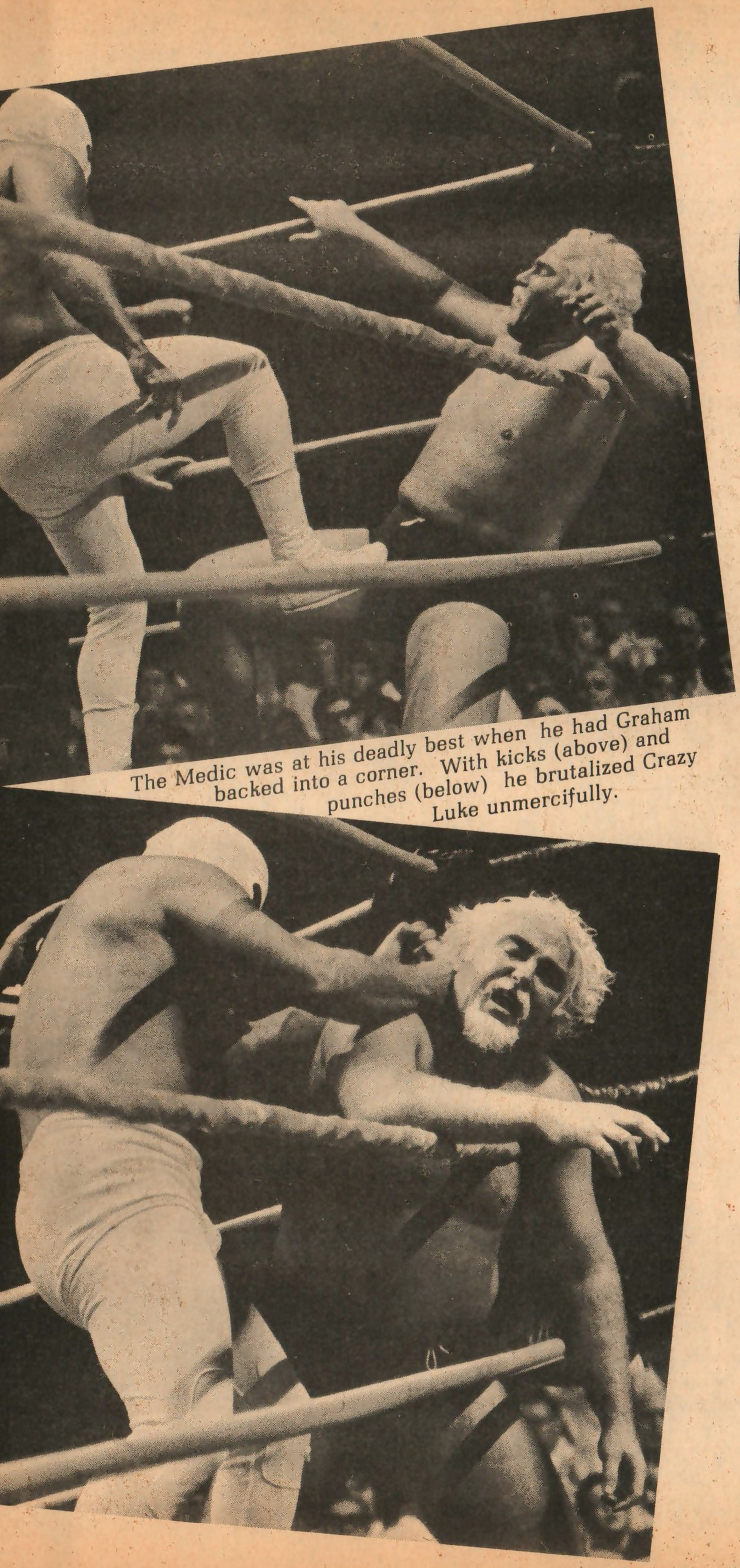
"And what should they call you?" someone asked.

"Merely the finest wrestler in the world!" he snapped.

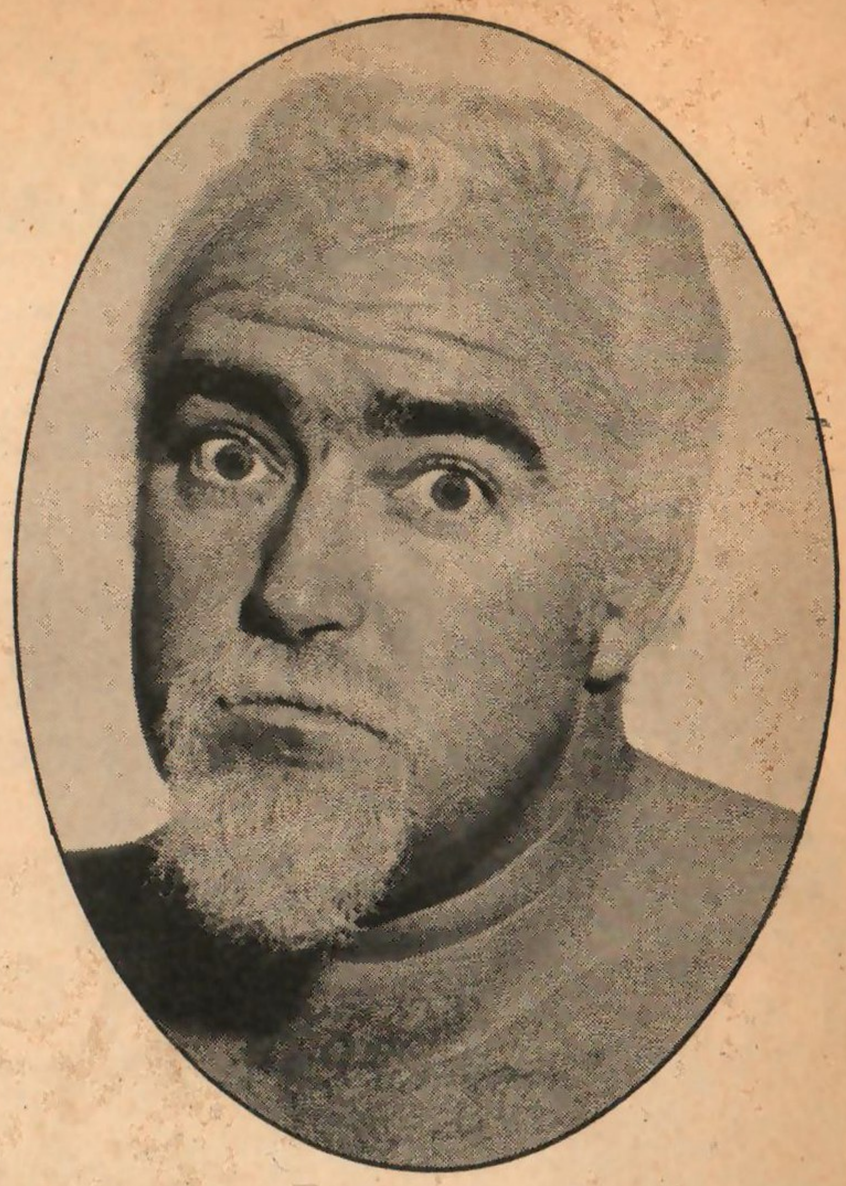
Whether the younger brother of Dr. Jerry and Eddie Graham is that good is something most wres-



When Luke thought he had The Medic locked in a corner and was about to go to work on him, the man in the white mask suddenly exploded a rapid fire series of jolting blows to Graham's exposed face. This short, right uppercut snapped Luke's head back and a follow-up punch floored him.



The Medic was at his deadly best when he had Graham backed into a corner. With kicks (above) and punches (below) he brutalized Crazy Luke unmercifully.



"Even as a kid, I had to take a lot of guff from my brothers."

tlers would like to settle in the ring—if only Crazy Luke would stick reasonably close to the rules. It's true that he was good enough to win the Worldwide Wrestling Alliance heavyweight belt from Pedro Morales in Los Angeles. But he lost it back to Morales six months later, when he suffered an injured knee.

There have been persistent rumors that Crazy Luke was once a patient in an insane asylum. He denies this vehemently. But his favorite party trick—freeing himself from a straitjacket—does little to dispel the rumor.

Maybe Luke's problems can be traced to his early background. The son of John "Strangler" Graham, he was raised on the family ranch near Phoenix, Arizona. The elder Graham always wanted his sons to follow in his footsteps, and taught the two older boys, Jerry and Eddie, to wrestle almost from infancy. They, in turn, practiced their holds on the youngest brother. And Crazy Luke readily admits that the constant frustration of being beaten up by his brothers may have caused his emotional instability. But it also caused him to become a wrestler. He turned

(Continued on page 48)

INSIDE REPORT:

The world's biggest tag team—all 1,200 pounds of it—made a brave but unsuccessful bid to prevent the championship belt from being shipped off to Japan. But when it was all over, and despite the outcome, Haystacks and his huge partner received a rousing ovation from their countrymen. Here's why...

HAYSTACKS AND IRON MIKE DO OR DIE FOR THE GLORY OF AMERICA!

Iron Mike stands quietly by (left) while Haystacks talks with referee before bout in San Francisco. Above: The two Japanese aces can't seem to budge 600-lb Haystacks.

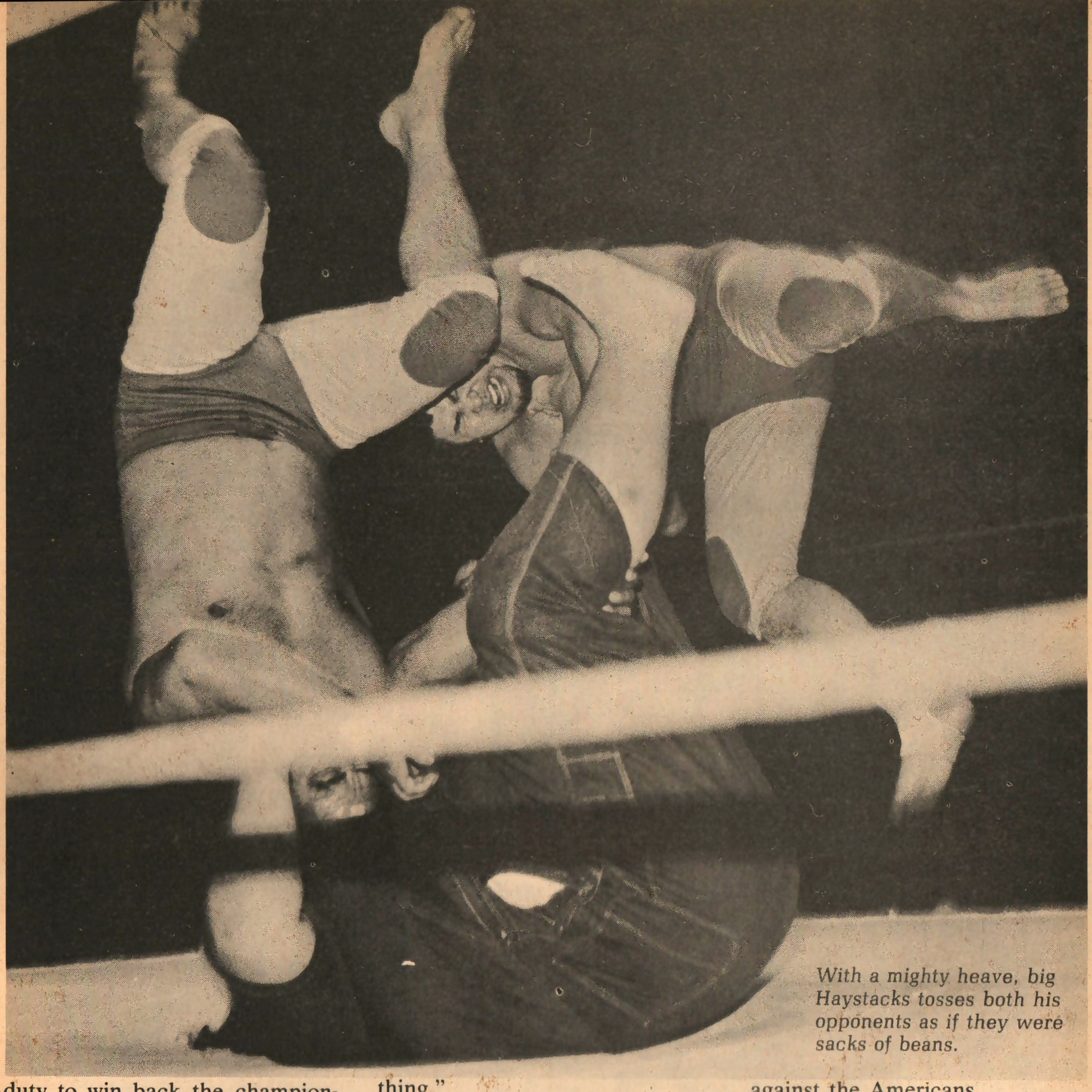
HAYSTACKS CALHOUN is just about the nicest guy in wrestling. Kind, even-tempered, with all the homespun virtues of the honest, God-fearing people of his native Arkansas mountain country. But now Haystacks' face was twisted with rage. His eyes flashed hatred. He glared across the dressing room of San Francisco's Cow Palace at the only man in wrestling who is as big as he—his tag-team partner, 625-pound Man Mountain Mike.

"Wait till we get those two in the ring," Haystacks gritted. "We'll show them who the title belongs to!"

Man Mountain Mike, who had been a sailor at Pearl Harbor when the Japanese bombs fell, glowered at the floor and nodded agreement. "They'll never take those championship belts back to Japan—not while I'm alive!" Mike vowed.

The biggest tag-team partnership in wrestling and the hottest box-office draw in the Bay Area, were waiting to be called for their match against the defending tag-team champions, Mr. Saito and Kinji Shibuya, of Japan.

The two Orientals had had the effrontery to come to the United States and steal the championship every American feels belongs right here, in the good, old U.S.A. Tonight, as challengers, Haystacks and Man Mountain were more than just two men trying to win a title. They were representing America and every American wrestler. It was their patriotic



With a mighty heave, big Haystacks tosses both his opponents as if they were sacks of beans.

duty to win back the championship for their country. "Remember Pearl Harbor" had become their own motto, and by the time they were summoned to enter the ring, both were thoroughly psyched up to do or die for their country.

There was more! Haystacks and Man Mountain deeply resented the insulting remarks Saito and Shibuya had spouted publicly. "Calhoun and Mike just soft fat boys," Shibuya had sneered. "No talent, no skills," Saito had added. "We prove Japanese wrestlers much superior to Americans, Japanese masters, better at everything."

In spite of their verbal bravado, Saito and Shibuya had done their best to avoid a showdown with Haystacks and Man Mountain. But as the American pair rolled up victory after victory, the public roared its demand that they be given a shot at the championship.

The Japanese had no choice. Either they wrestle Calhoun and Man Mountain or "lose face." If they returned to Japan without accepting the challenge, they would be in disgrace with their own people—a fate worse than death to every Oriental mind. Reluctantly, they agreed to defend their title against the Americans.

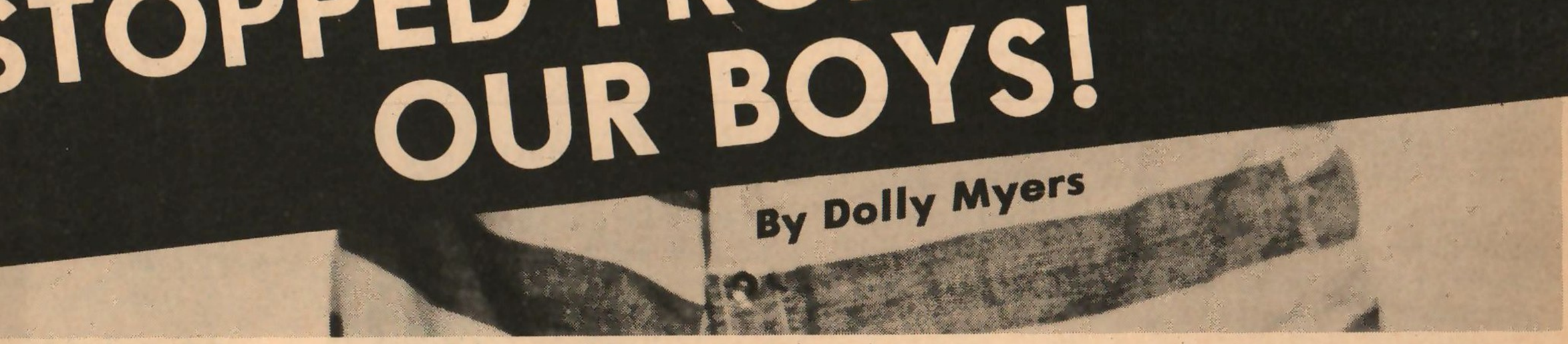
Haystacks and Man Mountain marched down the aisle as thousands cheered. Many in the crowd even waved small American flags. The Japanese carried their own flag, swaggering and sneering defiance.

Saito bounded out at the bell and promptly whacked Haystacks on the jaw. Calhoun turned to the crowd and announced, "I intend to wrestle the American way—cleanly!" Then he promptly clamped a headlock on Saito.

The Oriental broke the hold by karate-chopping Haystacks below

(Continued on page 52)

THE CONVICT MUST BE STOPPED FROM KILLING OUR BOYS!



By Dolly Myers

WHO IS THE CONVICT? Is he really a fugitive from ? Who is this hooded giant ears prisoner's stripes instead lar ring garb? Even the fans, ked to the point of joining in- nch mob by his savage tactics, heir distance as the 7-foot, und menace calmly stalks to the dressing room after ng another victim.

many of his recent bouts, The ct's tactics have become so s that prison authorities in l Western states have been ded with letters from frantic pleading that The Convict urned to prison before he kills one. The problem is that no- knows his real identity, or er he actually is an escaped prisoner.

The Convict is so strong that he could easily rip a man's arms or legs from their sockets. And if he ever does that, professional wrestling would be banned forever.

The curious part of the whole thing is that fans seem to be fascinated by this strange brute of a man. They can't resist lining up at the box office to buy tickets to his bouts. Commented one psychologist, "Deep in their minds, the people who go to see this man wrestle believe that some night he will kill his opponent. And they don't want to miss seeing it."

The Convict makes his own rules. He lives in his own world—his own private jungle. He talks to nobody, answering questions of his manager and promoters with surly grunts and nods of his enormous head. After every match, he leaves by a rear door and is swallowed up in the darkness. Nobody knows where he lives, but one reporter wrote recently, "I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if he has a secret dungeon someplace where he keeps beautiful women bound and gagged until he wants to use them. This guy is too much!"

In an attempt to increase The Convict's competition, promoters began to match him against teams of opponents. But the giant was able to handle two opponents almost as easily as he could handle one. So they went further—they began matching him against three opponents. And when that failed

to make any difference, they went still further . . .

One night, The Convict stepped into a California ring and when he looked at the opposite corner, he saw not two or three opponents, but four! He reacted to it with a big yawn.

Those four men in the opposite corner were not guys scraped off the streets, but top professionals—Pedro Morales, Mil Mascaras and the two Medics.

Despite what appeared to be overwhelming odds, The Convict held his own. No, he didn't win. But he didn't lose, either. He earned a draw, which was an historic accomplishment.

Still, the huge man in the striped suit wasn't satisfied. In fact, he was furious and tried to take his vengeance out on the poor referee. With a sweep of his tree-like arms he caught the terrified official around the waist, lifted him six-feet into the air, smashed him to the canvas, and clamped a stranglehold around his throat.

That referee would be dead today had it not been for the immediate interference of Morales, Mascaras and the Medics. The Medics grabbed The Convict's head while Morales and Mascaras yanked his legs out from under him, causing him to lose his grip on the squirming referee. A police riot squad finally arrived and permanently restrained the prison striped terror.

Instead of keeping his cool as he stalked back to the dressing room, The Convict lunged out at snarling fans, threatening them with his great fists.

I was present that night, quivering with fright along with the rest of the people. But the horrible incident failed to frighten me out of my one ambition in life—to interview The Convict and learn what makes him tick. Oh, sure, I had tried before. Many times. But I never even got close. Now, the thought flashed through my excited brain, this could be the time to get what I wanted. Sure, it would be like taking my life into my hands. But it was worth the risk.

I sneaked around to the rear door of the arena and waited. I was sure he would leave by that door. And he did! I saw him lift his tremendous body into a taxi and watched as the cab took off down the road.

I quickly hailed a taxi of my own and gave chase.

It was fortunate that my cabbie was a guy who had obviously been in "Follow that cab!" situations before, for, to throw anyone who might be following him off the trail, The Convict changed taxis three times. So skillfully did my driver give chase that The Convict never suspected we were right behind him as he paid off the final cab, walked into a dark alley, climbed into his own car and took off. Then we resumed the chase.

As we whizzed past the city limits the road changed from black-top to gravel and then, on a side turn-off, to sand. For ten or fifteen miles we ate his dust.

The Convict's car made another turn and climbed a slope. We followed him over the rise and from the crest I could see a small lake below, to my right.

The road ended abruptly at the bottom of the hill. Before I knew it, we were almost abreast of The Convict's car. It was standing in a lane, its lights darkened, about fifty yards off the road.

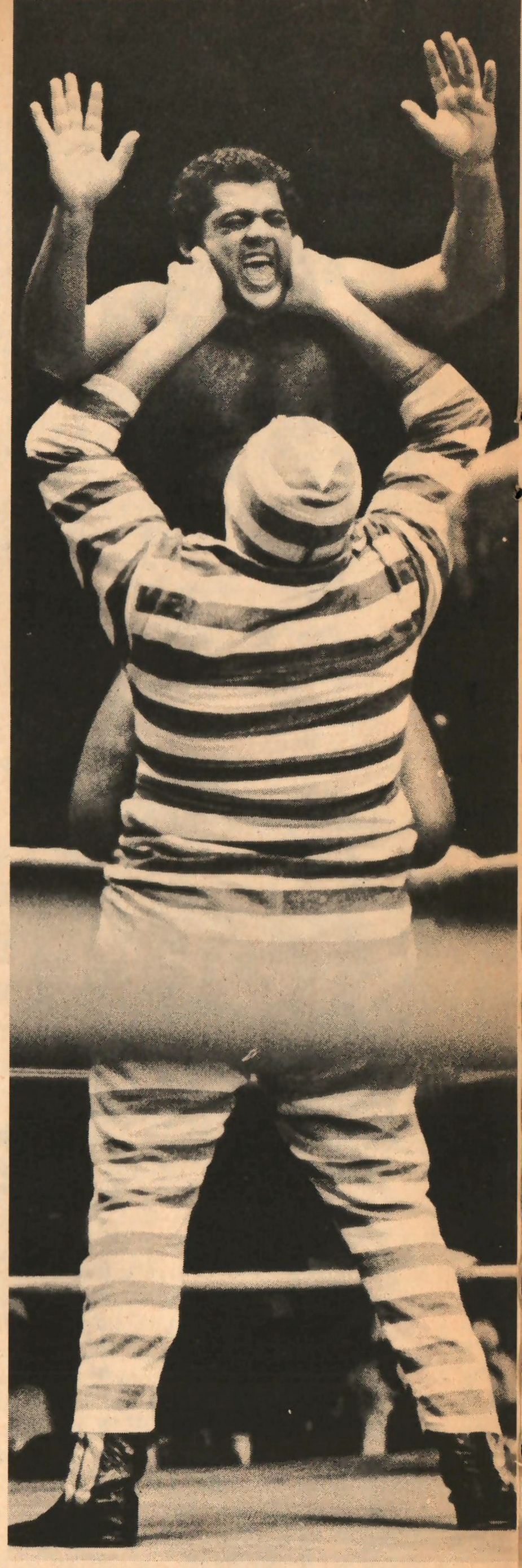
"Quick! Stop here," I told my cabbie. "This is where I get off."

"You want to get out here, lady?" he asked. "This is nowheresville!" After I'd paid him off, he drove away into the darkness, shaking his head. He must have thought me crazy.

I wasn't too sure of my own sanity, either, as I stood there in the gloom, feeling my heart pounding like a runaway triphammer.

Ahead of me, near a lonely patch of eucalyptus trees, was a white square of light. I scuffed and stumbled through the sand until I saw a sprawling ranch-type building. It looked like it had been neglected for years, deserted and forgotten until The Convict took it over—a perfect hideout and proof he must be a fugitive.

Hardly daring to breathe, I crept



The massive Convict lifts Pedro Morales by the neck and squeezes!

up to the side of the building and peeked in. The uncurtained window gave me a full view of a dingy room.

The Convict's massive frame was wedged in a chair cut out of a barrel. Overhead, a single bulb hung from the peeling ceiling, spraying the room with shadowy light.

I knew I wasn't going to get my story peeking through a window, so, taking a deep breath, I forced myself around the corner of the house to the front door.

I knocked once, twice, three times. There was no answer, but I could hear movement inside. My terror increased with each knock, but I was determined to see this thing through. So I gritted my teeth and knocked again. This time, I got results: the door swung open!

There stood The Convict, his awesome might still garbed in hood and stripes, silhouetted against the dingy light behind him.

His voice was a menacing rumble. "What do you want?" he growled.

"I hope you're not busy," I said, putting on my most enticing smile and hoping the effect wasn't spoiled by trembling lips. Then, grabbing a fistful of courage from somewhere inside me, I blurted, "My name is Dolly Myers and I want to do a story about you for *Inside Wrestling* magazine."

To this day, I don't know why he didn't slam the door in my face, or pick me up and toss me out into the darkness. Maybe it's because I do pretty good in the looks department. Maybe, somewhere under all his hardness and hate, he found a spark of pity for the terrified little blonde in his doorway. Whatever the reason, he stood aside and let me in.

I walked over and timidly sat on the barrel-chair. After glaring suspiciously at me for a moment, The Convict threw his almost quarter-ton of bone and muscle on the cot, which creaked in agony under the weight.

We stared at each other until he spat, "Well, get on with it. You wanna story, or are you one of those broads who..."

"No, no," I interrupted almost hysterically. "I really want to do a story about you!" Desperately groping for a start, I said, "Your actions in the ring...the way you treat people...you must have been terribly hurt to hate everyone so."

The Convict used bottom of Mil Mascaras' mask as a noose. It took two cops to pull him off.

The cot screeched as The Convict shifted his weight, tensed himself and seemed ready to leap at my throat.

Then a strange thing happened. He seemed to uncoil. The menace was still there, but his body relaxed. "Yeah," he hissed through the slit in his mask, "you might say I got a reason to hate."

"What happened?" I asked. "Did you have an unhappy childhood? Did your father beat you?"

The Convict's massive right fist smashed down on a small table. The impact made a noise like a bursting balloon. "Yeah," he grated. "My old man beat me. Me and my mother."

My eyes swept the shabby room. "Surely, with all the money you make you can live better than this."

"I ain't got a cent for frills," he rumbled. "The dough I make all goes for *The Cause*."

"The Cause?" I asked.

"Yeah, The Cause," he said. "To find out who framed me and my mother. Who put us in jail. It killed her and ruined my life. I'll never rest until I find him!"

"Why did they put you and your mother in jail?"

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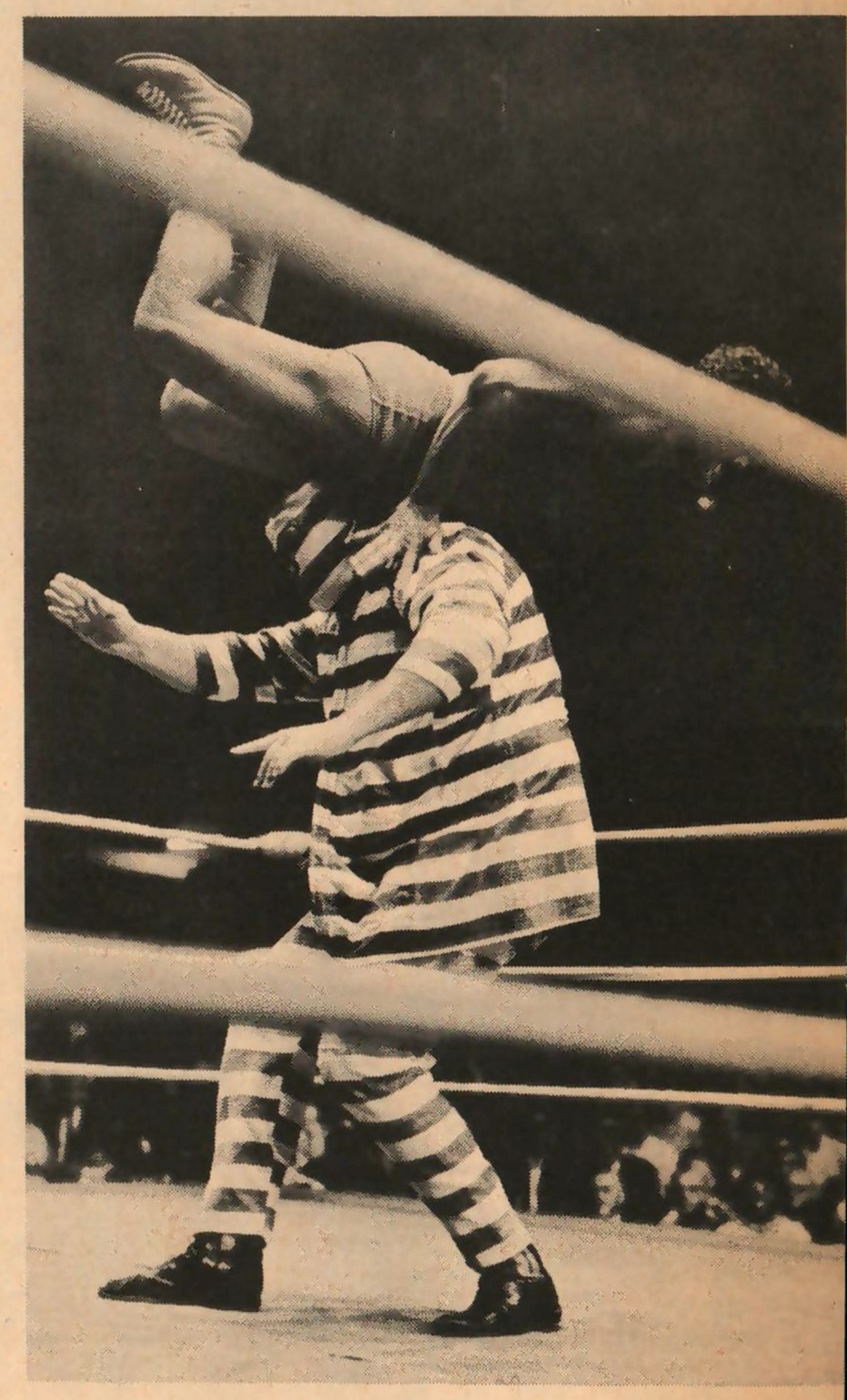
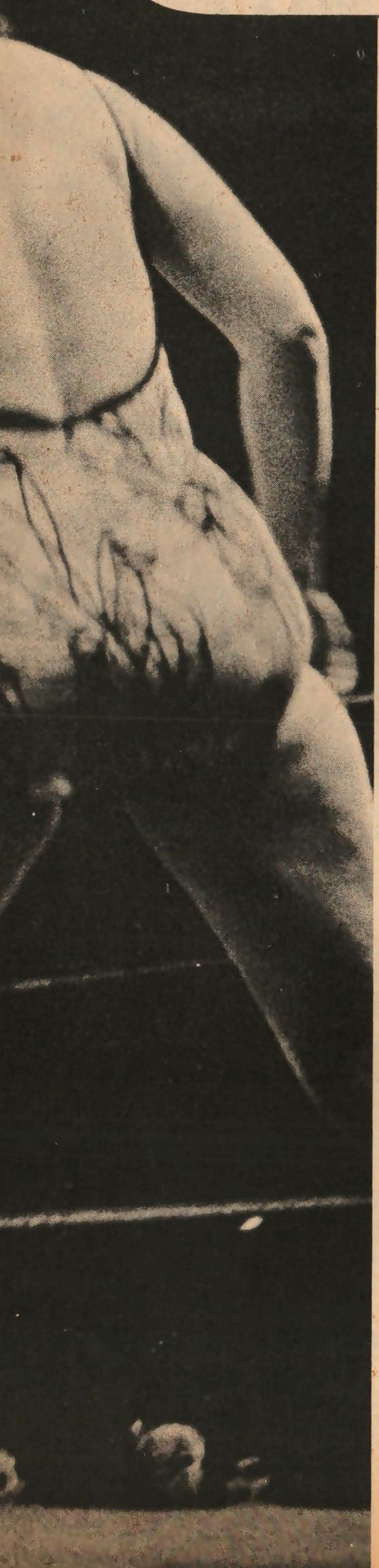


When 230-pound Pedro Morales tried to get a reverse headlock on The Convict, the giant simply brought his body erect and Pedro took off!

"IT FELT LIKE MY CHEST CAVED IN!"
Admits Toni Rose

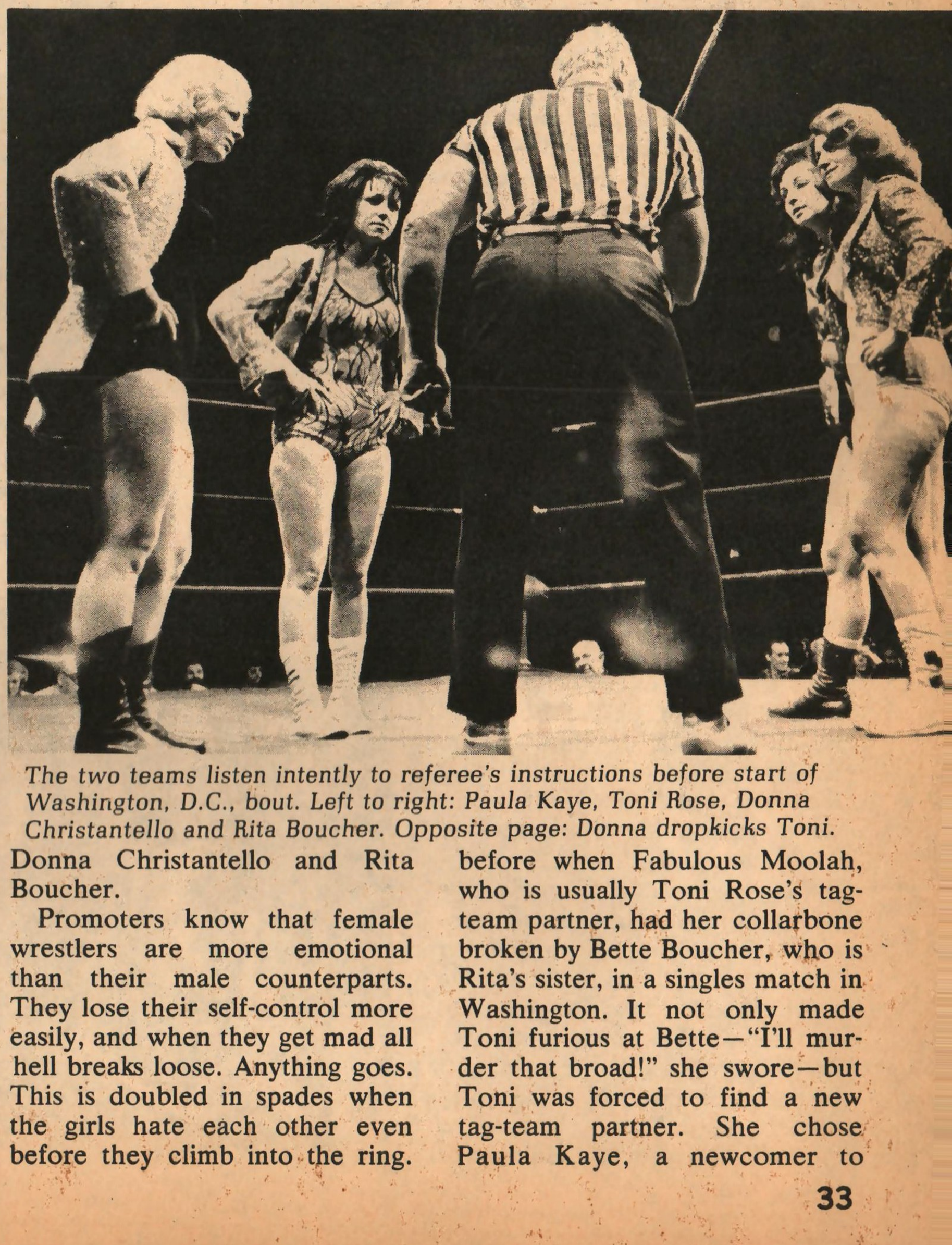
The slender tigress leaped high into the air, drew back her long, powerful legs like the hammers of a double-barreled shot gun, and exploded them with crushing force into the other girl's chest. When the victim recovered from the shock, she said grimly . . .



WHICH IS THE deadlier of the species—the male or the female? If wrestling fans in Washington, D.C., ever had any doubts it was settled beyond all dispute in a recent tag-team match at the National Arena when Toni Rose, United States Girls' Wrestling Champion, and big, blonde Paula Kaye took on Donna Christantello and Rita Boucher.

Promoters know that female wrestlers are more emotional than their male counterparts. They lose their self-control more easily, and when they get mad all hell breaks loose. Anything goes. This is doubled in spades when the girls hate each other even before they climb into the ring. As a result, matching Toni and Paula against Donna and Rita was like stealing gold from Fort Knox. Here was a grudge match that makes the battles between such natural jungle enemies as the tiger and lion seem like good, clean sport.

The girls had begun to get steamed at each other the month before when Fabulous Moolah, who is usually Toni Rose's tag-team partner, had her collarbone broken by Bette Boucher, who is Rita's sister, in a singles match in Washington. It not only made Toni furious at Bette—"I'll murder that broad!" she swore—but Toni was forced to find a new tag-team partner. She chose Paula Kaye, a newcomer to



The two teams listen intently to referee's instructions before start of Washington, D.C., bout. Left to right: Paula Kaye, Toni Rose, Donna Christantello and Rita Boucher. Opposite page: Donna dropkicks Toni.

wrestling, but one with tremendous promise. What Paula lacks in experience, she more than compensates for in determination and strength. She was raised on her father's cattle ranch in Oklahoma, and she can easily bring down a steer. For Paula, handling most girl wrestlers is like playing with dolls.

Toni nursed such a hatred for Bette Boucher after the latter put Moolah out of action that she offered to wrestle her without pay. It wasn't necessary. Bette was also itching to get at Toni to settle an old score.

"That Toni," Bette raged, "I want her scalp!"

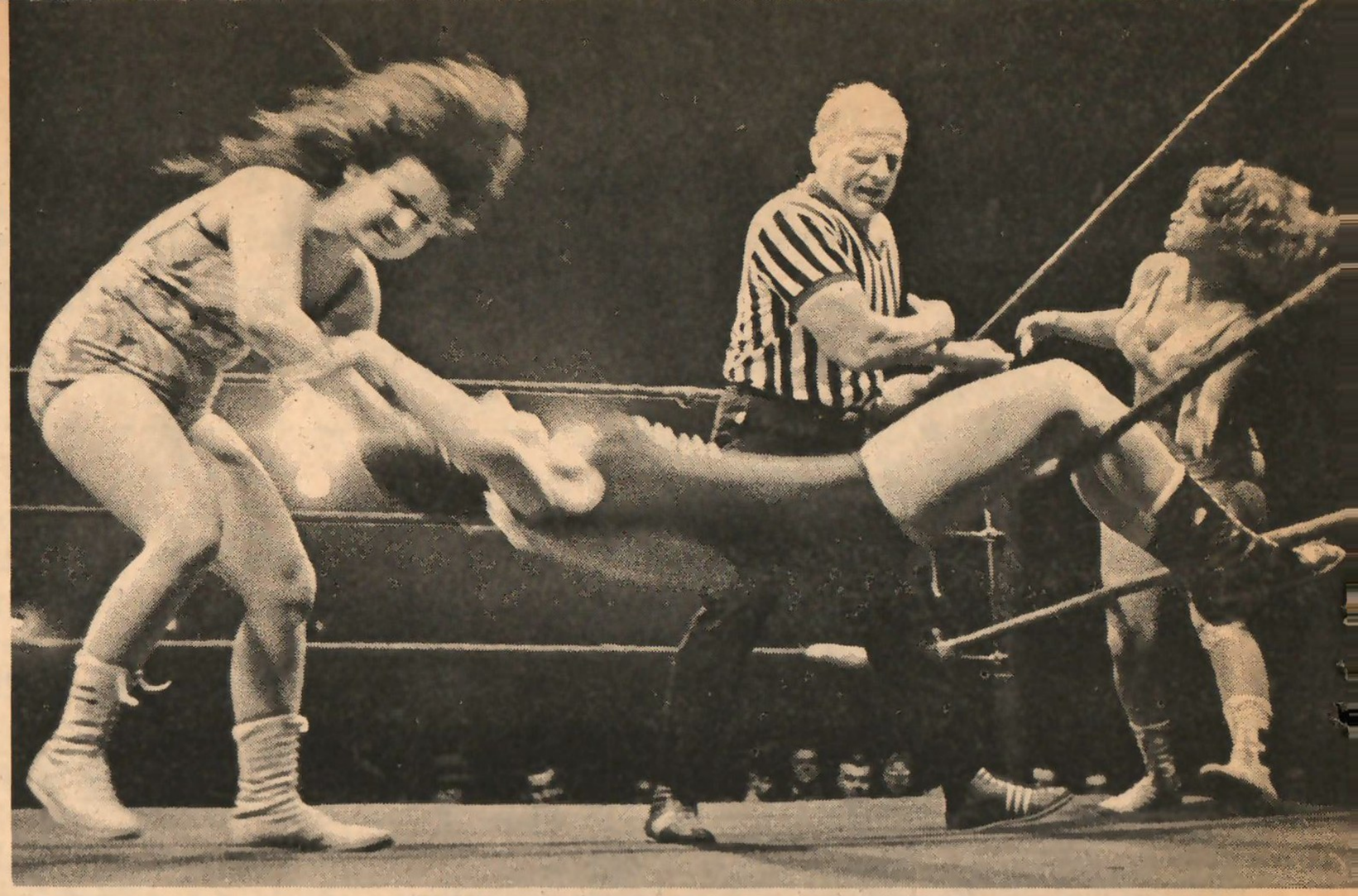
They had wrestled in Augusta, Georgia, two weeks after Bette had disposed of Moolah. At stake was Toni's Southern States Girl Wrestling Championship, and Rose was just too much woman for Bette Boucher that night. She clamped a body scissors on Boucher that had her screaming in agony. Bette gave up, and when they took her to the hospital it was discovered she had two broken ribs.

Toni still wasn't satisfied. She had obtained revenge for the job Bette had done on Moolah, she had yet to reckon with Bette's tag-team partner and sister, Rita Boucher.

"Toni Rose is the dirtiest wrestler in the world!" growled Rita. "Take away her dirty tactics and what's she got left? Nothing!"

"So, another of the Bouchers is looking for trouble?" Toni Rose snapped when told what Rita had said."What I did to her sister is nothing compared to what she's going to get."

Coals were added to the fire when Donna Christantello proclaimed that she had no love for Toni, either, and then Paula Kaye related how Christantello had given her a rough going over in the gym when she was first learning to wrestle. The promoters weren't at a loss as to what to do. They couldn't make



Above: Rose yanked Christantello into the ring and Donna tried to ease her fall by hooking her legs in the ropes. Right: Donna recovered and swung Toni around like a carousel. Below: Paula Kaye, a comparative newcomer, proved she knew how to fly like a bird and land like a glider. Here she sails over the fallen Rita Boucher after delivering a jolting reverse dropkick.

the tag match fast enough.

The rough stuff began when Toni rushed across the ring as soon as the bell rang and kneed Boucher in the stomach. Then she promptly hoisted Rita in an airplane spin and threw her out of the ring.

Donna jumped into the ring and leaped at Toni feet first, hitting her squarely in the chest and knocking her out of the ring. Toni lay motionless on the Arena floor, the breath knocked out of her, while the referee tolled off the fatal seconds.

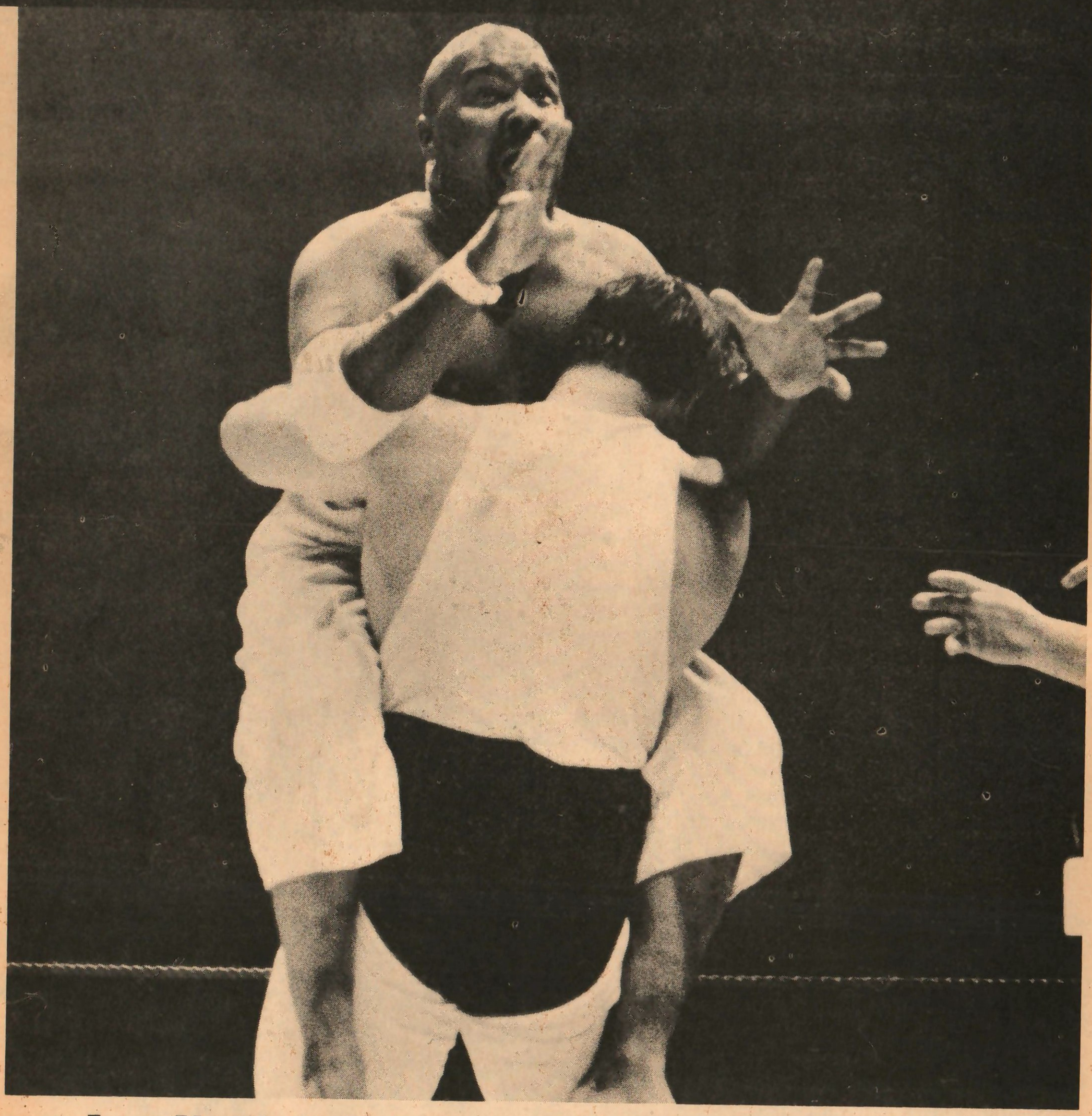
After the match, Rose admitted, "It was the hardest blow I've ever taken. It felt like my chest had caved in!"

Paula brought Donna down with a headlock to start the second fall, but the latter was too experienced and quickly broke free. She was giving Paula a murderous pounding with a series of body slams when Toni yelled,

(Continued on page 56)

Toni Rose's back crashes against apron of the ring after being thrown by Christantello. After she bounced off the apron, Rose crashed down on the cement floor, the wind knocked out of her. Only quick action by Toni's partner saved team from defeat.

THE 'KEWPIE DOLL' WHO CAN CRUSH A MAN TO DEATH



Igor Vodik is just about the cutest wrestler who ever lived. Girls coo at him and are urged to hug and kiss him. But his loveable exterior hides the heart of a lion and the brute strength of a bear

THE PRETTY YOUNG woman in the purple dress drooled as she stared at the odd looking man standing in the center of the ring. "He's so darned cute, I'd like to hug him and kiss him," she exclaimed.

That's the urge most women get when they see Igor Vodik. "He looks just like a Kewpie doll," another lady gushed.

Does Igor realize the strange effect he has on women? Talking for Igor, who speaks only Polish, his manager, Ivan Kalmikoff, said: "Sure he does. And sometimes it gets kind of embarassing for him. Igor is naturally a very modest kid. But I think he's getting a little used to it, now."

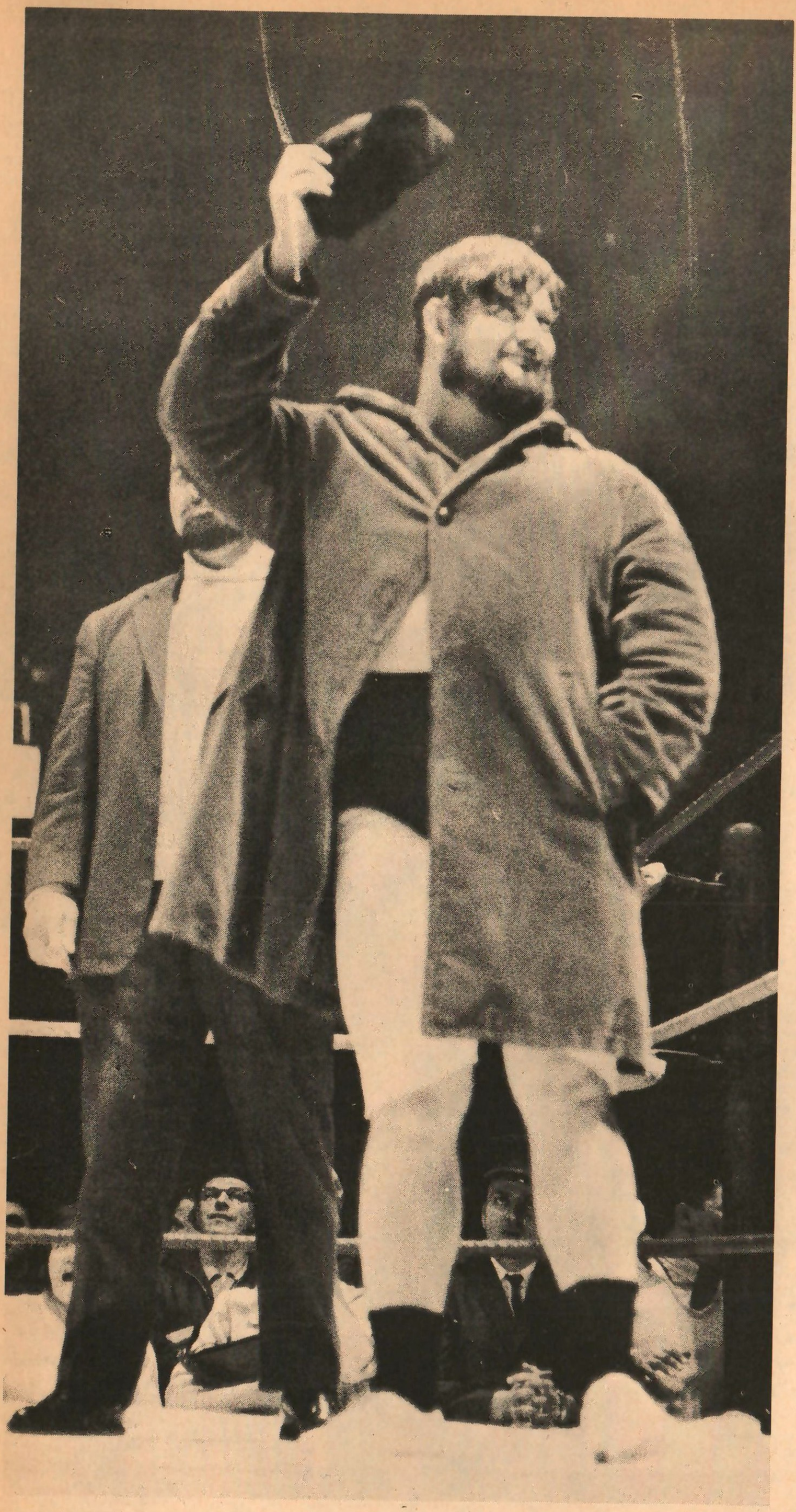
Kalmikoff added, "Most of his fans are women, and when he takes his bow after being introduced, I know they get the feeling that he's bowing to them, personally. Of course, I'm not denying it. Igor is very gallant and gentlemanly toward all women."

Igor Vodik, besides looking like a Kewpie doll, is without doubt one of the strongest men in the world. And, as the great Verne Gagne once admitted, "Igor is also one helluva wrestler."

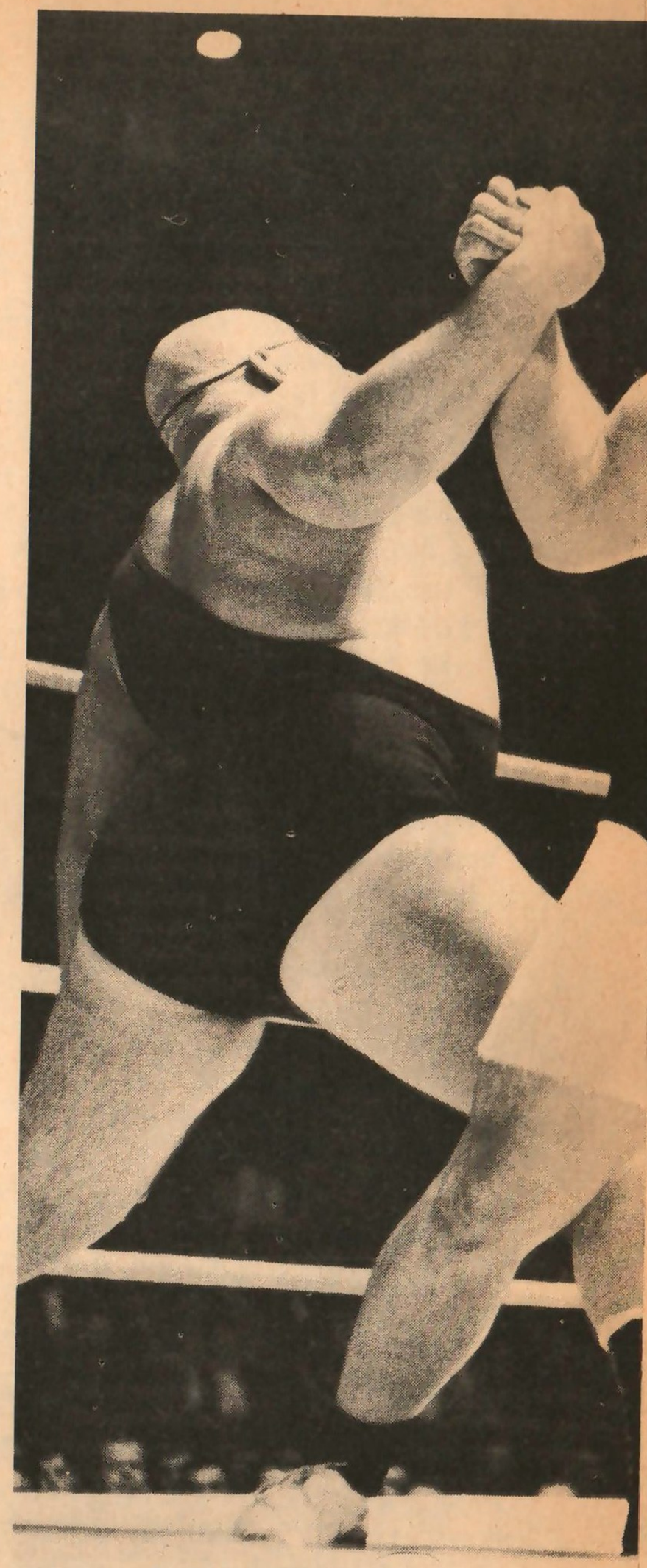
Chicago promoter Bob Luce is another man who respects Igor for what he is. Says Luce, "I've seen just about every wrestler in action over the last 15 years, and I put Igor right up there with the best of them. In my opinion, he is even stronger than Bruno Sammartino.

"I've seen him do impossible things in the ring," continued Luce. "I recall the night in Milwaukee when he gave his opponent a shot in the head that sent the poor guy catapulting against

The cute "pixie" of man whom millions of wrestling fans have come to adore hides the brute strength that can break a man's back (left).



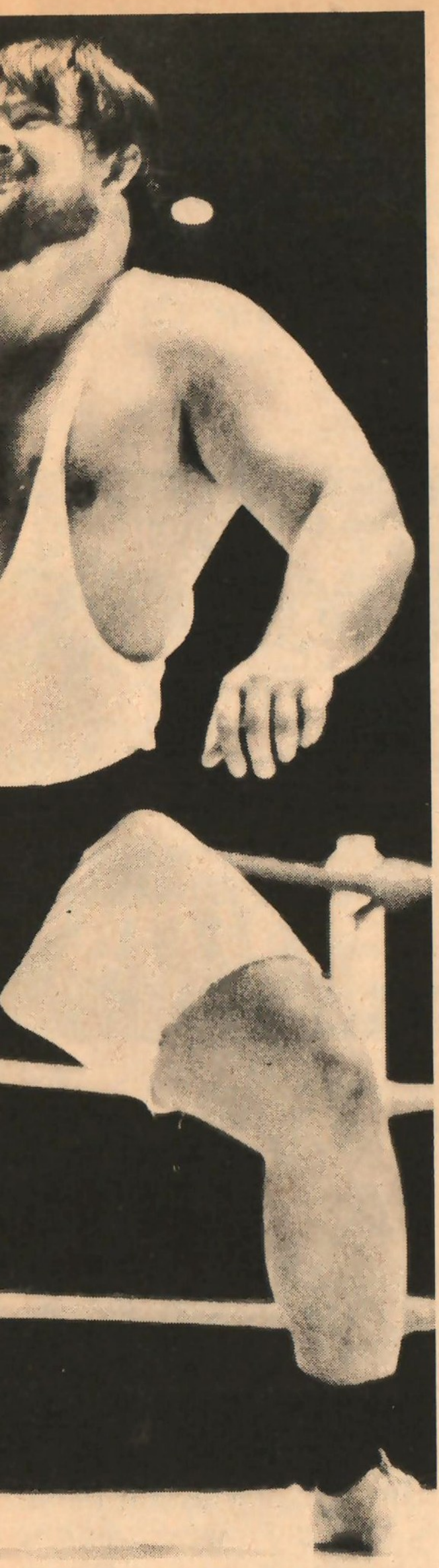
Igor tips his hat and smiles warmly in gesture of thanks to cheering fans after he entered ring in Milwaukee for a recent match. He once admitted that he is often haunted by his enormous strength. "I must be careful not to keep a hold too long or squeeze too hard," he said.

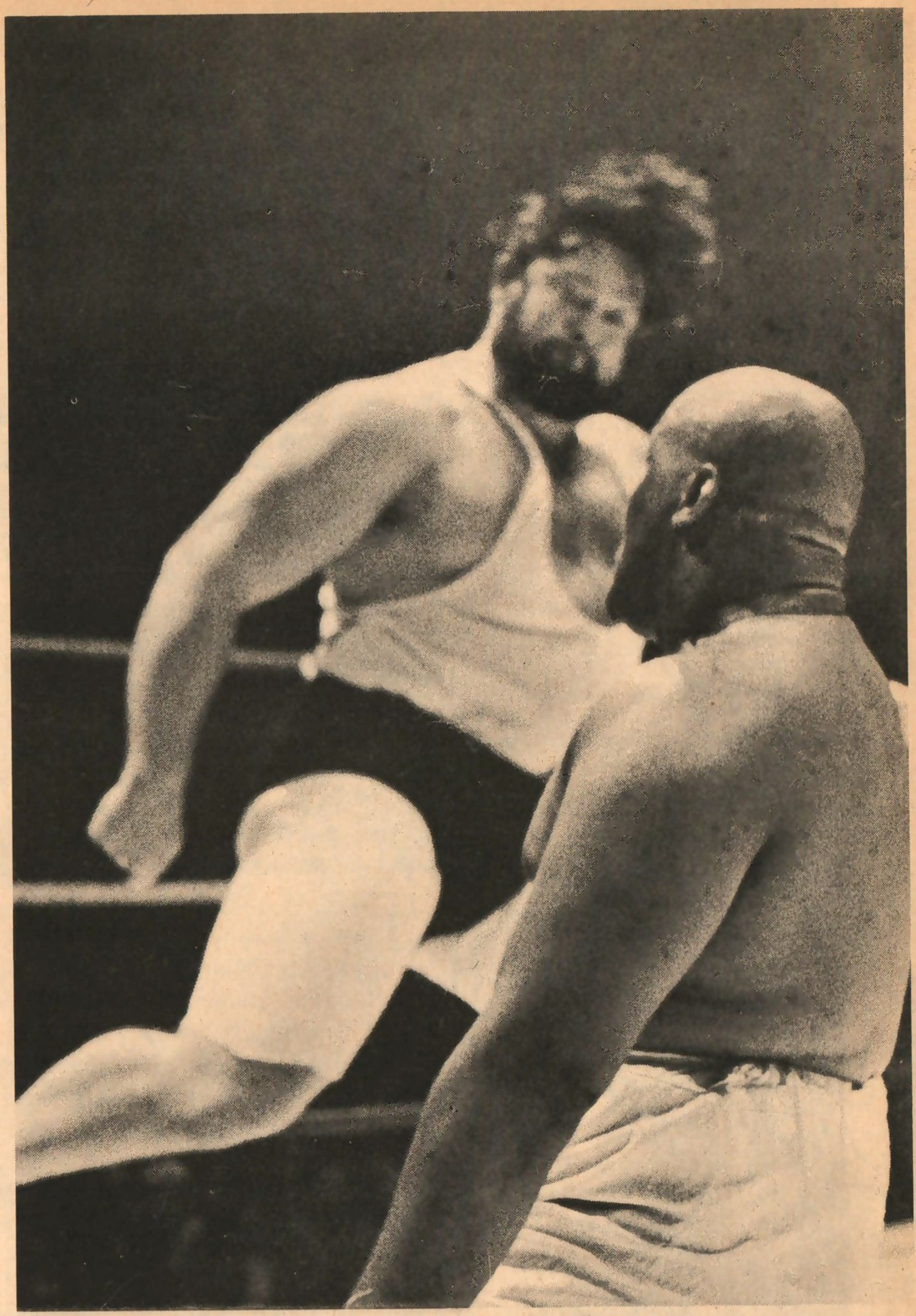


the ropes, then completely over the ropes and out of the ring. And I don't think Igor even put his full power behind the punch."

In Montreal, recently, Igor was matched with a giant named Abdullah. In the opening minutes of the bout, it seemed Abdullah was going to destroy Vodik. He slugged him at will, knocked him down and spit in his face. The crowd, angered by the vicious fouls, tried to egg Igor out of what seemed to be a stupor. Listen to how Ivan Kalmikoff explains what happened next:

"Igor was purposely slow in getting started. He had never seen





Left: Igor, in test of strength with Ivan Korloff, wins easily. Soon after picture was taken, Korloff was driven almost through ring floor. Above: Igor simply flipped his arm and Abdullah the Hun hit the mat.

llah before, but he'd heard vful lot about him—enough ve a lot of respect for him.

e figured if he let Abdullah up with everything he had at the beginning, he would nly find out just how tough as, but there was also a ce Abdullah might tire quick-

or got slugged around pretty in those opening minutes," ikoff continued, "but when ound out what he wanted—how strong Abdullah really nd how much he knew about tling—he went to work on He got Abdullah in a wrist-lock and bent his arm and entire body back—just to show him who was stronger. Then he clamped him in a bear hug that almost caved in Abdullah's ribs and slammed him to the mat.

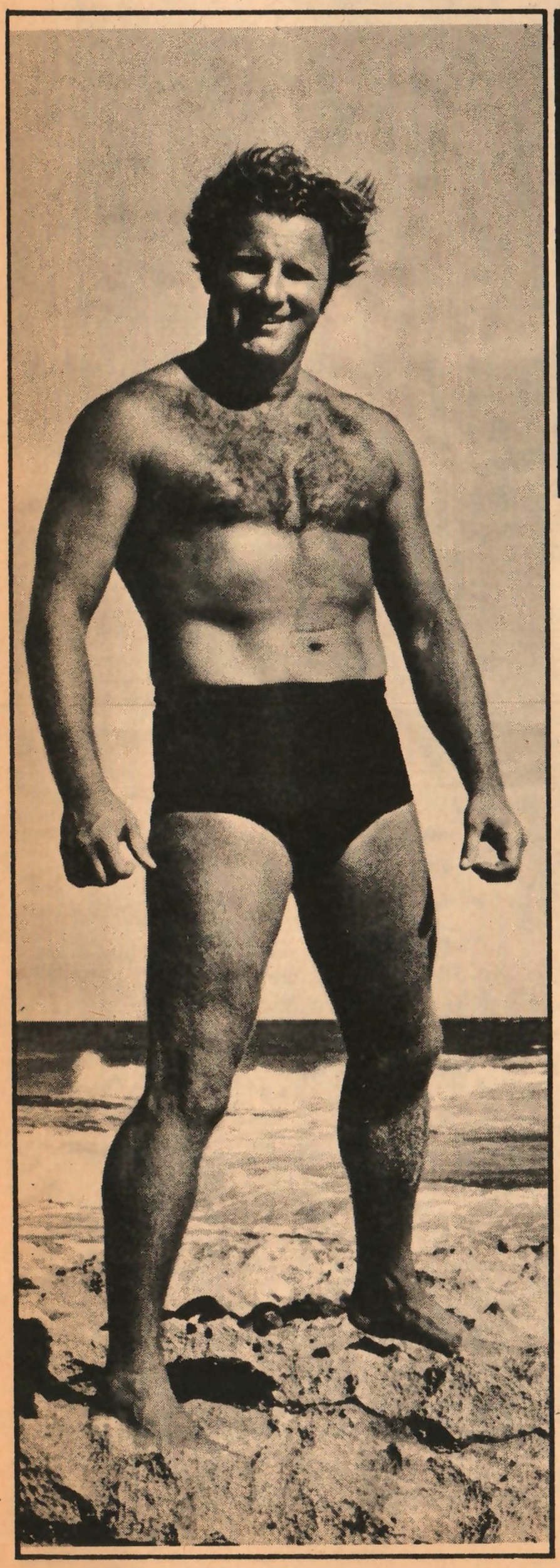
"By then, Abdullah knew he'd met his master. Igor had put the 'whammy' on him, psychologically, and went on to an easy victory.

"Without doubt, Igor is the strongest man in the ring today," Kalmikoff continued, "and I'm including Sammartino, whom we'd love to meet."

One look at the powerful Pole and a reading of his measurements do much to confirm the impression. At 5-feet, 11-inches, he weighs a solid 275 pounds. He has 22-1/2-inch biceps, 18-inch calves, and his chest stretches the tape an unbelievable 59 inches. Before Kalmikoff persuaded him to become a wrestler, Igor was a professional strongman, and still performs some of his favorite "parlor" tricks—just for laughs. These include lifting a Volkswagen with

(Continued from Page 58)

"I lose interest in an opponent after I beat him, and I feel that having to beat him all over again is a waste of time," says handsome Nickie, who was once the darling of Hawaiian mat fans but who got so sick of pinning the same shoulders and looking at the same fans that he traded the security of the fabled islands for the new challenges of Dixie. Here's an up-to-the-minute report about...



NICK BOCKWINKEL

THE WRESTLER WHO HATES RETURN BOUTS

THE WAVES WERE smaller than usual as Nick Bockwinkel's surfboard bobbed along on the perfect waves off Hawaii's Waikiki beach. With a picnic lunch and a beautiful girl waiting for him on the beach, Nick seemed to be a man completely content, but his brain busily tried to untangle the thoughts that were crowding in like gathering thunderheads.

When he first came to Hawaii several years before, his good looks had made him an instant hero, and winning matches came naturally. In fact, maybe success had come too easy, and as the waves rocked him gently, Nick's mind was transported to places where new challenges could be waiting.

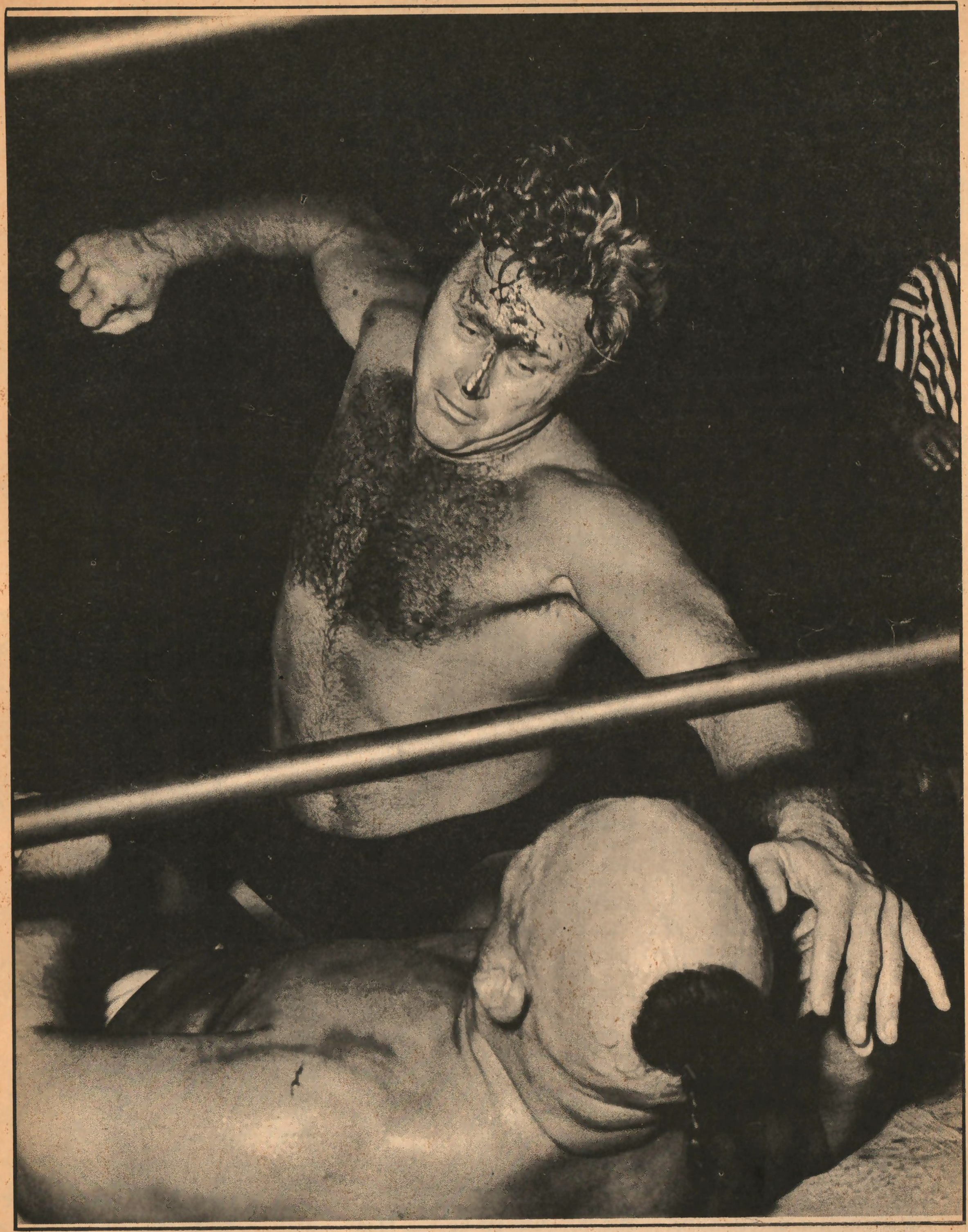
Maybe it was his imagination, he thought, but the crowds in Hawaii didn't seem as friendly anymore. But maybe it was his own fault. Nick had met nearly every wrestler who ever ventured over to the Islands. He had gotten to know their styles, their tricks and their little habits, and they knew his so well that they sometimes seemed to be going through automatic motions in the ring.

"After I beat a man once," Nick explains, "I lose some of my edge when I wrestle him again. I find it difficult to get *psyched* up for another match. I must have beaten everybody who came to Hawaii at least once, sometimes two or three times, and I simply didn't have any further interest in wrestling them again."

Hardly a week went by when a promoter in some part of the country didn't write Nick a letter, trying to lure him away from Hawaii. But he had never given the offers much serious thought until he received one from the South, which appealed to Nick because he'd never wrestled in Dixie before.

"I knew there'd be new faces in the ring and in the audience," he said, "and I liked the idea. It's almost as important for a wrestler to win over fans as it is for him to win matches. The fans don't have to love a wrestler, of course, but they must *want* to pay to see him."

Within a week, Nick was on his



"When I finally left Hawaii for Georgia, opponents like El Mongol, whom I am about to slug, offered new challenges. But how long I will keep wrestling in the South depends on how many interesting opponents they can come up with."

way to Atlanta, Georgia, to begin a new career, but things haven't worked out as well as he thought, as far as the fans were concerned.

"I went down there expecting to find a bunch of country bumpkins," he said, "and so I treated them wrong. I was a little condescending, and in the program notes it always mentioned that I was a graduate of UCLA. A lot of fans began getting the idea I was an egotistical showoff."

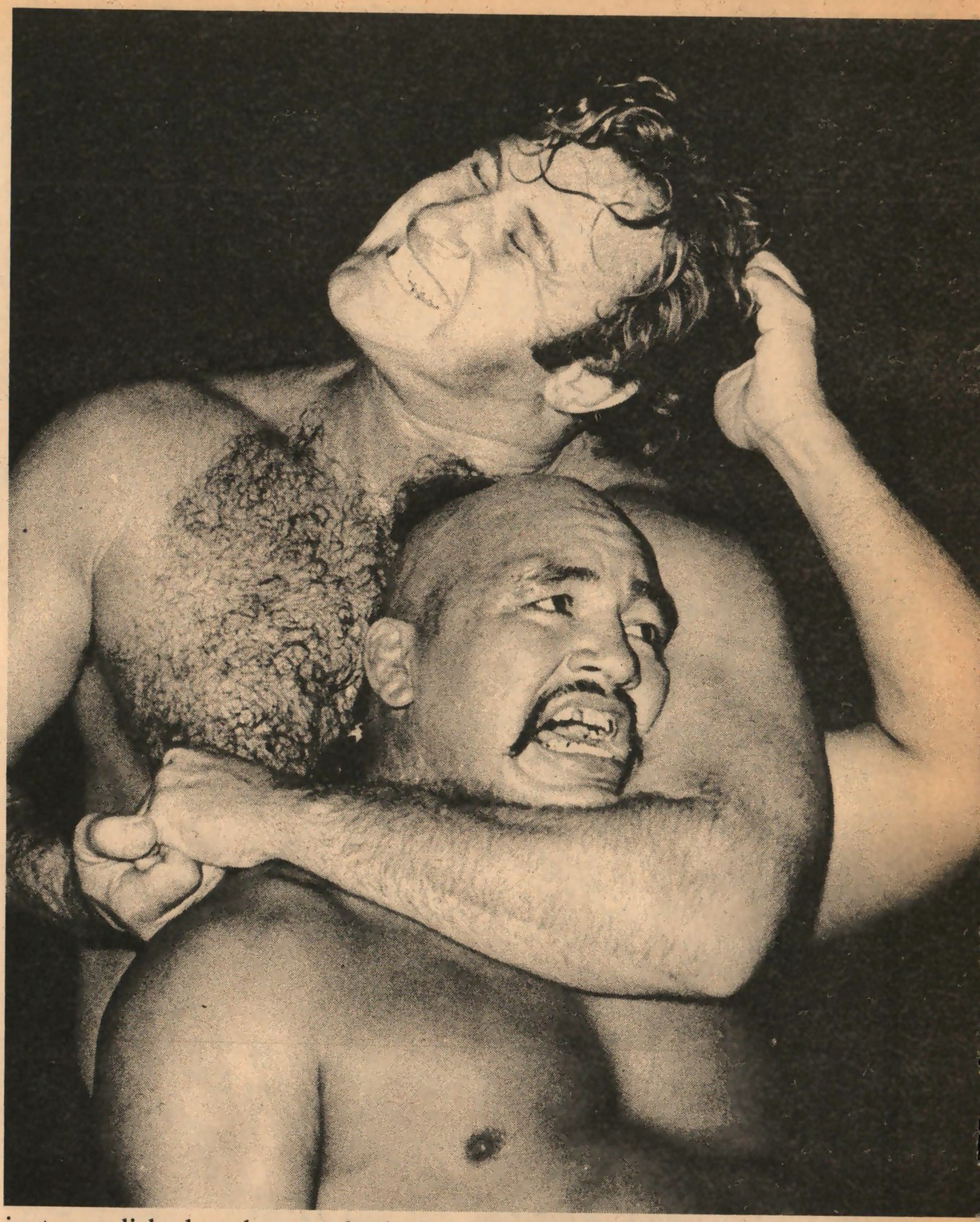
Instead of starting out with a popular image like the one he had in Hawaii, the fans booed Nick, and one night a sign was unfurled that said, "Yankee, Go Home!" It didn't make any difference to the fan who made that sign that Hawaii hadn't been part of the Civil War. The fan only knew that Nick Bockwinkel was an intruder who had made fun of local customs—from their y'all drawls to their grits for breakfast.

"It didn't take me long to find out I'd been wrong about the people in the South, and I tried to let them know I was sorry," Bockwinkel says. "Atlanta is one of the most modern cities in the world, and the people there are very much aware of what's going on. No slick operator is going to baffle them with fancy talk."

Nick had driven speedboats in Hawaii, and he discovered that drag racing and stockcar racing were popular in the South.

"I decided to try auto racing," he said. "I figured it might not be too different from racing boats, but I soon discovered it's a whole new world. I'm not very good at racing cars yet, but I have gotten a chance to meet a lot of fine people and some of them even come to see me wrestle. I think I'm gradually winning the wrestling fans over, but it would have been a lot easier if I hadn't alienated them from the beginning."

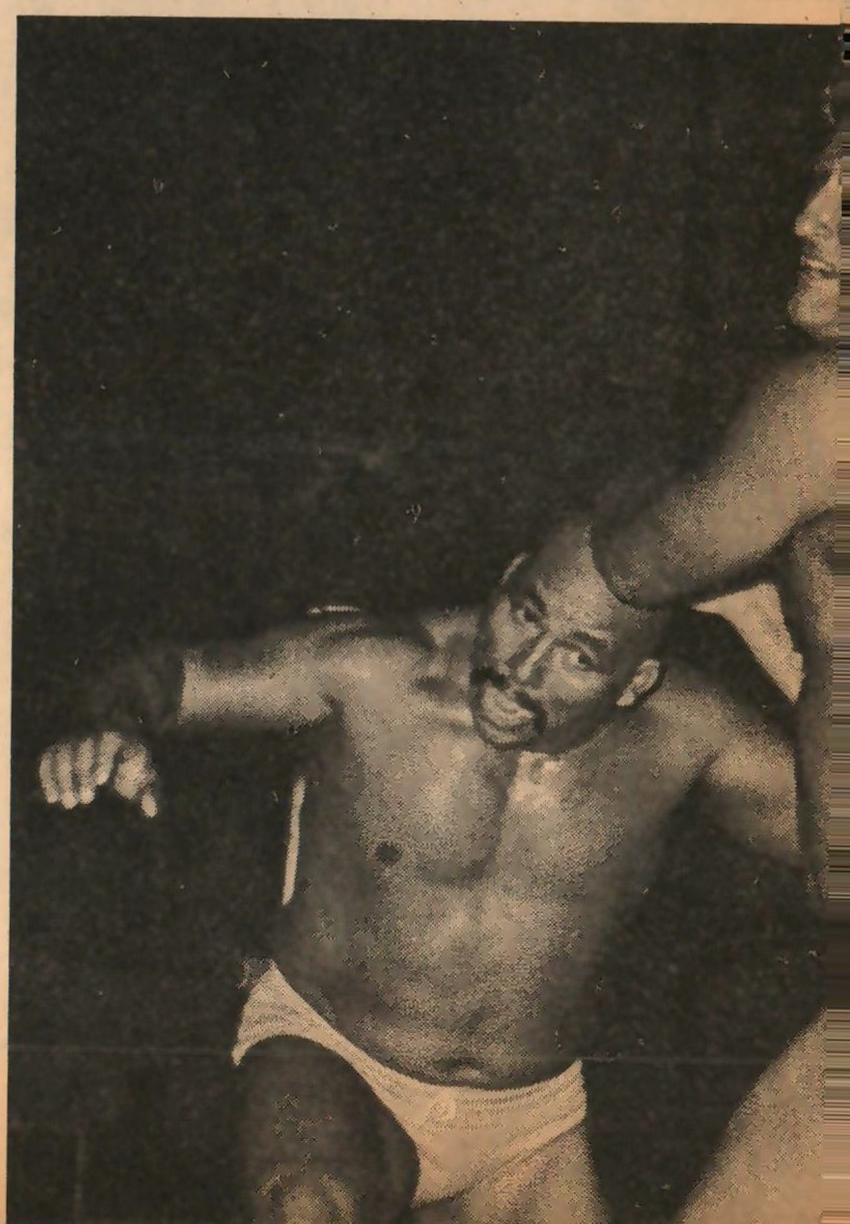
The wrestlers in the South also proved to be a surprise to Bockwinkel. They turned out to be

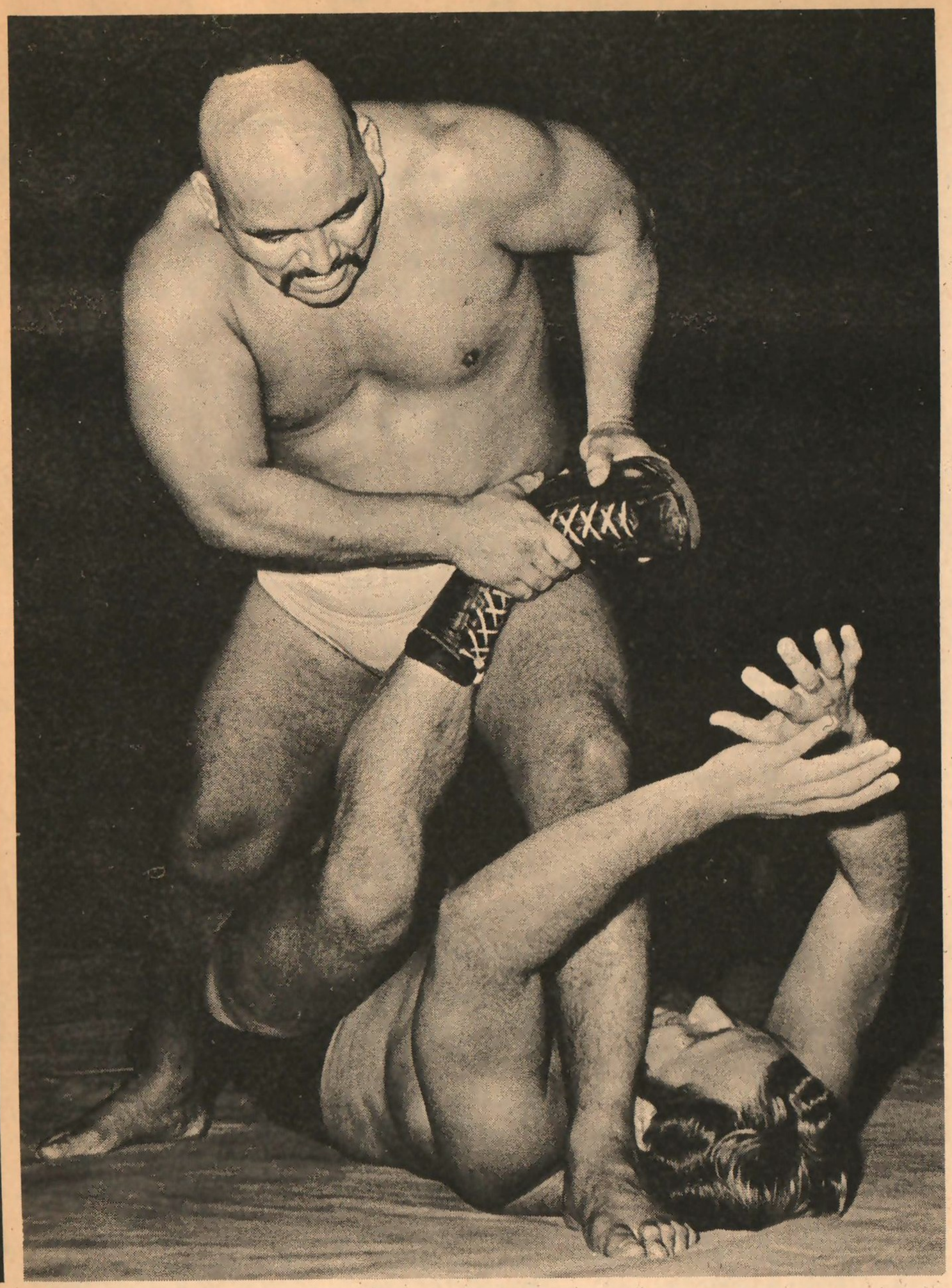


just as polished as the men he had faced in Hawaii, and they even had a few tricks he'd never seen before.

In two matches, Bockwinkel improved his image more than if he'd hired a team of public relations specialists. The fans began taking him seriously for the first time when he defeated Joe Scarpa and then followed with a victory over The Pro. Scarpa and The Pro are two of the most popular wrestlers in Dixie, and anyone who beats them earns the fans' respect.

"I thought I was ready to be accepted, finally," Bockwinkel said, "and then I ran into El Mongol. I had made a mistake by calling him an animal for the news-





"The three pictures on these pages show some of the action during my recent bout with El Mongol in Atlanta, Ga. Although I found Mongol a rather exciting challenge, I was equally impressed by the warm reception I received from the fans of Atlanta. They made me feel right at home from the moment I stepped into the ring."

papers, and he really was out for vengeance. Don't get me wrong, I still think he's an animal, but I would never say so in the newspapers again."

El Mongol has become a legend in the South, but Nick wasn't impressed. Bockwinkel believed he was too scientific for the powerful Mongol, but it was Nick who wound up being taught a lesson.

"I can wrestle dirty if I have to," El Mongol said, "but I didn't want to use a single illegal hold on that pretty little boy. I wanted to snap his back and arms using nothing but honest, legal holds."

For five minutes, the Mongolian stayed close to his plan, dropping Bockwinkel with knee lifts and airplane spins and a half dozen other holds. El Mongol didn't even use the judo attack that has brought him so much fame until Bockwinkel was ready for the kill.

When Bockwinkel finally solved the riddle of El Mongol's attack, the Mongolian unloaded with a few double Judo chops and karate kicks to take charge again.

Any blood on Bockwinkel's face usually comes from wounds he has inflicted on his opponents, but El Mongol deserted his scientific plan completely to take a bute or two out of Nick's forehead.

"I've always believed I was too cool to go berserk in a match," Bockwinkel said, "but the sight of my own blood pouring down my face made something snap. We stood there lashing out at each other like a pair of wild animals trapped together in a pit. I should never have let that happen because I'm still convinced I can beat El Mongol anytime in a scientific match."

Bockwinkel doesn't remember the end. A devastating karate chop sent him spinning through the ropes to the concrete floor, and instead of climbing back through the ropes he careened up the aisle to the safety of his dressing room.

"I wasn't trying to escape, Nick insists. "I simply didn't know where I was and was staggering along blind."

The explanation makes sense because many men have been knocked unconscious by El Mongol's judo tactics, but the fans figure that as long as a man's on his feet he should be able to continue wrestling.

"I thought I was winning them over," Bockwinkel said, "but now I have to start all over again. Every once in awhile I consider going back to Hawaii, but I came here to accomplish something, and I won't leave until I succeed." □

The Wonderful World of PEN

Wrestling Fans From 6 to . . . Men/Women • Boys/ • EVERYBODY! Lots of Nothing To Buy! Well, ost Nothing. Just A Few nps. But, boy, will It Be th It!

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ke ☐ Good Guys ☐ Bad Guys

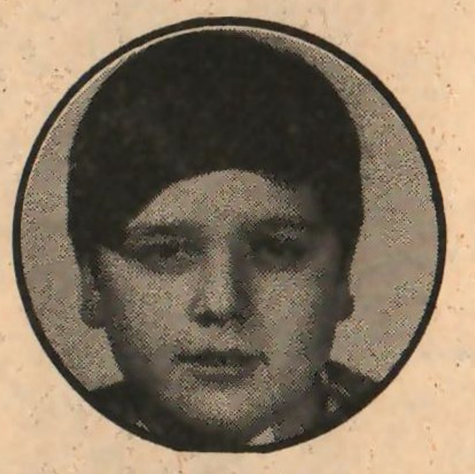
hat Kind of Person Would You Like Your Pen Pal _____

ll You Write To Pen Pals In reign Lands _____

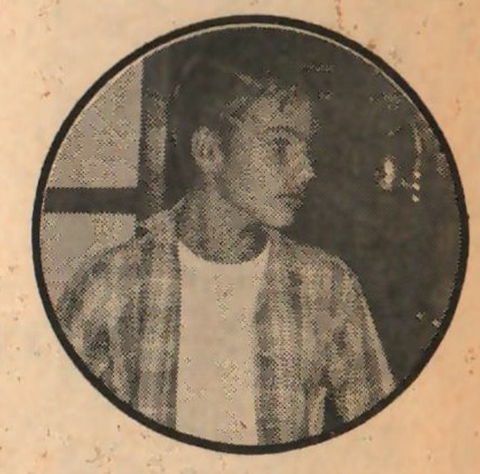
u Have My Permission To Print My ture.

_____
(Sign Your Name)

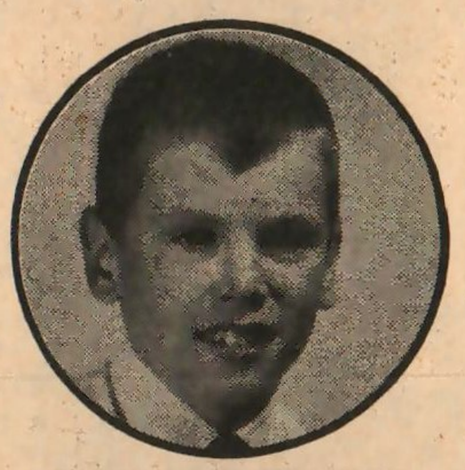
JACK GOINS (15)
30 Vandergrift Dr.
Dayton, OH. 45431
Wants to be wrestler. Joyce Grable his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.



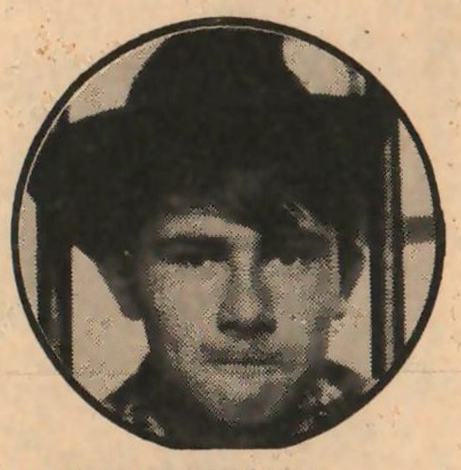
TON LOIACONA (12)
85 Frank St.
Lindenhurst, NY. 11757
Likes bowling, fishing, football. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for PPs.



CHUCK ABBE (17)
9211 Shelton St.
Bethesda, MD.
Collects bowls, surfs. Mad Dog Vachon his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girl fans for pen pals.

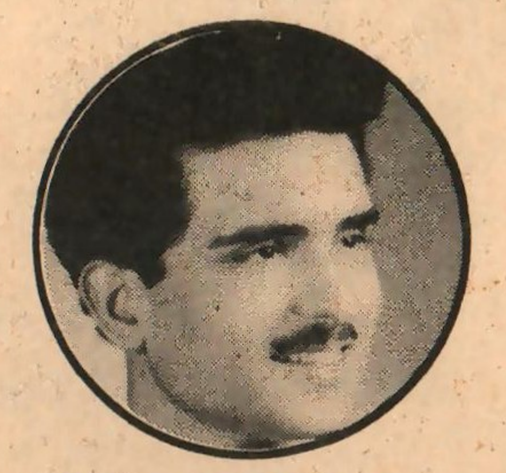


CHUCK DOWLING (10)
10 Leslie St.
Paterson, NJ. 07503
Likes animals, cars. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good guys. Girls with similar hobbies for pen pals.



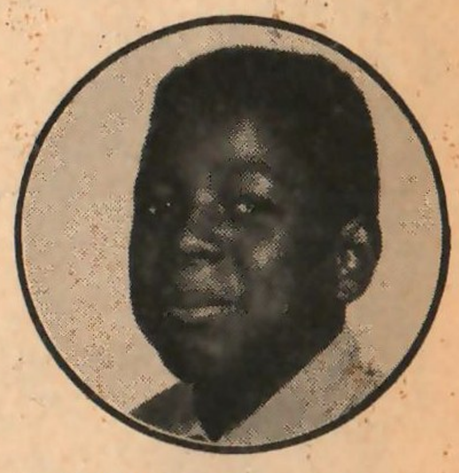
JOHN KRENN (15)
P.O. Box 637
Longley, BC. Canada
Likes roller skating. John Tolos his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls, 13-15, for pen pals.

ALFREDA BUGDEN (46)
28 Collins St.
Gisborne, New Zealand
Likes writing, taping, coins, stamps. Likes good guys. Prefers pen pals, 30-60 age group.



VICTOR TORRES (22)
513 W. Walker
Milwaukee, WI. 53204
Likes stock cars, singing, girls. Favorite Blackjack Lanza. Lovely girls, 17-24, for pen pals.

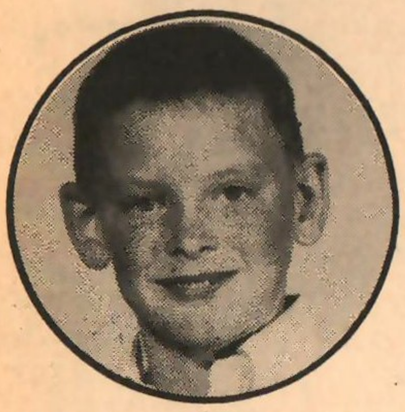
KIN GARBER (14)
13721 Linnert
Garden Grove, CA. 92641
Likes girls. Paul Diamond his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Wants girls for pen pals.



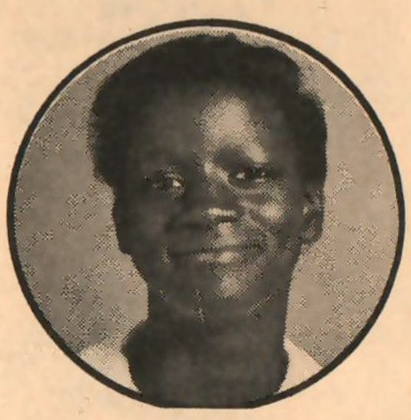
RONNIE FERGUSON (13)
1595 N.W. 17th Ct.
Opu-Locka, FL. 33054
Likes to wrestle. The Great Malenko his favorite. Likes bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.

PALS

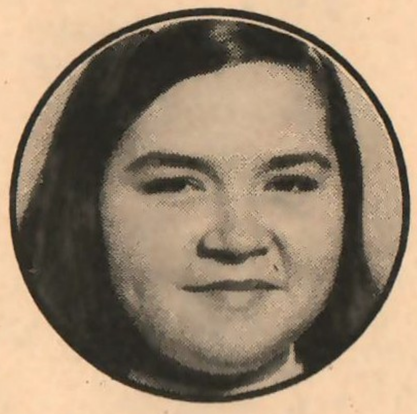
Produced by JEFFREY SUPER



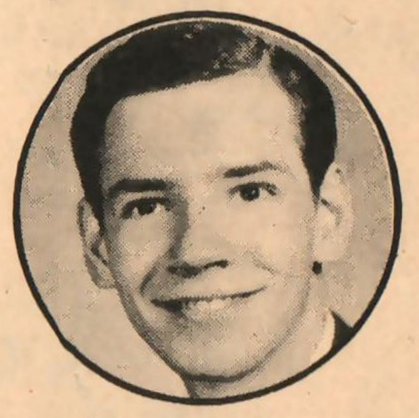
THOMAS HOOKER (9)
318 Wilshire Blvd.
Savannah, GA. 31406
Likes all sports. The Pro his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Wants wrestlers for PPs.



ROMONA JAYNER (12)
708 Fields St.
Kinston, NC. 28501
Likes TV, baseball. Jack Brisco her favorite. Likes good guys. Wants girls for pen pals.



PAM GILLAM (15)
West Baruch St.
Denmark, SC. 29042
Likes all sports. The Soto Brothers her favorites. Likes good guys. Boys, 15-17, for pen pals.

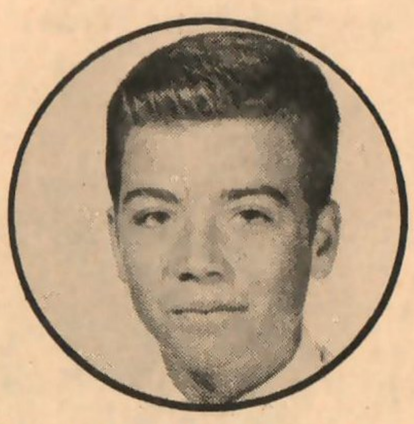


DAVID GRANT (21)
94 Trunko Rd.
Akron, OH. 44313
Likes music, art, history. Ben Justice his favorite. Likes good guys. Good looking girls for PPs.

KAREN BIRCH (10)
48 Dean St.
Hartford, CT. 06114
Likes country music, drawing. Bruno her favorite. Likes good guys. Friendly boys for pen pals.

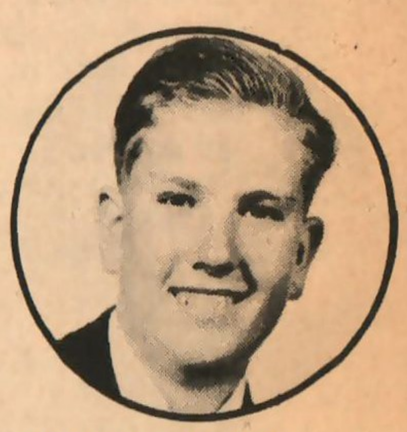
PAUL RHODES (22)
427 Montgomery
Memphis, TN. 38122
Likes psychology, baseball. Les Thatcher his favorite. Likes good guys. Females for pen pals.

IAN NIEVEZ (13)
545 N. Pennsylvania
Glendora, CA. 91740
Likes model car racing, sports. Likes good and bad guys. Real wrestling fans for pen pals.



TERRY PACE (15)
5815 Whitefield
Dearborn Hts., MI. 48127
Likes cars, singing, girls. Favorite is Mark Lewin. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

ROBERT OFFENBACK (13)
6327 Edmond St.
Phila., PA. 19135
Likes swimming, football. Igor his favorite. Likes good guys. Sports-minded fans for pen pals.

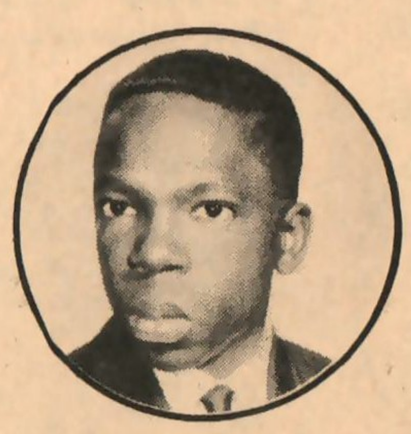


ALFRED SEIBEL (18)
2428 E. Acacid
Stockton, CA. 95205
Likes billiards, bowling. Favorite is Ray Stevens. Likes good guys. Wants girls for pen pals.

NEDA CURRY (15)
Rt. 1 Box 109 A-1
Williamson, WV. 25661
Likes dancing, bowling. Mr. Wrestling her favorite. Likes good guys. Mature, cute fans for PPs.

PEGGY CRUISE (11)
203B F.T.T.
Van Buren, AR. 72956
Likes cooking, baseball. Danny Hodge her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

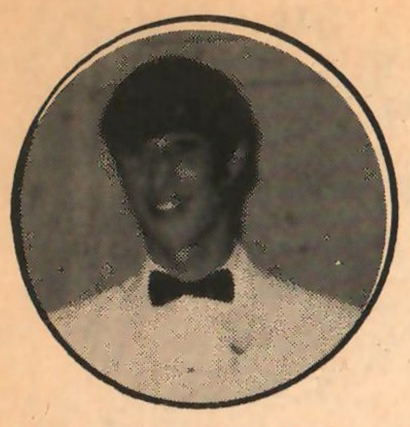
JAMES COWENS (10)
17S 2nd Ave.
St. Charles, IL. 60174
Likes swimming, baseball. The Bruiser his favorite. Likes bad guys. Anybody for pen pals.



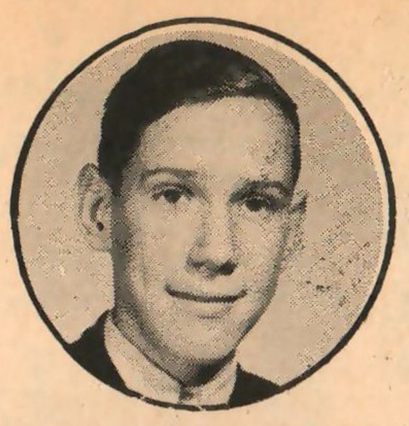
LEMUEL BOATMAN JR. (18)
4022 S. State #1406
Chicago, IL. 60609
Likes basketball, football, music. Bruiser & Crusher his favorites. Prefers girls, 17-20, for pen pals.

TIM LAXTON (12)
3225 Sherry Dr.
Orlando, FL. 32810
Likes wrestling. The Gladiator his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

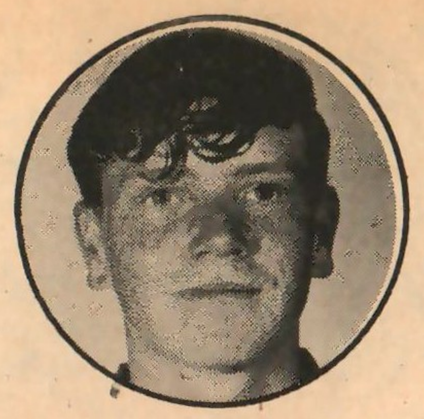
(Continued)



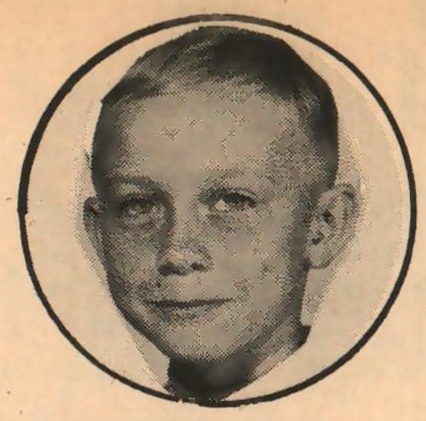
NEIL SOBELSON (18)
865 Los Ang. Ave. N.E.
Atlanta, GA. 30306
Likes boxing, wrestling. Favorite is Mr. Wrestling. Likes good and bad guys. Cute girls, 15-17, for PPs.



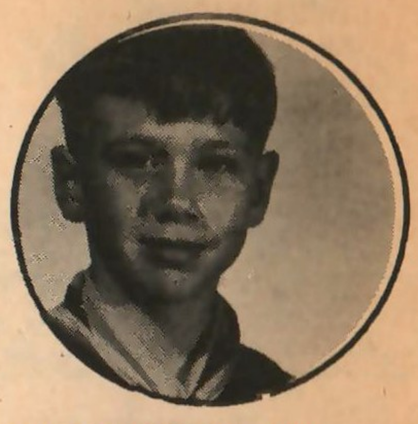
GARLAND JENKINS (14)
General Delivery
Monette, AR. 72447
Plays guitar, writes. Johnny Walker his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone, 13-16, for pen pals.



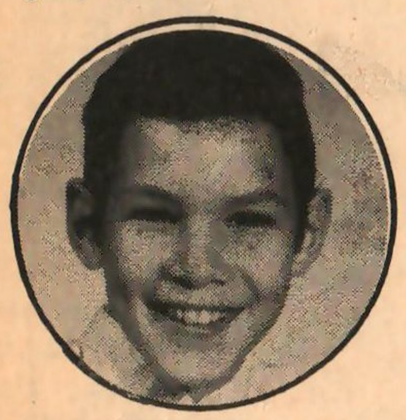
ROBERT PUCKETT (15)
Rt. 2
Cordora, AL. 35550
Likes baseball, football. Len Rossi his favorite. Likes bad guys. Wants bad guys for pen pals.



TOMMY AUTRY (9)
17 Ventura Blvd.
Savannah, GA. 31406
Likes baseball, races, girls. The Professional his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Wrestlers for PPs.



CLINT HOVERSON (10)
Rt. 2 Box 87E
Mercedes, TX. 78570
Likes football, fishing. Jose Lothario his favorite. Likes good guys. Football & mat fans for PPs.

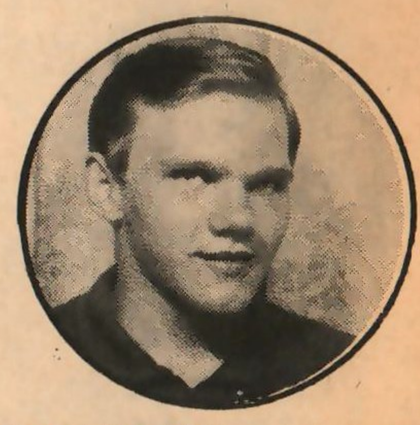


JOE FLETCHER (12)
1314-10th Ave.
San Fran., CA. 94122
Likes horseback riding. Favorite is Ray Stevens. Likes good guys. Pen pals his own age.

RITA RONDEAU (21)
89 River St.
Woonsocket, RI. 02895
Likes roller skating. Victor Rivera her favorite. Likes good guys. Single fans for pen pals.

TOM CRAIGHEAD (13)
1209 Anthony Rd.
Wheeling, IL. 60090
Likes basketball, football. Wilbur Snyder his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

JOANN CRAIGHEAD (10)
1209 Anthony Rd.
Wheeling, IL. 60090
Likes basketball, baseball. Moose Cholak her favorite. Likes good guys. Wants girls for pen pals.



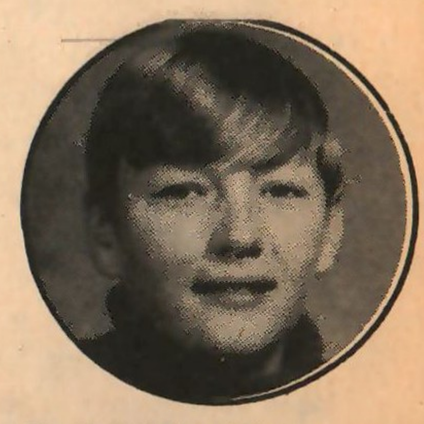
RAY DAVIS (17)
174 S. Hancock St.
Wilkes-Barre, PA. 18702
Likes sports, cars. Sammartino his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

BARBARA STEWART (16)
217 Elizabeth St.
Orangeville, Ont. Canada
Likes stock cars, judo, skating. Likes good guys. Males, 15-25, for pen pals.

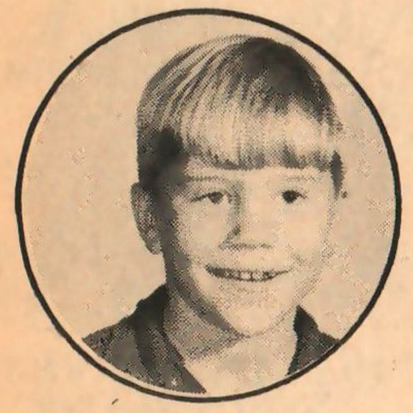
WENDY DRAGER (16)
1932 N. 37th
Milwaukee, WI. 53208
Likes horseback riding, modeling. The Crusher her favorite. Likes good guys. Cute boys for pen pals.

JUDY COLVARD (16)
422 H.S. East
Miami, FI. 74341
Likes dancing, swimming. Frankie Laine her favorite. Likes good guys. Laine fans for PPs.

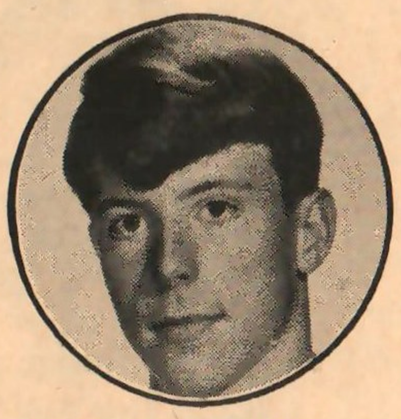
ROBERT MAREZ (15)
4705 Roosevelt Ave.
Sacto, CA. 95820
Likes wrestling. Kingi Shibuya his favorite. Likes bad guys. Anybody for pen pals.



LEN JACKSON (14)
337 Fearn Ave.
Winnipeg, Man. Canada
Likes sports, collects records. Rene Goulet his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls, 12-16, for pen pals.



BOB CHAPPELL (11)
502 Oak St.
New Albany, MS. 38652
Likes bike riding, horses. Favorite is Ken Lucas. Likes good guys. Girls his age for pen pals.

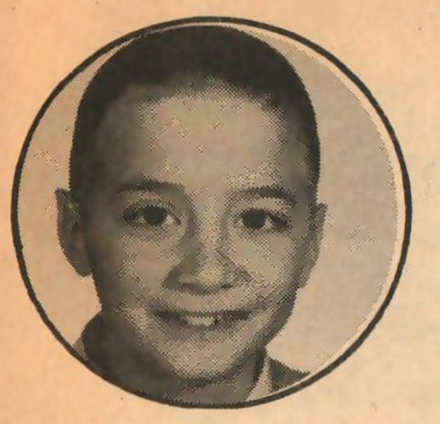


FRANK TOOPER (16)
Ballston Ave.
Ballston Spa, NY. 12020
Wants to be wrestler. Favorite is Peggy Dahl. Likes bad guys. Sexy girls for pen pals.

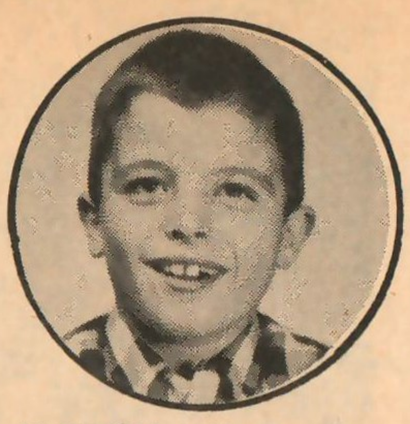
WALTER WOODS (25)
4955 Trenton
Detroit, MI. 48210
Likes sports, working. Fred Curry his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants wrestlers for PPs.

DEBBIE CARBONE (16)
73 Bath St.
Ballston Spa, NY. 12020
Likes weight-lifting, coins. The Crusher her favorite. Likes bad guys. Sexy boys for pen pals.

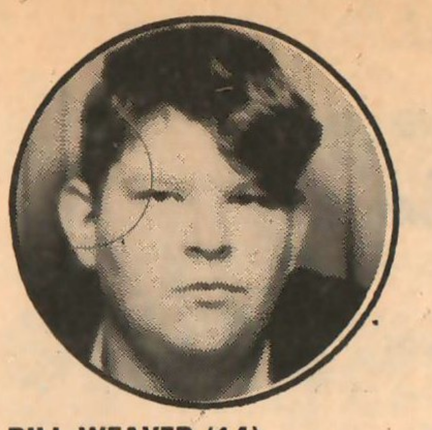
SANDRA PARKER (17)
P.O. Box 547
Wrightsville BCH, N.C.
Amateur girl wrestler. Favorite is Anne Casey. Likes good guys. Wants boys, her age, for pen pals.



DONNY HILL (12)
Rt. 3 Box 241A
Hernando, MS. 38632
Likes music. Johnny Walker his favorite. Wants good guys for pen pals.



JOHN HULL (11)
91-127A Ewa Beach Rd.
Ewa Beach, HI. 96706
Likes baseball, surfing, scouts. Pedro Morales his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

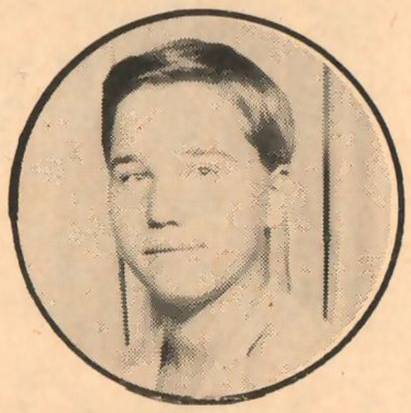


BILL WEAVER (14)
5628 Westmoreland
E. St. Louis, IL. 62204
Likes amusement parks, movies. Favorite is Johnny Weaver. Likes good guys. Teenagers for pen pals.

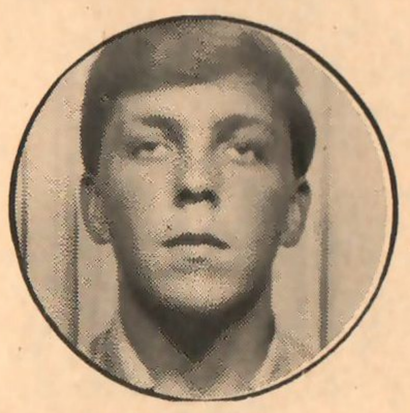
NANCY DINGMAN (18)
P.O. Box 3721
Wilmington, NC.
Amateur wrestler, judo. Favorite is Verne Gagne. Likes good guys. Amateur wrestlers for PPs.

DORIS CONATSER (11)
2210 Columbine
Amarillo, TX. 79107
Hobby is bowling. Favorite is Dory Funk Jr. Likes good guys. Funk fans for pen pals.

JEAN ELLIS (17)
1238 Appelton Ave.
Macon, GA. 31202
Likes writing, music, sports. Ramon Torres her favorite. Likes good guys. Wants boys for pen pals.

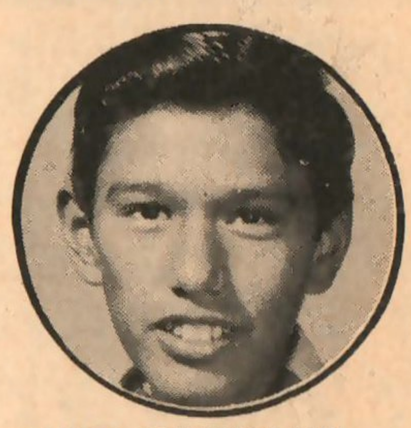


RUSSELL HARSLA (13)
5735 W. Addison
Chicago, IL. 60634
Likes hockey, football. Favorite is Bill Watts. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.

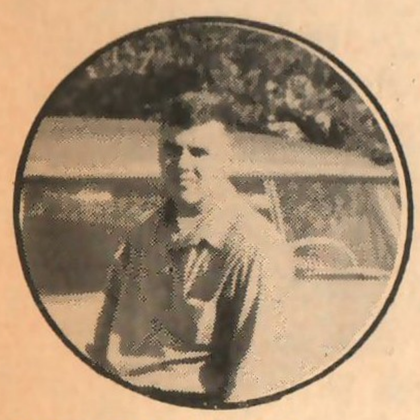


JOE KULCSAR (15)
19 Hugo Apt. 34
Kitchener, Ont. Canada
Likes swimming, singing, girls. Sweet Daddy Siki his favorite. Attractive girls for pen pals.

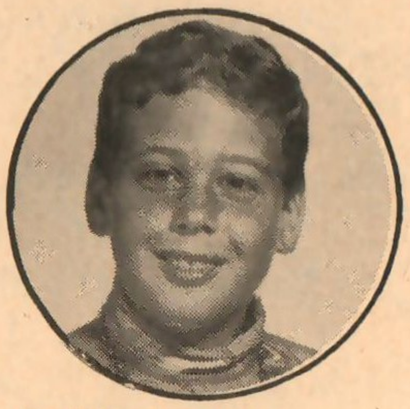
RICK OWENS (14)
849 Terra Alta
Warren, Ohio 44483
Likes tennis, football. Bruno & Danny Hodge his favorites. Likes good guys. Girls, 12-14, for pen pals.



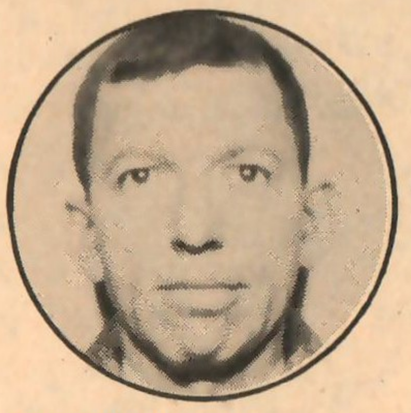
DENNIS GONZALEZ (16)
3118 Chickering
Houston, TX. 77026
Likes jazz music, football. Fritz Von Erich his favorite. Likes good guys. Females for pen pals.



DICK WALLACE (22)
Box 24
Forbes Rd., PA. 15633
Likes bowling, golf. Waldo Von Erich his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.

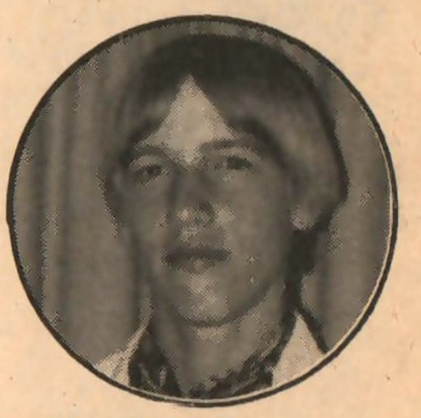


MICHAEL KIEL (12)
4000 S.W. 124 Ct.
Miami, FL. 33165
Likes football, baseball, cars. Favorite is Jack Brisco. Likes good guys. True mat fans for pen pals.



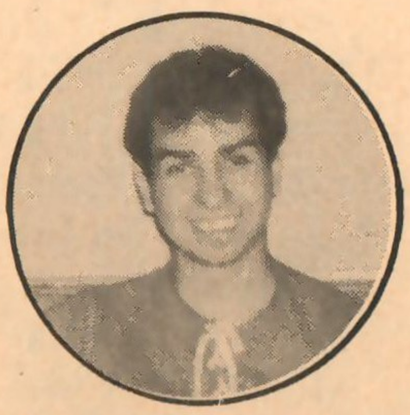
BOB CLARK (30)
269 Broadway
Dobbs Ferry, NY. 10522
Likes amatuer girl wrestling. Yukon Eric his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

JOHN SHAHEEN (14)
1338 Carlsen Way
San Jose, CA. 95118
Ambition to wrestle. Favorite is Ray Stevens. Likes good guys. Wants girls for pen pals.

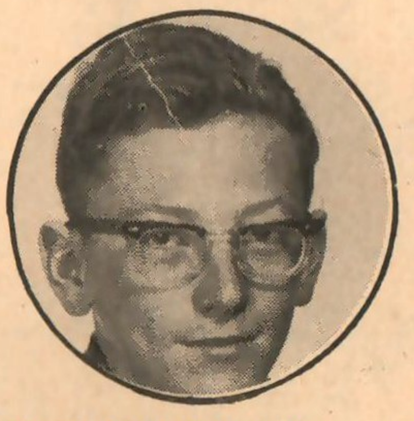


VERN KING (16)
15132 Blackhawk
Mission Hills, CA. 91340
Ambition to wrestle. Buddy Austin & The Sheik his favorites. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

KEN PARTIN (32)
Rt. 1 Box 104
Stevens, AL. 35772
Jackie Fargo his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants girls for pen pals.



EDWARD MARTINEZ (20)
Box 459
Del Norte, CO. 81132
Likes skiing, track. Killer Kowalski his favorite. Likes good guys. Real fans for pen pals.



MARK ANDREWS (12)
R.F.D. #1
Sabattus, ME. 04280
Likes country music, volleyball. Favorite is Chuck Adcox. Likes bad guys. Wants girls for pen pals.

ESTER OSBORNE (15)
820 W. 10th St.
Dallas, TX. 75208
Maintains wrestling scrapbook. Wahoo McDaniel her favorite. Likes good guys. Wahoo fans for PPs.

EDWOOD MCHUGH (17)
170 E. Huntingdon St.
Phila., PA. 19175
Likes basketball, dancing, girls. Peggy Dahl his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

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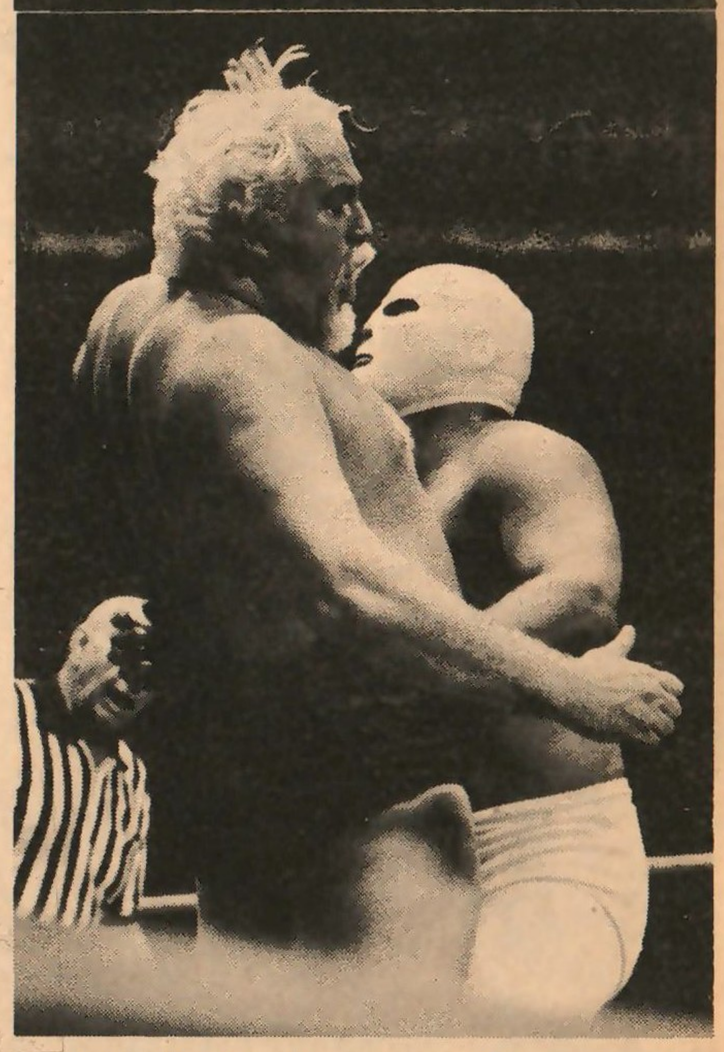

Luke's body slams into The Medic.

pro in 1962, long after his brothers were well established. He was then 6' 4" and weighed 300 pounds.

It was almost two years before Luke first wrestled before a television camera. Yet right from the beginning he became known as a "dirty" wrestler. His first opponents included Bull Montana, The Bruiser, "Rebel" Bob Russell and Lester Welch. Because of the bruising lessons he had learned from his big brothers, Luke was more than able to hold his own. Within a year after his professional debut, he was wrestling in main events. Then he and his brother Jerry teamed up.

The name "Crazy Luke" was born soon after he and Jerry had won the world's tag-team championship. The pair had come to Madison Square Garden for Luke's first match in New York against The Kentuckians.

Luke was rough, as always. But he didn't lose control until one of The Kentuckians slammed him over the head with a bullhorn.

The feel and taste of his own blood drove Luke crazy. He

(Continued on page 50)

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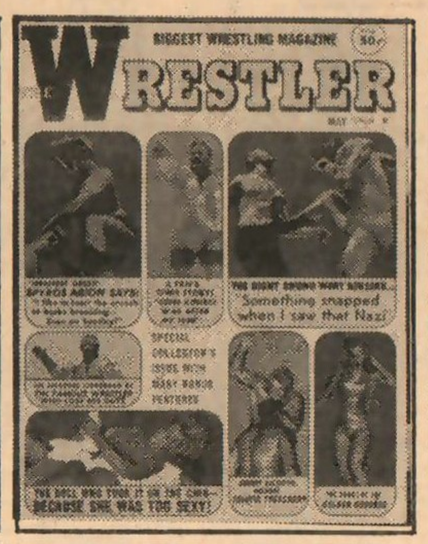

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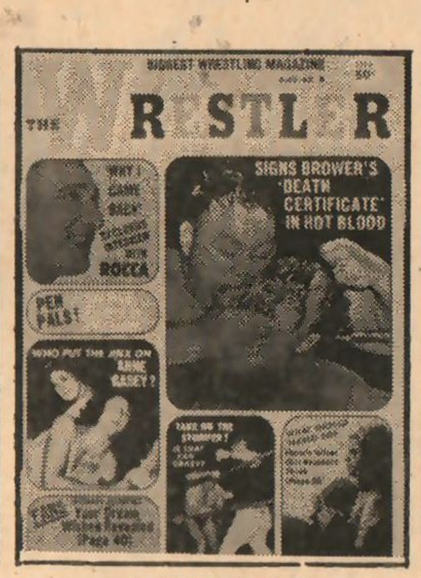

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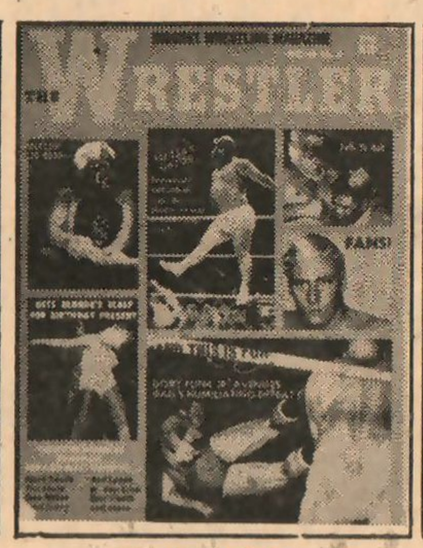

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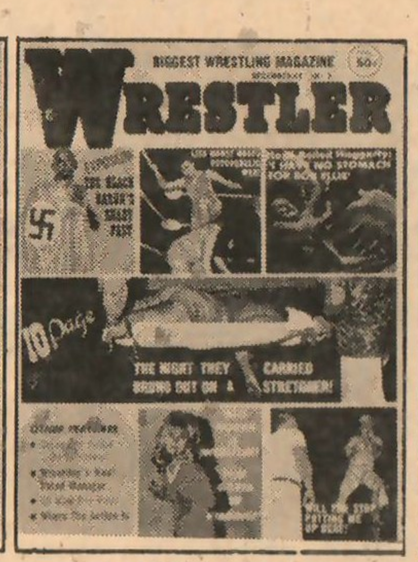

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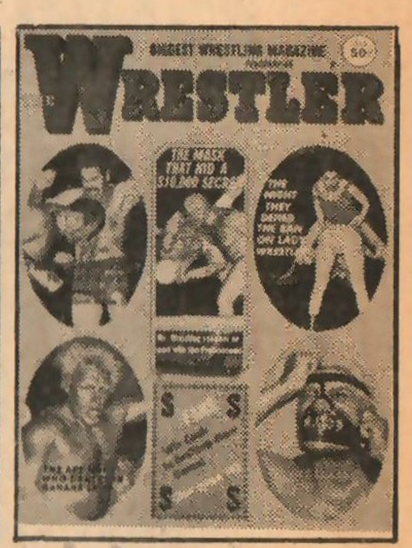

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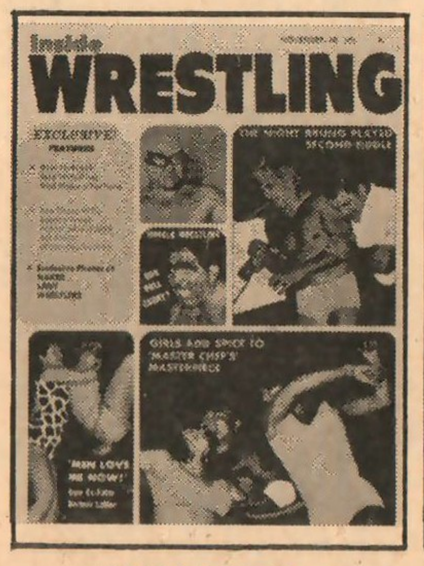

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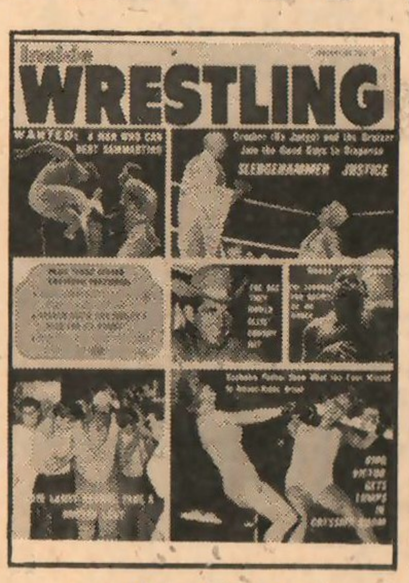

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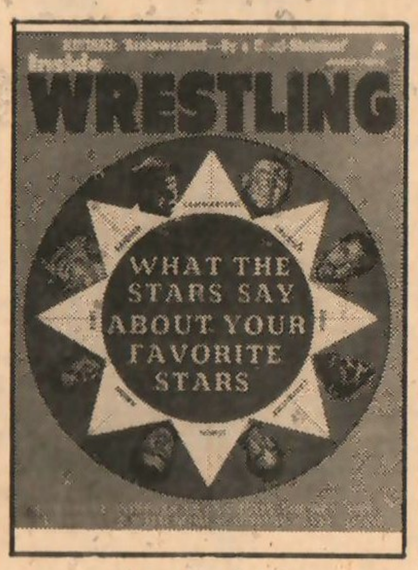

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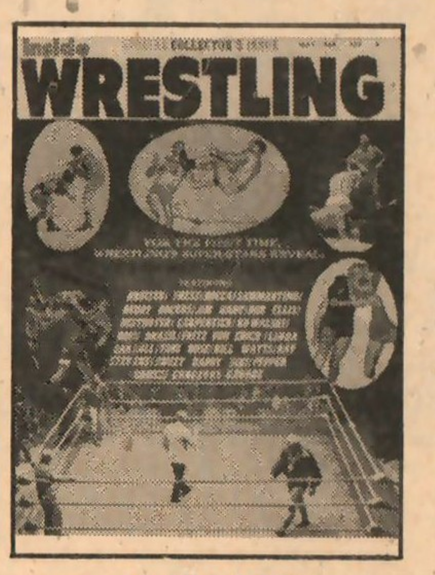

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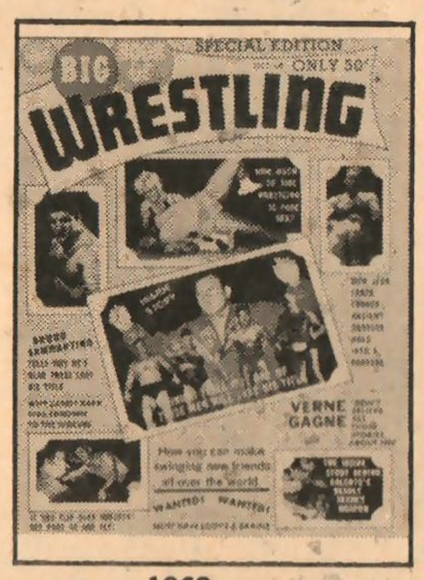

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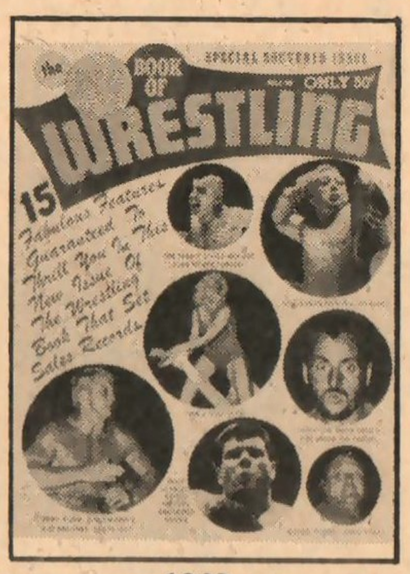

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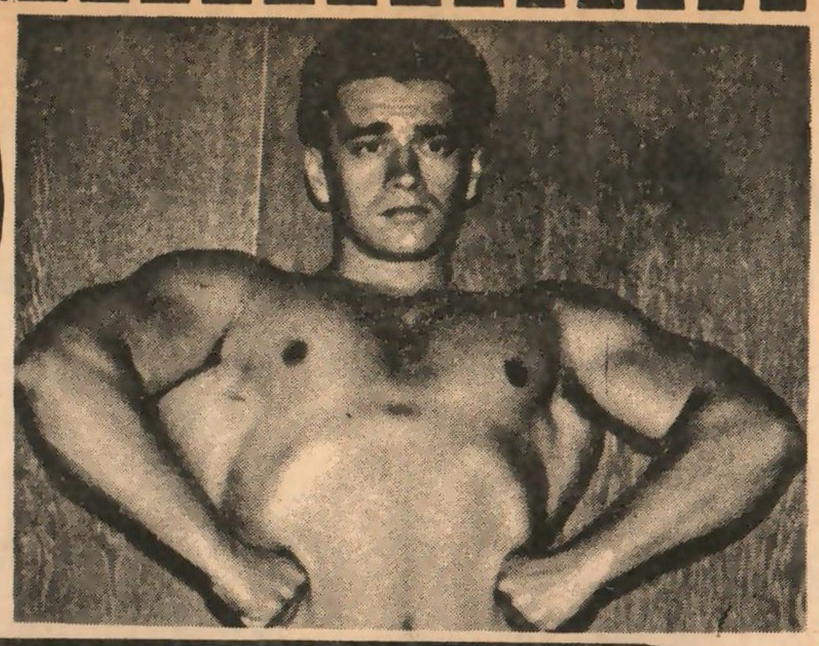

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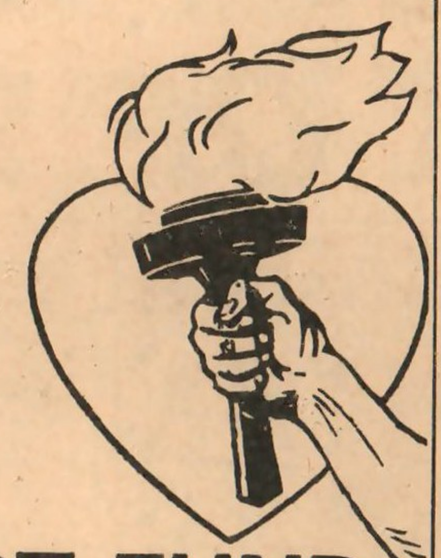

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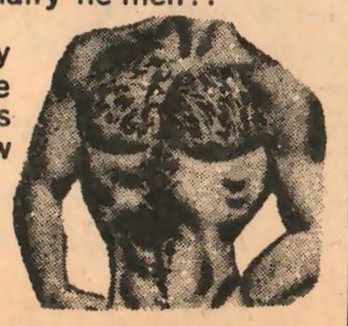

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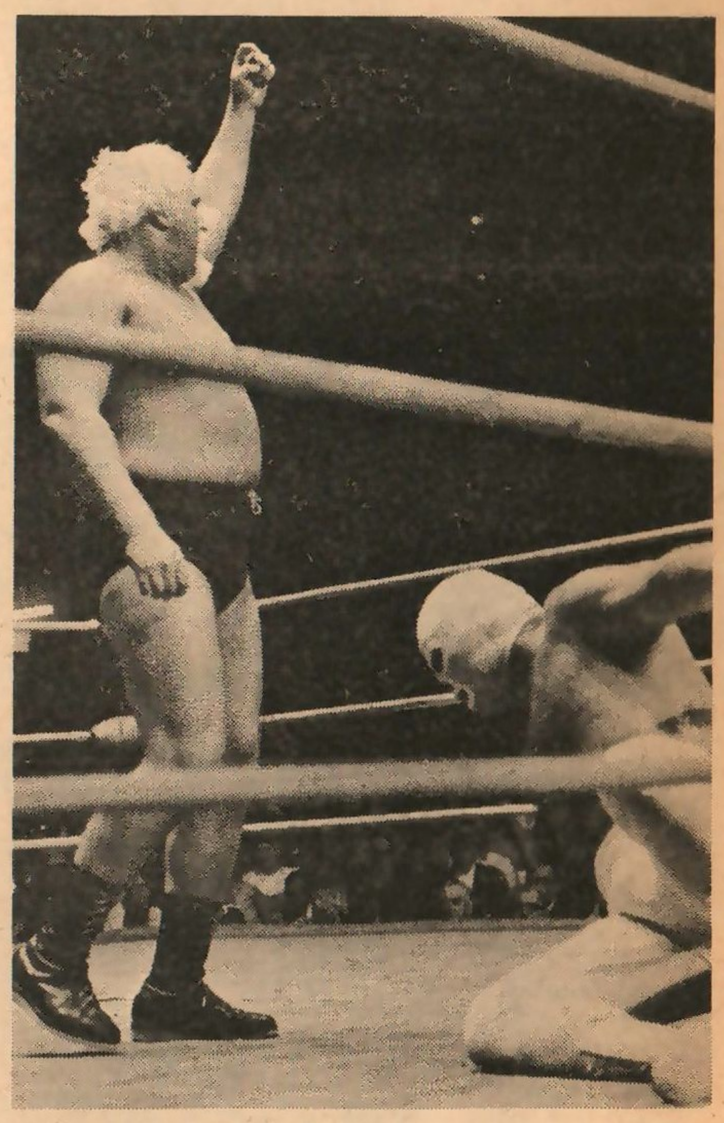

Luke's hand is raised in victory after he won first fall in 12:03.

kicked one Kentuckian in the groin, then smashed him in the mouth. As the half-conscious victim fell to the mat and rolled over on his back, the rampaging Luke kicked him in the face. "Stop it! Stop it!" the fans screamed. And then, almost in one voice, they took up the chant that has haunted the youngest Graham every since: "Crazy Luke! Crazy Luke! Crazy Luke!..."

"They kept that up all the time I was going back to the dressing room," Luke recently recalled. "And even after the dressing door was closed, I could hear them calling me that name. It's been five years now, an' they're still doin' it. All over the country!"

Maybe someday Luke will stop trying to mangle his opponents and begin wrestling clean. Then, maybe, his dearest wish will come true: To hear the crowds cheer him and call him "Luke Graham, the finest wrestler in the world."

Sure. And maybe the Arabs will contribute to the Israeli relief fund. We ain't betting on that one, either. □

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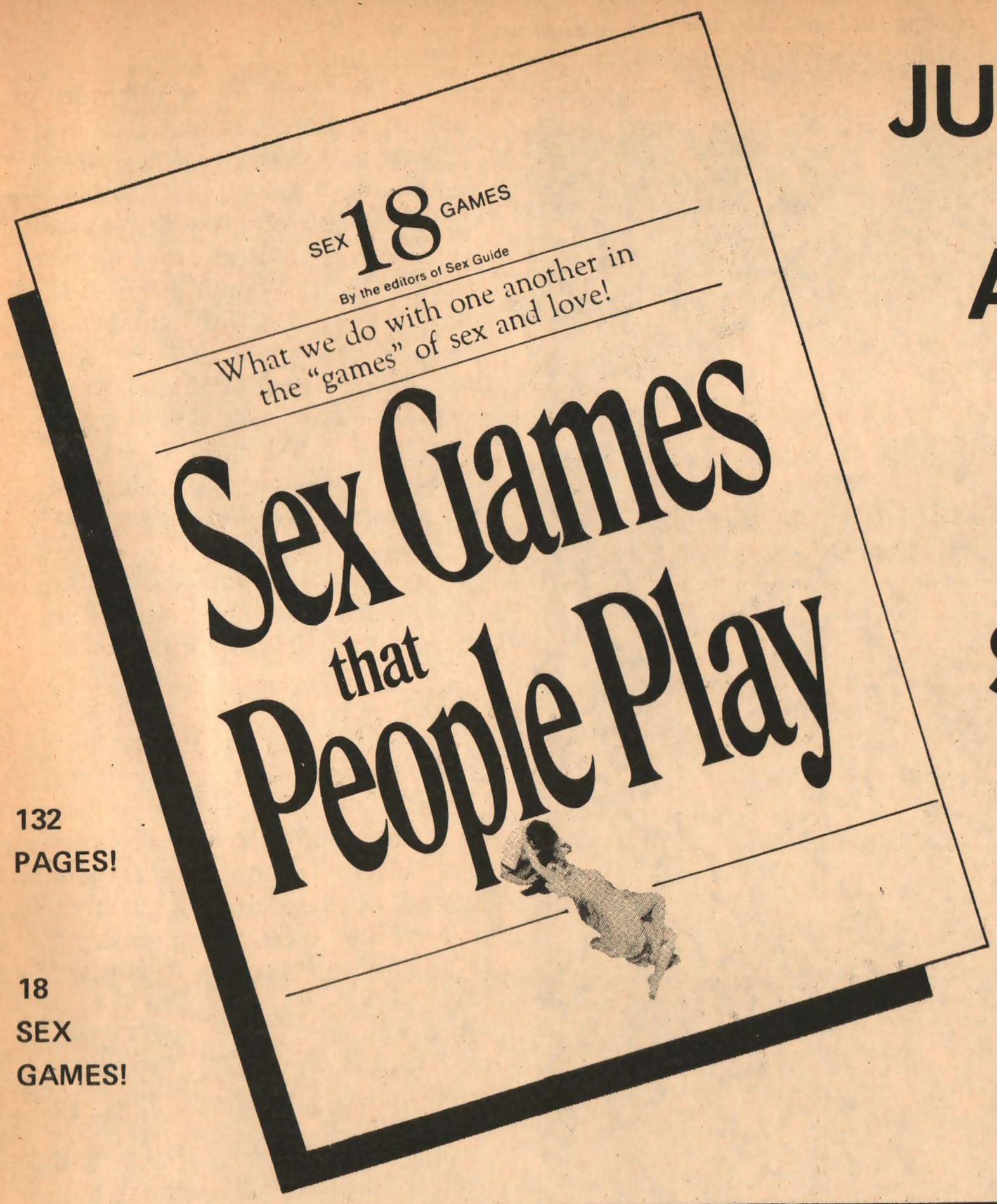

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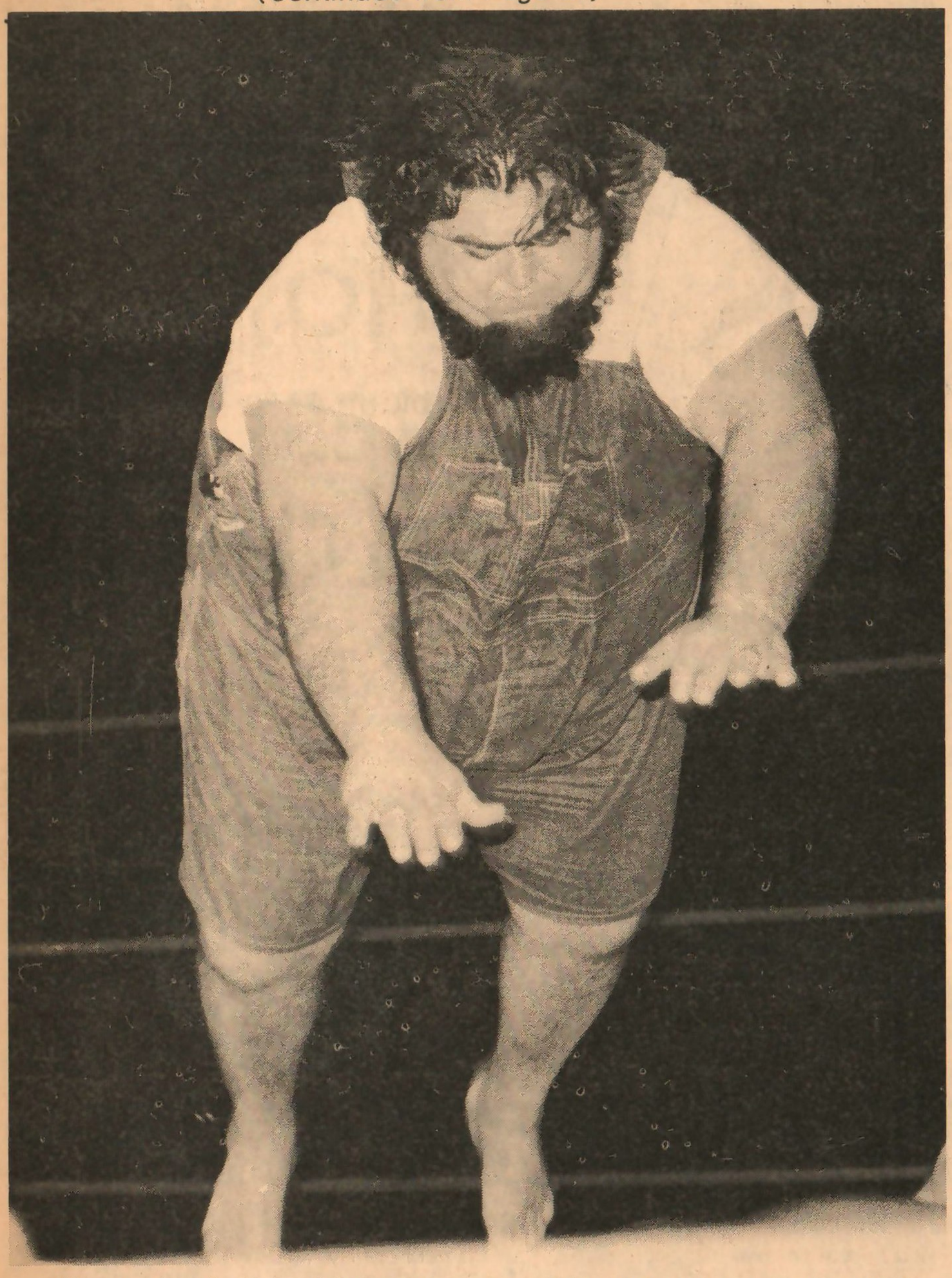
HAYSTACKS AND IRON MIKE

(Continued from Page 28)



Haystacks about to deliver his famous "Big Splash" to win first fall.

the belt. Calhoun doubled up in pain and Saito kicked him in the face. Haystacks fell to the mat and Saito pounced on him, trying for a quick pin.

But Haystacks grabbed the Japanese in a crushing bear hug, squeezing the breath out of him and leaving him limp and easy prey for the pin ending the first fall.

Now Shibuya went up against Man Mountain Mike. It was Pearl Harbor all over again. Karate chops, rabbit punches, eye-gouges and kicks in the groin rained on Man Mountain, who couldn't seem to get started. A final blow below the belt brought Mike crashing to the canvas and Shibuya pinned him for the second fall.

Though the falls were now even, the sheer weight and strength of Haystacks and Man Mountain had obviously taken their toll on the Japanese team. Saito and Shibuya were gasping in exhaustion as the third and deciding fall began. They grew desperate, resorting to even dirtier tricks. But the Americans, still wrestling strictly according to the rules, almost casually brushed off the other team's fouls and, more and more, took the upper hand.

Saito and Shibuya knew they were in a crucial spot. If they lost the title, their countrymen would jeer them. It might even be necessary for them to commit *hari-kari*, the national self-disembowling exercise practiced by those who lose honor. Frantically glancing around, Mr. Saito spotted the good-luck horseshoe Haystacks Calhoun always hangs on his corner ring-post. Dodging over, Saito grabbed the horseshoe and began beating Haystacks over the head with it. Calhoun toppled to the canvas, barely conscious, blood gushing from deep scalp wounds.

The referee immediately halted the match and disqualified the Orientals. But though they lost, Saito and Shibuya had accomplished their purpose. Since there had not been a deciding pin, they had retained their championship.

The boos of the crowd drowned out everything else. For a few tense moments it seemed a riot was inevitable. The Japanese might literally be town limb from limb.

The still bloody Haystacks and Man Mountain Mike looked at each other. They knew what to do in such a situation. Climbing onto the ring ropes, they leaped feet-first on top of the posturing and sneering Orientals, crushing the hated pair beneath their combined 1,200 pounds. It was their famous "Big Splash" and it knocked Saito and Shibuya unconscious.

It was justice triumphant, and it instantaneously changed the crowd from a kill-intent mob to wildly cheering fans. It was almost as satisfying for Calhoun and his partner as if they had won the championship.

"And we'll do just that, next time we get 'em!" Haystacks and Man Mountain yelled to the cheering throng.

"There will be no next time," Saito was overheard telling his partner as they sat panting in the dressing room. □

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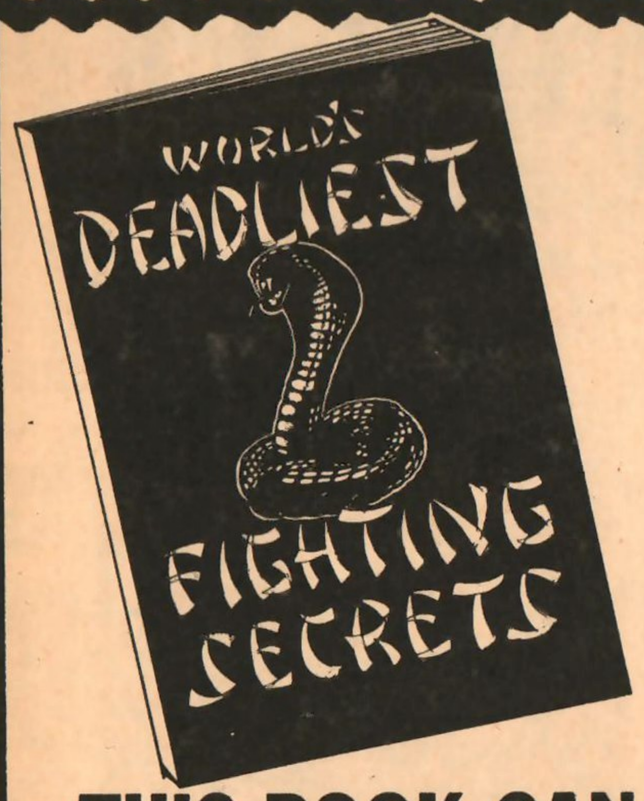

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THE CONVICT MUST BE STOPPED FROM KILLING OUR BOYS!

(Continued from Page 31)

The brooding eyes glittered behind his mask. "They said we murdered my old man."

"But you just said he beat you and your mother. You both must have hated him very much."

"Yeah, we hated him," he rasped. "But that doesn't mean we killed him. We wouldn't a-killed him!"

The bitter memories made The Convict quake with rage as he continued, "Some dirty skunk plugged my old man, with his own shotgun —and they blamed us."

"But why?" I wondered. "Surely there must have been a reason, other than that you both hated him."

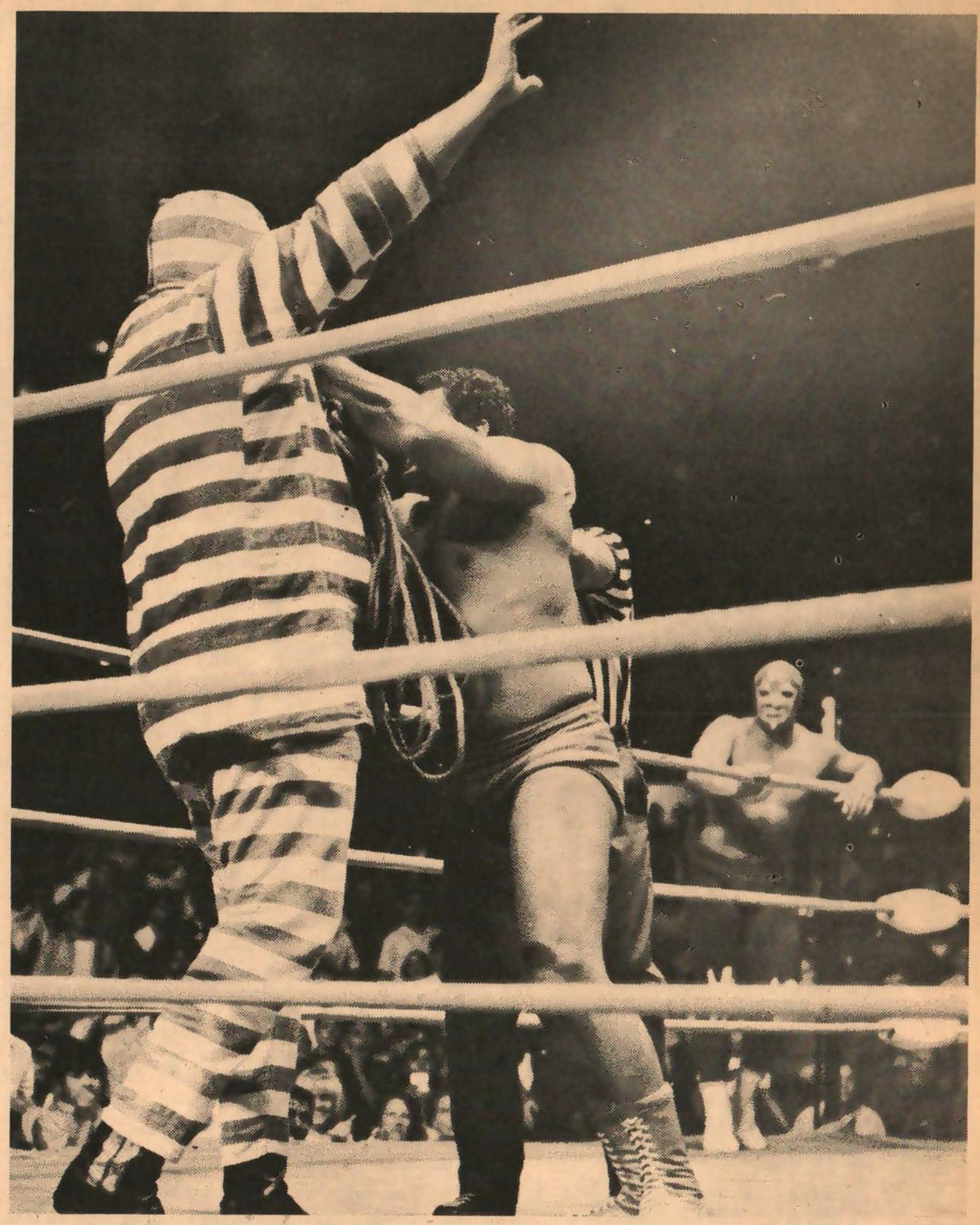
"They found our fingerprints on the gun. What they wouldn't believe was that we used that gun to shoot game. That's how our fingerprints got on it!"

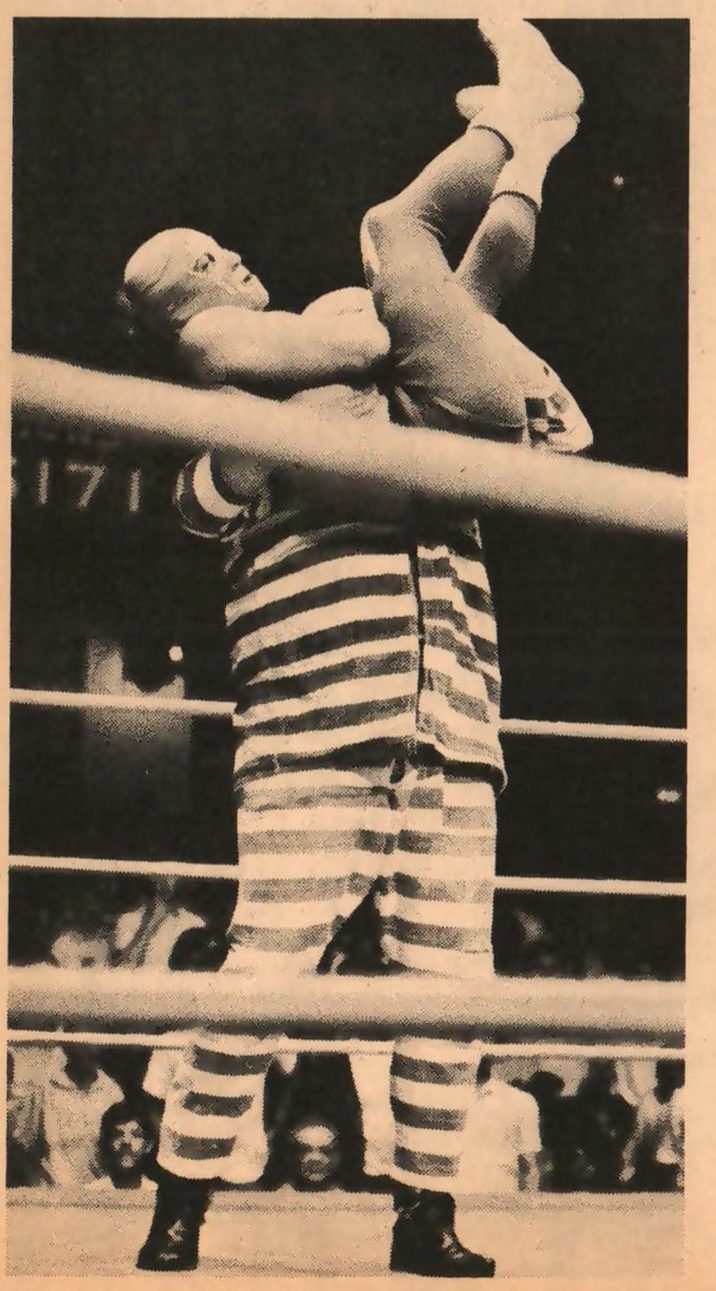
"How did you get out of jail?" I asked. "Were you paroled? Or did you escape?"

"That's none of your damned business!" he snarled. "I'm out, that's what counts. An' I'm gonna stay out. That's all you need to know."

I thought it advisable to change the subject. "How did you get into wrestling?" I asked.

He seemed to expect the question as he leaned forward and looked directly at me. "I used to read wrestling magazines in the prison library. I saw pictures of all those guys who were making a pile of dough while I was rotting in a jail cell. And what really burned me up was that I knew I could lick all of 'em with one hand tied behind my back. So when I got out of prison I became a wrestler. It wasn't hard for me to break into the business."





In an attempt to equalize the match, somebody handed a rope to Morales who immediately tried to loop it around The Convict's neck. Below, left: Mascaras tries to "bulldog" The Convict.

He admits to making a great deal of money wrestling, but adds, "It all goes to The Cause—to find that rat who framed me into a cell. When I find out who he is, I'll personally kill him. They can put me back into jail for that murder. At least I'll be there for a reason next time."

My maternal instincts got the better of the reporter in me. I felt a surge of pity for this man, so fearsome and yet so lonely. I wanted to cuddle and mother him. "I understand how you feel," I said softly, "but why don't you let the hatred out of your heart? What's done is done. Your desire for revenge could destroy you."

The Convict stood up. "Finished with your interview?" he grunted.

"Not quite. There's one more thing. Won't you tell me your name?"

"No!" he roared. Then he pointed to the door. "Now get the hell out of here before I forget you're a dame!"

My maternal instincts and my reporter's urge disappeared in a flash as I scurried out the door. I was so glad to get out of there in one piece that I didn't even dread the long walk back to civilization.

Best of all, I had my story, and my curiosity about The Convict was finally satisfied. I had found out what makes him tick.

Or had I? □

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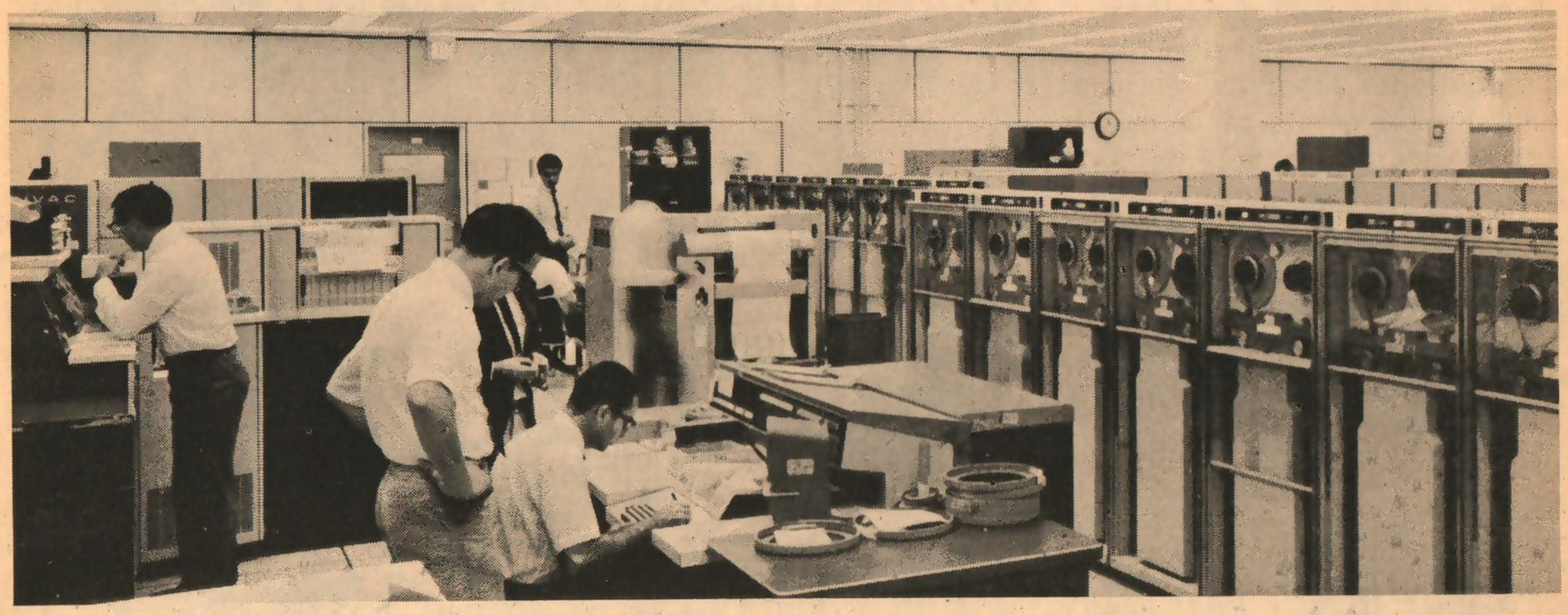

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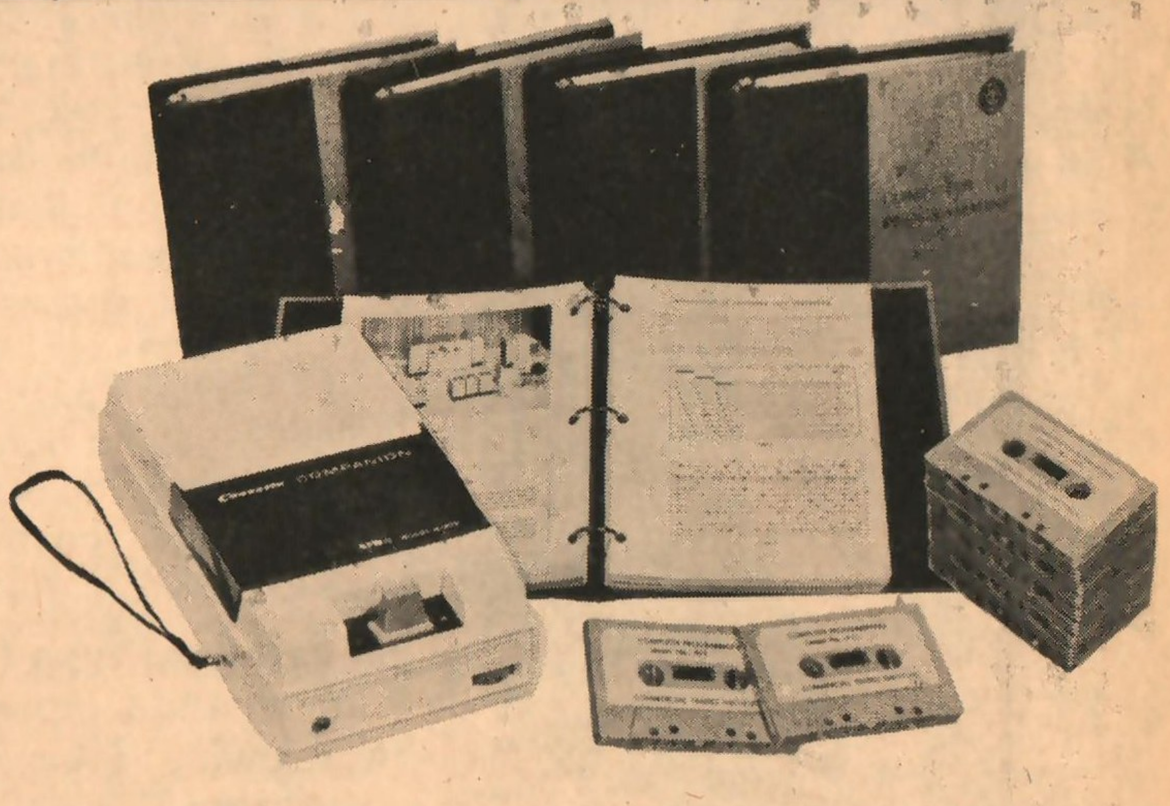

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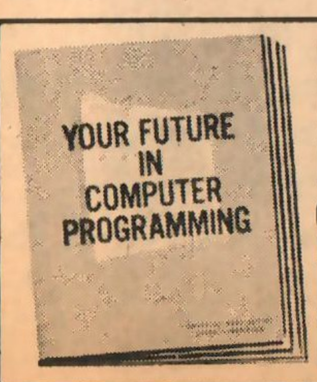

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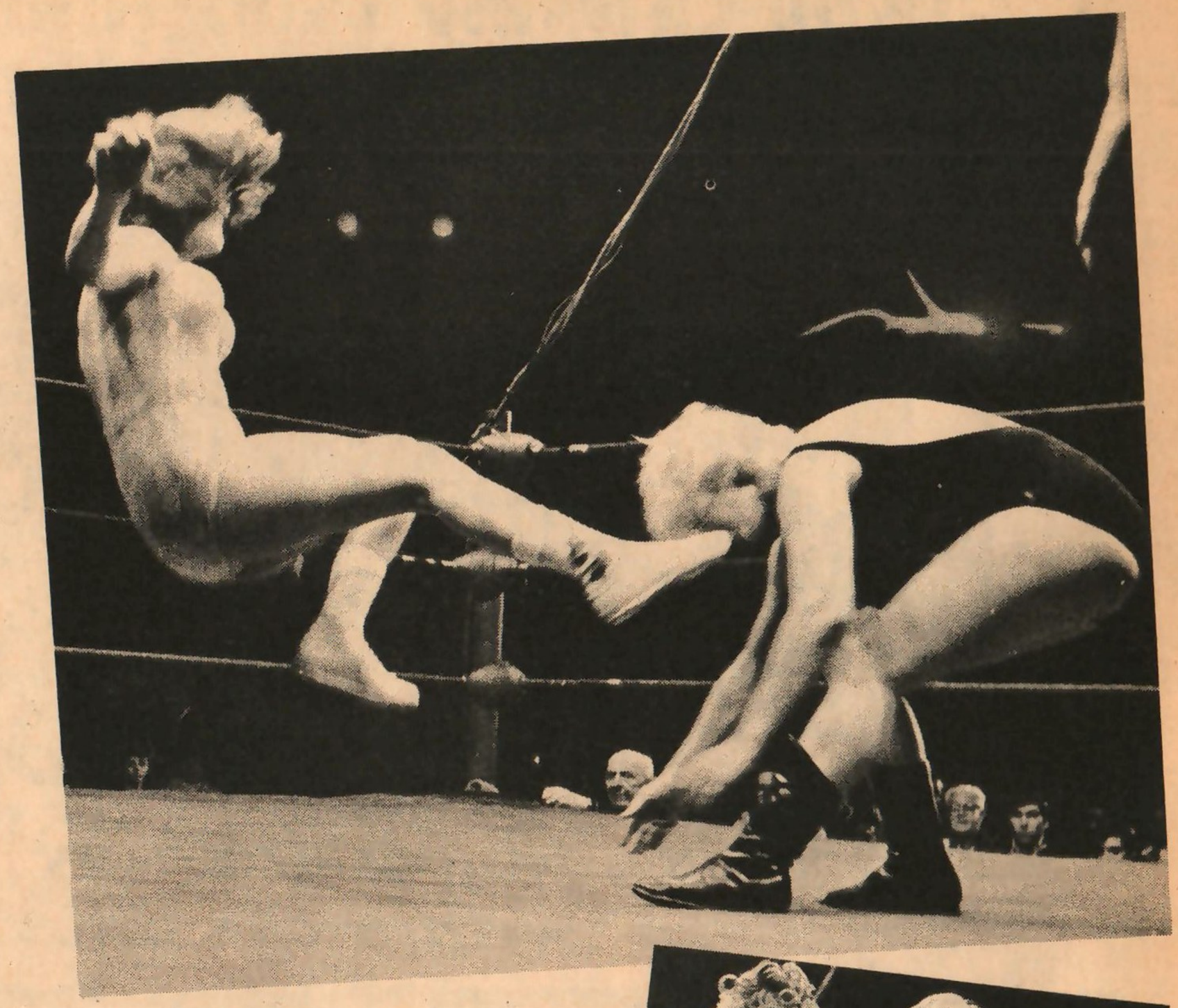
FELT LIKE MY CHEST CAVED IN!" Admits Toni Rose

(inued from Page 35)

me at her—I'll kill that so-
o." She climbed back into
ng, crazed with hatred, and
to batter Donna with kicks,
hes and airplane spins.
she got Donna in a head
rs and made her give up.
team had now won a fall.
a let loose on Toni with all
ury of her pent-up hatred
st grievances and beat her
knees. When Donna leaped
he ring to help her partner,
leaped in, too.
ore the referee could shoo



Rose points accusing finger
r photographer, Phil Miller.

Above: Rita Boucher is short with dropkick aimed at Paula Kaye. Paula managed to pull her body back just in time to avoid Paula's catapulting feet. Then, after Paula had plowed against the canvas, Rita roughed her up, then yanked her to her feet and applied a painful "Surfboard" (right).

the extra partners from the ring, Boucher and Donna did it for him by throwing Toni and Paula out of the ring.

When all returned to the mat, Paula drop kicked Rita in the face, but Rita quickly recovered and clamped Paula in a headlock and slammed her head into the turnbuckle. Paula rebounded and threw Rita to the mat with a body slam, then got her in a standing surfboard hold.

Boucher was in agony. She couldn't break out. Finally, the pain was too much, she gave up. Toni Rose and Paula Kaye had won the third fall and the bout.

Rita, furious at being frustrated in her attempt for revenge, went after Toni as she started to climb out of the ring, but the referee grabbed her and held her back. "I want another match," Rita said. "Just a singles match between Toni and me. I'll get her, if it's the last thing I ever do!"

"I'll wrestle her singles anytime she wants," Toni replied. And added grimly, "It *will be* the last thing she ever does!"

Now, does anybody still have any doubts that the female is deadlier than the male? □

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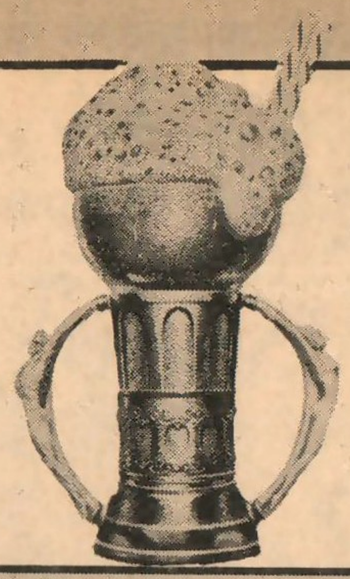

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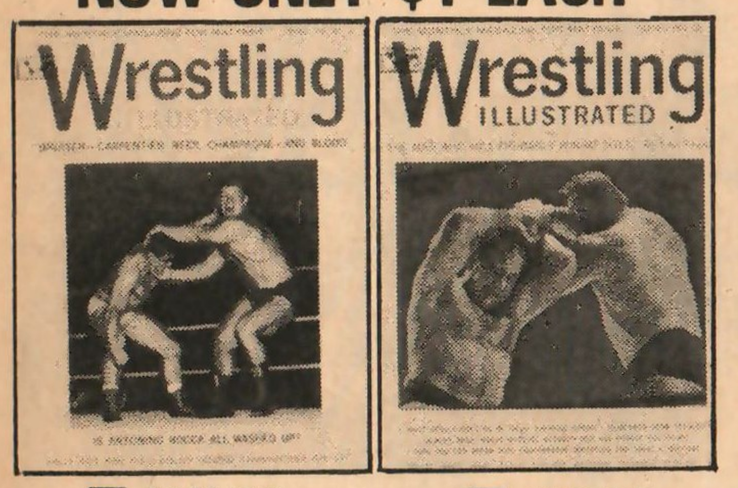

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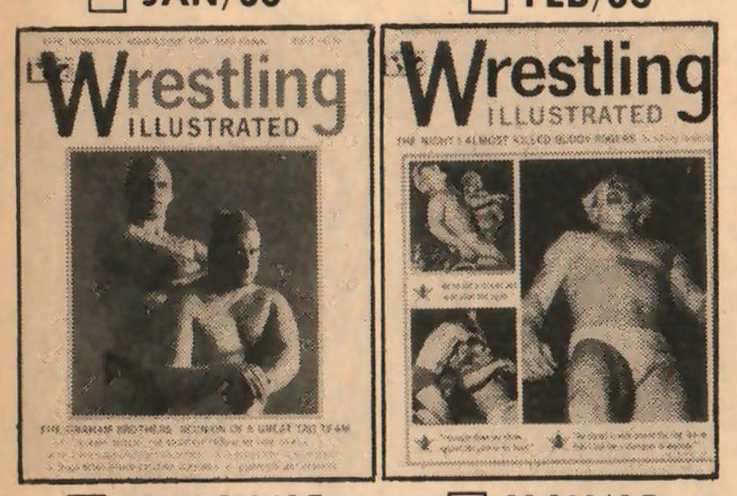

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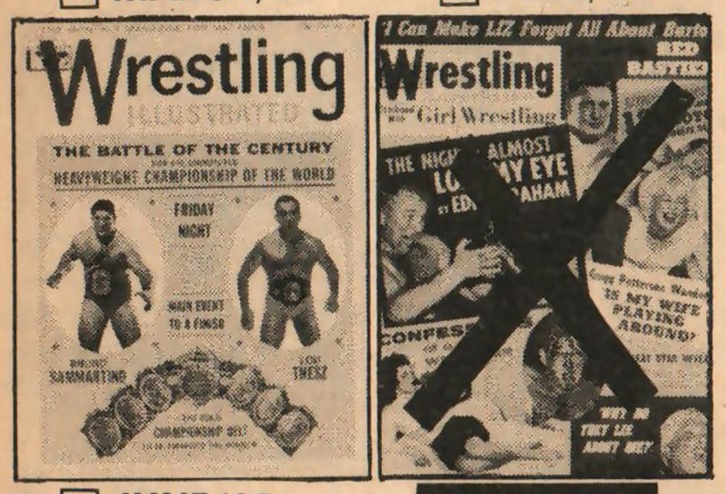

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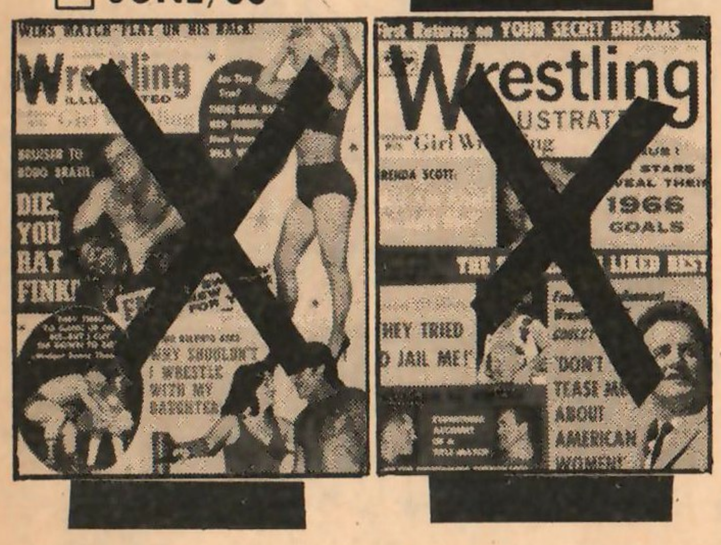

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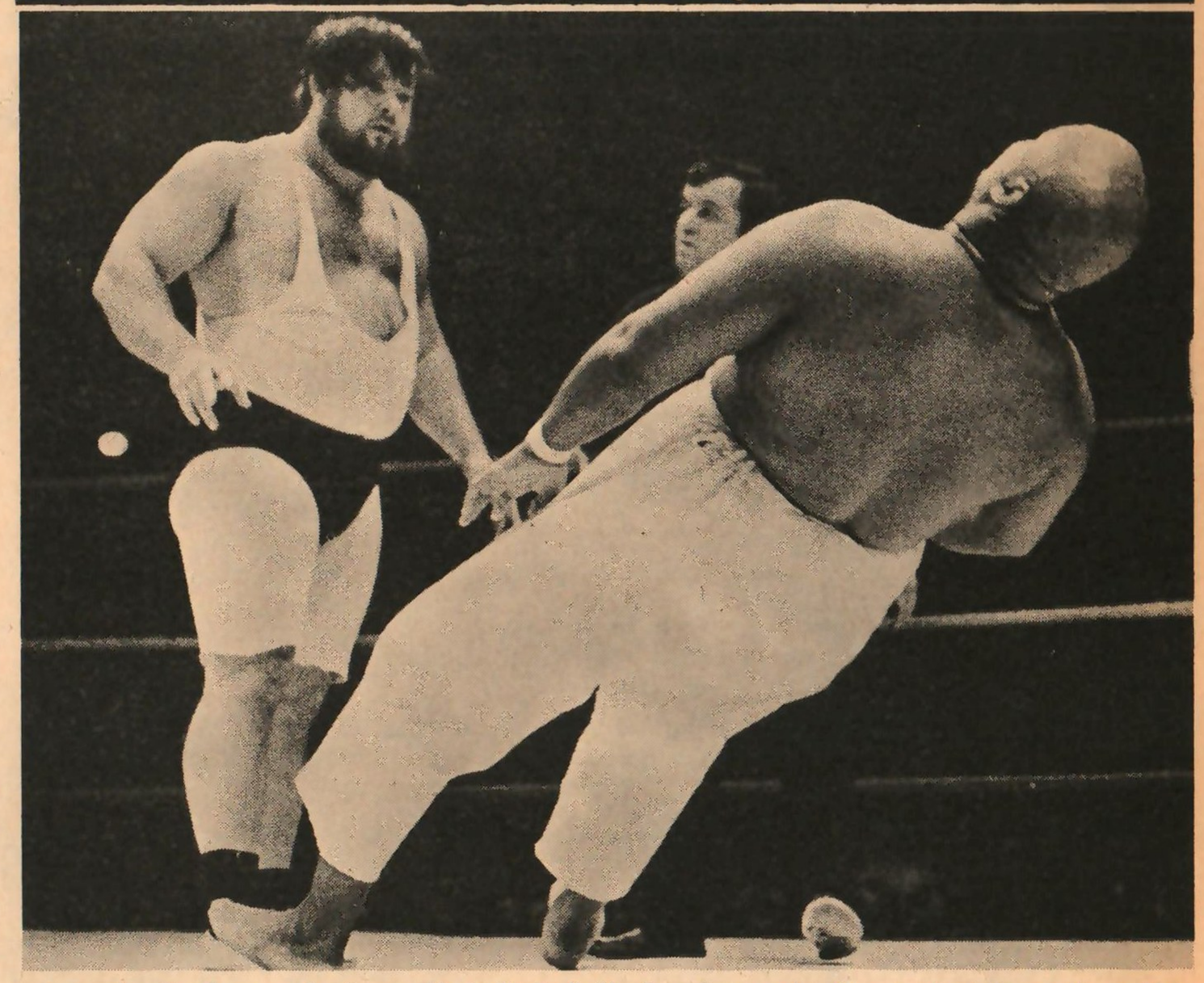
THE 'KEWPIE DOLL' WHO CAN CRUSH A MAN TO DEATH

(Continued from Page 39)



Igor looked startled as Abdullah falls backward after what Igor thought was only a light shove and a half-power elbow smash to the rib cage.

two people inside, a total weight of 2,540 pounds. He has also held back a racing car, accelerated in reverse gear at 40 mph. Another of his feats is lifting a 1,100-pound horse.

"My main worry when he's in the ring," Kalmikoff says, "is that he'll kill his opponent. He just doesn't realize his own strength. By nature, Igor is very gentle. But some of those roughnecks, like The Big O, had better watch themselves. One of these days, one of them will do something that'll really make Igor lose his temper, and that will be it!

"Igor did get mad one night in Montreal, "Kalmikoff recalled, "wrestling Ivan Koloff. Koloff did something that made Igor go for him. He grabbed Koloff like a sack of wet laundry and applied his *Skull Crusher.* He didn't let go until Koloff began to bleed from the eyes. I thought for sure Koloff was a dead man.

"But there's nothing Igor likes better," Kalmikoff continued, "than to match skills with a real tough opponent. Like the Sheik. They've had five matches, and each time Igor has held his own. That, together with his strength, makes me think he's ready for Dory Funk and Bruno Sammartino."

A lot of Igor's fans agree with Kalmikoff, especially the girls. Vodik has learned a lot about wrestling since Verne Gagne bounced him around the ring like a beach ball a few years ago. There wasn't a dry mascara in the house that night as the ladies pleaded with the referee to save their big, cuddly Kewpie doll. But they've seen their darling win a lot of matches since then and they just *know* their idol has the strength and skill to beat anybody.

With that kind of sex appeal, Igor Vodik doesn't have to bother to learn English. He's got something else that talks for him —loud and clear! ☐

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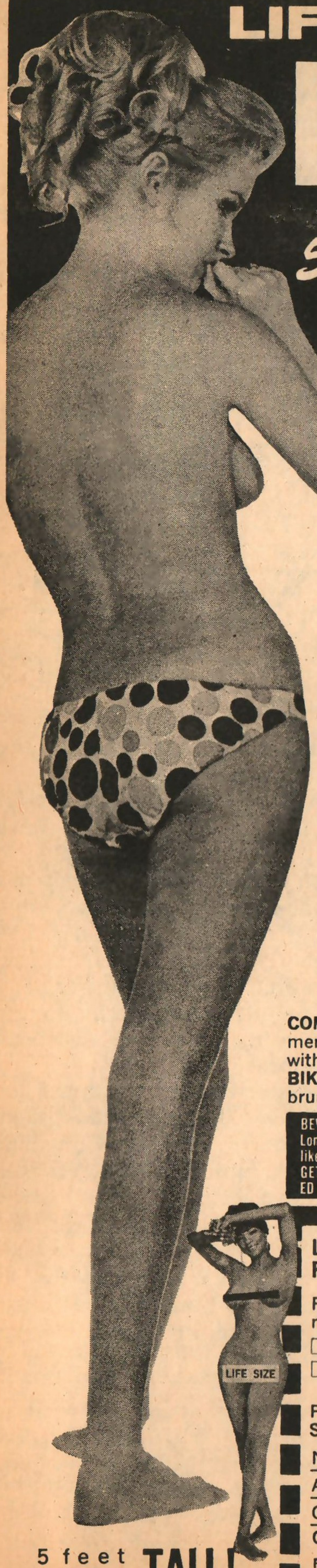

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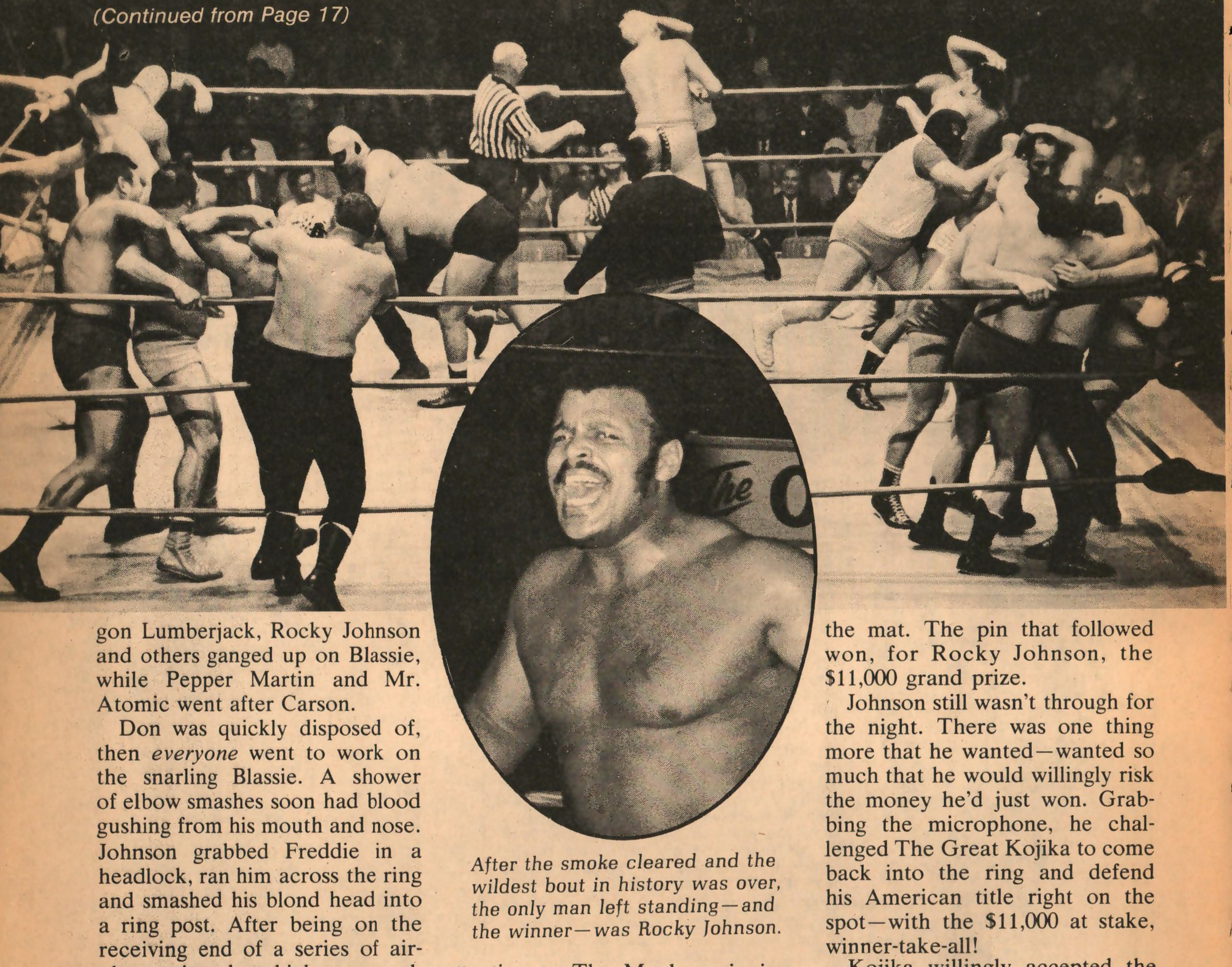
22-MAN BATTLE ROYAL FOR AN $11,000 GRAND PRIZE

(Continued from Page 17)



After the smoke cleared and the wildest bout in history was over, the only man left standing—and the winner—was Rocky Johnson.

gon Lumberjack, Rocky Johnson and others ganged up on Blassie, while Pepper Martin and Mr. Atomic went after Carson.

Don was quickly disposed of, then *everyone* went to work on the snarling Blassie. A shower of elbow smashes soon had blood gushing from his mouth and nose. Johnson grabbed Freddie in a headlock, ran him across the ring and smashed his blond head into a ring post. After being on the receiving end of a series of airplane spins, drop kicks, more elbow smashes and various other painful indignities, Blassie realized that he'd be killed if he stayed in there. Wisely giving up all thoughts of the prize money, he bolted from the ring and ran for the safety of his dressing room.

That left only five wrestlers. It now became a matter of every man for himself, as friend turned against friend, ally against ally. Rocky Johnson knocked Pepper Martin and Mr. Atomic groggy with a series of alternating flying mares, then neatly drop-kicked both men out of the ring.

Rocky, now going at full throttle, next turned his unwanted attention to The Mauler, pinning him after applying a bone-jarring body slam. But, in so doing, Rocky left his back unguarded—an opening The Oregon Lumberjack quickly took advantage of. Sneaking up behind Johnson, the Lumberjack clamped him in an agonizing full nelson.

But Johnson wasn't to be denied. Though it cost him almost all his remaining energy and nearly tore the ligaments in his arms, Rocky used his tremendous strength and wrenched himself free. Ignoring the almost unbearable pain in his shoulders, he hoisted the Oregon Lumberjack into the air and slammed him to the mat. The pin that followed won, for Rocky Johnson, the $11,000 grand prize.

Johnson still wasn't through for the night. There was one thing more that he wanted—wanted so much that he would willingly risk the money he'd just won. Grabbing the microphone, he challenged The Great Kojika to come back into the ring and defend his American title right on the spot—with the $11,000 at stake, winner-take-all!

Kojika willingly accepted the challenge. "This guy's had a rough night and can't have anything left," he thought. "I'll never pick up an easier $11,000!"

But Johnson, flushed with success, wrestled better than he ever had before. Within minutes, he overwhelmed and pinned Kojika and won the title too. It was the greatest night of Rocky Johnson's life.

For the others, it had been an evening of agony and frustration. Perhaps Freddie Blassie best summed it up as he applied cold compresses to his wounds. "At least we escaped alive," he said. □

"I have a full time—and I mean full time—repair business."

"It's the most fascinating business, repairing everything that uses electricity, I think the price of the NRI course is only a drop in the bucket to what it has been worth to me, and I'm sure others will say the same. The year I started in business, I remodeled a 30 x 24 building myself, at my home at the edge of town. I have a fine shop, a fine stock of tools, all types of parts and supplies. And I don't owe anyone a dime. Everything was bought and paid for as I earned the money, including a good vacation."

PAUL A. ELLIS
Canal Fulton, Ohio

If you like to work with your hands as well as your head...

Earn $4 to $6 an hour in spare or full time

SERVICING ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

If you enjoy fixing things around the house, you can quickly turn spare time into profit time. NRI training in Servicing Electrical Appliances can help you make off-hours pay off for you, just as it helped Paul Ellis and thousands of others who wanted to boost their earnings.

NRI teaches you everything

Don't worry about how little you know about electricity, or your educational background. NRI home training is so easy to understand, so carefully programmed, men who had no knowledge of repair work have found themselves earning $4 to $6 an hour fixing small and large appliances long before they completed their training. NRI starts from scratch, telling you plainly, showing you clearly everything you need to know — using educational methods proven successful over more than half a century of training men at home in spare time.

Whatever your age or occupation, there is a wide choice of inviting opportunities in this booming field. Supplement present income with spare-time earnings. Build a thriving business of your own without a big investment. Prepare now for retirement years when a needed skill will bring extra income. Have something to fall back on when strikes and layoffs threaten your livelihood.

Skilled men needed now

Servicing Electrical Appliances ranks with auto repair and TV-Radio repair as a multi-million-dollar industry. But — there aren't enough well-trained appliance technicians to go around. Anybody with a few simple tools and proper training can get started fast.

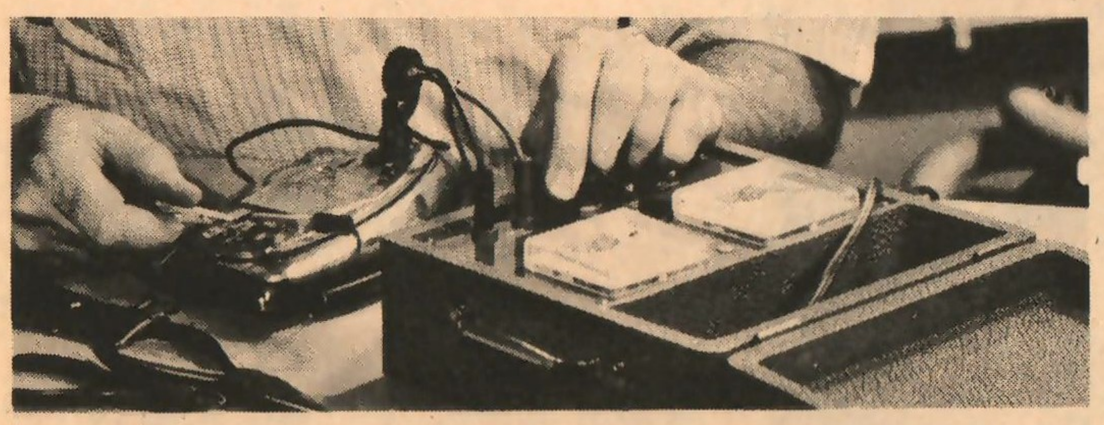
NRI offers you training at extremely low tuition cost. You learn at home using "bite-size" texts that include latest Appliances. Training covers small and large Appliances, power tools, farm and commercial appliances, motors, generators, alternators, house wiring, even small gas engines. Optional training in air conditioners and refrigeration. Even if you never use your training for profit, you'll save more than the low tuition cost by repairing your own appliances.

TRAIN WITH THE LEADER

Act now. Mail the coupon for your free NRI Appliance Catalog. No obligation, and no one is going to call on you. NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Appliance Division, Washington, D.C. 20016.

APPROVED UNDER NEW GI BILL If you served since January 31, 1955, or are in service, check GI line in coupon.

PROFESSIONAL APPLIANCE TESTER INCLUDED



Yours at no extra charge

NRI home training is complete in every way, including all the parts to quickly assemble your own professional Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. It is the one instrument the professional serviceman must have to locate faulty cords, short circuits, measure electricity used by appliances, etc. Yours to keep and use—at no extra charge.

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Please send me FREE Catalog about Electrical Appliance training plans. (No salesman will call)

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ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

YOUR LETTERS

HOW TO SHUT UP A BOY

After listening to my boy friend spout off his mouth about how no woman can whip a man, I finally lost my temper and dared him to prove it—on the mat! He agreed and right up to the moment we started to go at it, he continued to brag that he was going to "spank me". Well, to make a long story short, I pinned him, but I didn't spank him. And it's funny, but as I held him down for the count he didn't have a word to say. But maybe that's because the bottom of my blue jeans were pressing resolutely against his mouth. Maybe that's the way to make a boy shut up!

RONNY PRESS
Linden, N.J.

FOLLOW-UP ON THE "HATCHET LADY"

Although I have written you several letters describing the fabulous accomplishments of Natasha, "The Hatchet Lady," I feel compelled to write again. Believe me, you can't appreciate how truly incredible this 170-pound ball of fire is until you see her in action. Fortunately, or unfortunately—depending on how you look at it—she never leaves this Gulf Coast area, so if you want to see her, you'll have to come to our neck of the woods. But I can promise you it will be more than worth all your time and trouble.

JOE L. HERNDON
Riverview, Fla.

CHALLENGE FOR KATHY

I was very impressed by your recent articles about amateur girl wrestling, particularly those concerning Kathy Patronis and her wealthy sponsor. Suddenly the thought hit me that perhaps Kathy would accept a challenge from me. My wrestling experience is limited, and I weigh only about 135 pounds, which, I assume, is about what Kathy weighs. However I think I would be a good male opponent for her since I am in good condition and have developed a lot of strength through the use of weights. I realize Kathy's legs are exceptionally powerful, and that her head scissors has has knockout capability. But I still think I can outlast her. If she does accept my challenge, I ask that we wrestle until one of us can no longer continue. I ask that there be no falls in the match because with her superior experience, she could probably win some falls from me, and that to wrestle to a finish would be the only fair thing, under the circumstances.

J. LUCAS
Philadelphia, Pa.

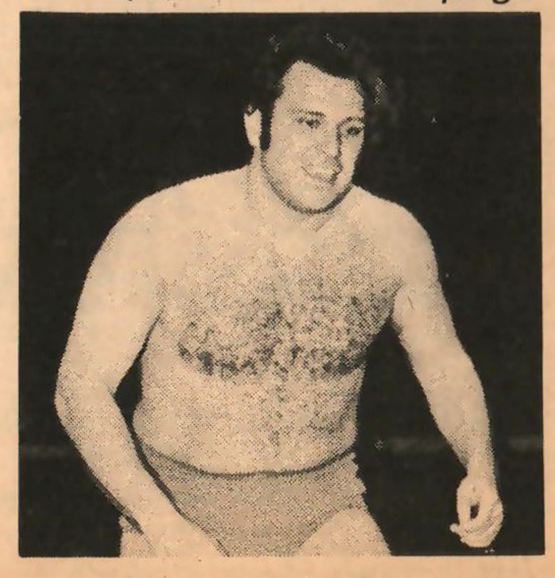
ALWAYS FOR PETE SANCHEZ

I think it's about time you published an article about the very talented—and very underrated—Pete Sanchez. What burns me up is that despite the fact that Pete is small, as wrestlers go, they keep throwing him into the ring

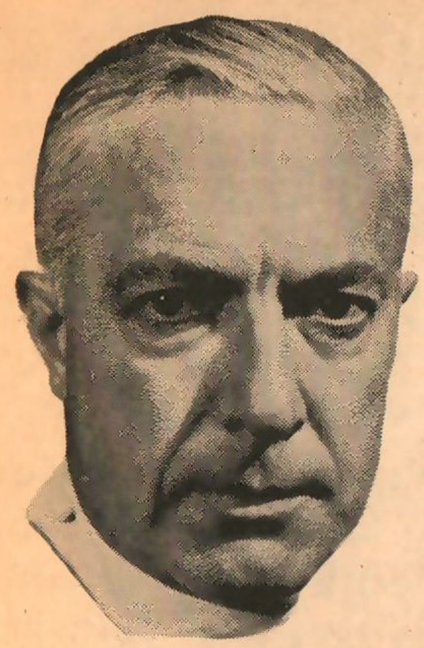
(Continued on page 64)

Natasha, "The Hatchet Lady" (right) and partner, The Great Zantanza.

Kathy Patronis—Will she accept this challenge?



Fellow Brooklynite Pete Sanchez



An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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21 WEST 44 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 704A
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. **Enclosed is $1 deposit.** I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 -- No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from Page 62)

with gorilla-like giants such as Ivan Koloff, Eric the Red and Karl Kovacs. Sure, Pete more than holds his own with those big gorillas, but I think that once in a while they should match him with some one his own size. In my opinion, Pete Sanchez is one of the world's better wrestlers. And I don't say that just because both Pete and I happen to be natives of Brooklyn. I say it simply because it is true.

ANNETTE ALBERO
Brooklyn, NY

RAY STEVENS A "CHICKEN?"

I read your account of Ray Stevens losing his title to Pat Patterson because, as you put it, "he was 'Chicken'" (Inside Wrestling, April/70). Well, you happen to be wrong, as the thousands of San Francisco fans—including me—who saw that match in the Cow Palace will tell you. Why Ray didn't even defend his title that night. Pedro Morales substituted for Stevens because Ray had been in a serious automobile accident and the doctors refused to allow him in the ring. So the next time you accuse a great wrestler like Ray Stevens of being "Chicken," I hope you get the facts straight.

LAURIE KANE
San Francisco, Calif.

• Thank you for the information, Laurie. And if we have offended you and all those other marvelous San Francisco fans, we ask your forgiveness. However we reported the story exactly as our correspondent sent it to us. We are presently checking the facts with San Francisco promoter Roy Shire—ED.

MARK LEWIN WINS A TITLE

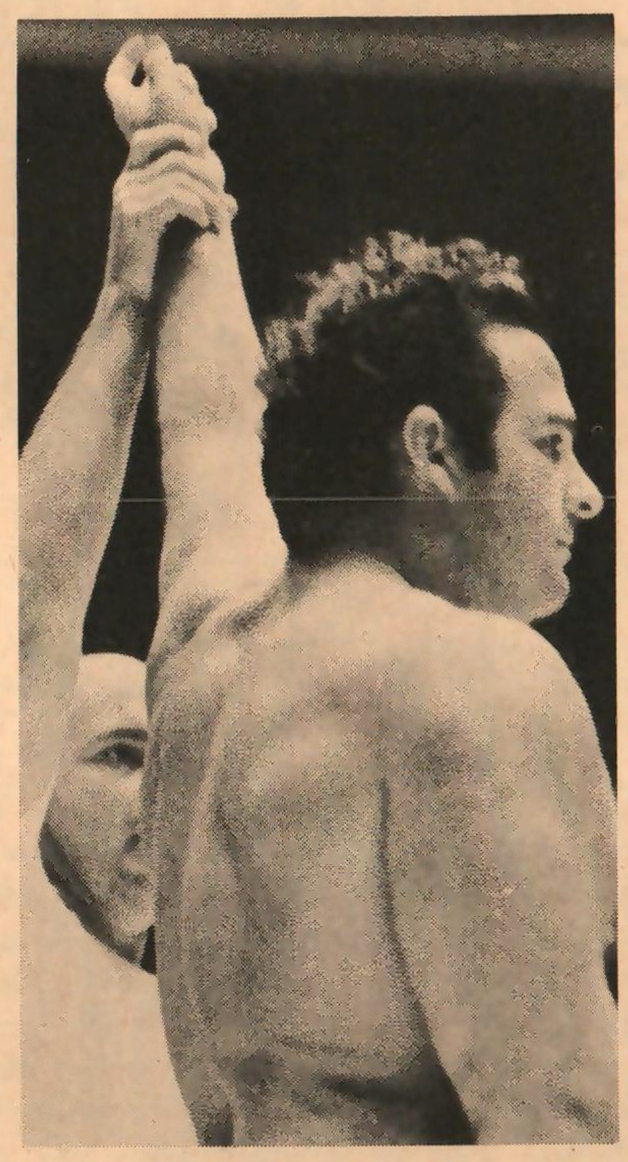
Vancouver (Canada) has long hungered for a singles championship belt. I am delighted to report that we now have not only such a belt, but a champion to go with it. Mark Lewin brought joy to Vancouver wrestling fans when he won the Pacific Northwest title by defeating Lonnie Mayne in two-out-of-three falls before a capacity house at the Exhibition Gardens. Congratulations, Mark.

BRUCK RAUCKMAN
Vancouver, Canada

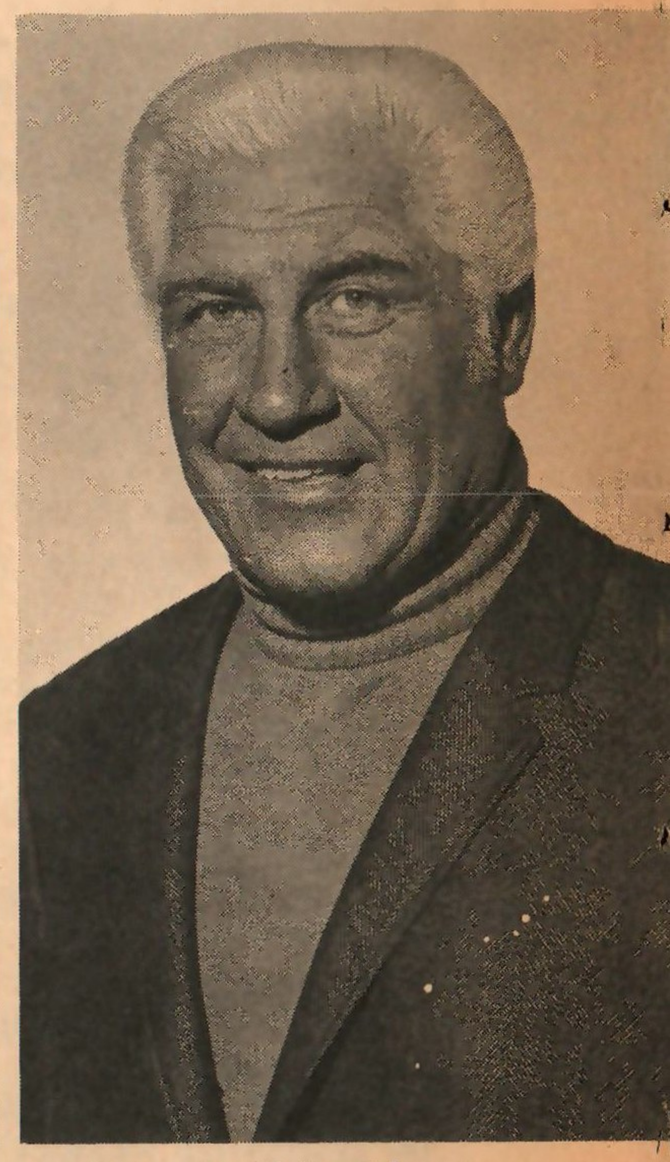
KING FREDDIE

I have something to tell all of you who hate Freddie Blassie. Freddie is the King! Understand? No matter what anybody says, Freddie is the King! And if you don't believe it, run your finger down this list of championships he has held: America's Champ, Brass Knuckles Champ, American Tag Team Champ, Southern Champ, U.S. Champ, Texas Death Match Champ and Georgia State Champ. I rest my case.

RICK NOEL
Los Angeles, Calif.



Mark Lewin—
New glory for Vancouver fans



King Freddie Blassie—
Look at all those titles!

GIRL COVERAGE

Sirs:

While everybody knows THE WRESTLER and its sister magazine, INSIDE WRESTLING, contain by far the best girl wrestling coverage in the world, I just had to write to pay you a special compliment for your fabulous article, "Only Three Men Saw This Titillating Match" (Inside Wrestling, April/70). In a word, Wow! What pictures. What a superb article. Keep up the great work and give us more and more stories like that.

ROBERT DADAMO
New York, NY

THIS CAN BE YOUR "BIG BREAK"
if you're a man who's ever said...

"I'm sick and tired of my Job!"
DON'T FORGET, DEAR, WE'VE GOT A DATE FOR THE MOVIES WITH JIM AND HELEN TONIGHT
AW, HONEY, I'M BUSHED. THAT LOUSY JOB OF MINE...
PLEASE, DEAR. BESIDES, WE DON'T GET OUT THAT OFTEN...
OH, ALRIGHT
LATER
SAY, JIM AND HELEN HAVE A NICE PLACE HERE. WONDER WHERE HE GETS THE MONEY?
OH, JIM IS IN ELECTRONICS NOW
YOU SEEM MIGHTY HAPPY IN ELECTRONICS, JIM. LEVEL WITH ME - HOW'D YOU BREAK IN?
EASIER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK. WITH CIE TRAINING, I LEARNED EVERYTHING I NEEDED RIGHT AT HOME... IN MY SPARE TIME!
BUT DON'T I NEED COLLEGE...?
NOT WITH CIE. THEY TEACH YOU THE EASY WAY. ALSO HELP GET YOU A GOOD JOB!
CINEMA
HOW ABOUT YOU? WANT A GREAT JOB IN ELECTRONICS, TOO? GET FULL FACTS IN CIE'S 2 FREE BOOKS. SEND COUPON NOW!

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Doctor develops home treatment to

Stop dandruff and check thinning hair

A leading New York physician, working with a team of hair and scalp specialists, has developed a simple, medicated home treatment plan, that may mean the difference between saving your hair or losing it to eventual baldness!

This important advance in hair and scalp care meets the very serious needs of so many people troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, dull dry hair, and minor scalp irritations.

Loss of Hair Through Neglect

Many people lose hair, even become bald unnecessarily through neglect and mistreatment. Yet Nature gives you fair warning. Two such warnings are itching scalp and excess dandruff. These signs, as well as subsequent loss of hair, appear to be more common among men.

What most people fail to realize is that the scalp is skin and needs the same careful cleansing, nourishing and stimulation we give skin on the rest of our body, if you are a man or woman!

The healthy condition of the hair therefore, is mainly dependent on the condition of the scalp and proper stimulation of sebaceous glands and muscles.

FOR THE FIRST TIME A 4-WAY HOME TREATMENT

STEP 1. The treatment begins with the use of a specially designed Scalp Stimulator. With its hundreds of magic "fingers," it is scientifically designed to loosen dry, flaky dandruff and bring fresh revitalizing blood closer to the surface to stimulate and nourish hungry hair follicles. You'll delight in the tingling and exhilarating feeling of your scalp after each massage.

STEP 2. Is a unique Medicated Mint Shampoo. It contains a combination of natural and essential oils in a mild coconut oil base. This shampoo not only cleans away surface dirt, but more important, reaches down deep and loosens pore impurities embedded in the scalp. A shampoo once a week keeps hair and scalp thoroughly clean.

STEP 3. The third step in this treatment is an application of Balsam Peru Lotion. It is a hair-conditioning emulsion of rich herbal extracts in a natural lanolin and vegetable oil base. Apply after shampoo to feed, lubricate and moisturize hair and scalp.

STEP 4. Is the application of an anti-dandruff sulphur ointment, a highly effective tissue healing salve that you massage into your scalp. Its antiseptic action goes to work immediately, positively checking itchy dandruff, healing minor scalp irritations and imparting new body and lustre to the hair.

Nothing Else Like It

So positive have been the benefits of this treatment, that it is easy to understand why scalp specialists feel these products are the most important hair and scalp treatment items ever developed.

Now Available to the Public for the First Time

This medically developed and tested treatment is called TOP-CHECK. It is now available to the public in limited quantities and at moderate cost. You can get the wonderful benefits of TOP-CHECK for **less than 20¢ a treatment.** An amazing bargain when you consider what it will do for your hair and scalp.

FALLING HAIR CHECKED

Or Your Money Back!

Richard Estrin, leading hair preparation manufacturer talks on nourishment and health of the normal hair follicle.

TOP-CHECK

4-WAY HOME TREATMENT KIT

. . . the stimulative action way!

1. TOP-CHECK SCALP STIMULATOR. A scientifically designed, hand-contoured massager. Use to stimulate blood flow to the hair roots, loosen dandruff and prepare the scalp for further treatment.

2. TOP-CHECK MINT JULEP Stimulative Shampoo. A fresh chlorophyll green shampoo. It is a penetrating super-cleanser that gently lifts off and rinses away scalp-pore impurities and flaky dandruff.

3. TOP-CHECK BALSAM PERU LOTION. A professional hair-conditioning preparation (costing up to ten dollars a treatment in leading beauty salons) attacks dandruff, helps halt thinning hair.

4. TOP-CHECK Medicated Sulphur-H. This greaseless ointment checks itching and dandruff, helps heal minor scalp irritations and keeps hair healthy between shampoos.

RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

Examine your hair and scalp before and after the 30-day treatment. Your dandruff should be eliminated. Your itchy scalp relieved. Your hair should be cleaner, thicker and more alive. If you don't see a thrilling improvement your money will be refunded.

All four items $5.95

Enough for 30 Complete Treatments

LARGE FAMILY SIZES—9.95 for our many satisfied users

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24-08 Jackson Ave., Long Island City, N.Y., N.Y. 11101

Please RUSH the complete TOP-CHECK 4-way Home Treatment for my hair and scalp including TOP-CHECK Scalp Stimulator, Mint Julep Stimulative Shampoo, Balsam Peru Lotion and Sulfur-H Medicated Dandruff Ointment.

☐ 5.95—Enough for 30 Complete Treatments.
☐ 9.95 Family Size—Enough for 72 Complete Treatments.
New York residents, add sales tax (NYC, 6%)

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclose ☐ check or ☐ money order; sorry, no C.O.D.

Another JOSEPH WEIDER Breakthrough!

Slim Down & Make Out

with JOE WEIDER'S SLIM·GARD® THE INSTANT SLIMMER

Gives your waist sex appeal!

NOW!—An entirely New "SCIENCE WEAPON"—A "New Speed" to help a guy with a pot belly lose up to 3¼ inches and give him a sleek, sexy waist—Or to help a chubby fellow lose up to 17 pounds and "shake his world"—**ALL IN JUST 14 DAYS!** The **SLIM GARD** and **SLIMMER'S KIT** has quickly turned thousands of fat and flabby, run-down pussy cats into "Turned On" Tigers on the prowl! However, we wanted more proof of this amazing fast-working plan so **we conducted a controlled test at a leading university. The students reported waist losses of up to 3.25 and overall fat losses of up to 17 pounds —IN ONLY 2 WEEKS!** Results came so fast with our "Slimmer's Kit" that the students called it a 'small miracle'—they found it the only foolproof way to reduce the waist, hips and overall fat in a matter of days.

Forget vibrators, electronic machines, rubber or weighted-belts, pills, crash diets or other gimmicks—the government claims such devices, by themselves, are practically useless for slimming and shaping.

The **slimmer kit** is a guaranteed, simple 3-part program that really works—whether you're 20, 30, 50, or even 70 **(and University Tests and 1000-plus users back up our claim!)**, "Slim-Gard" and "Slimmer's Kit" are the only foolproof way to reduce your waist, hips, and produce overall weight losses in a matter of days. And what makes it so great is that you can do it **secretly** . . . in the **privacy of your own room.** It takes only 15 minutes a day for 14 days to help create a more exciting and sexier-looking you! It's so good it's endorsed by coaches, physical educators, beauty queens, TV stars and physique champions everywhere. So if you are serious about trying our foolproof way of slimming down and shaping up . . . lucky YOU! It's all here—the "Slimmer's Kit" for you to try out—secretly and privately—for 14 days . . . and on my Money-Back Guarantee offer. So let's get started, Tiger . . . you have nothing to lose but a flabby waist or a fat body!

1 THE "SLIM GARD"

The Instant Slimmer—Trims inches off your waist, hips and lower back—without dieting. For a speedy "gateway" slip on **SLIM GARD**—the entirely new "science weapon" that when used with the **SLIMMER'S** routine will take up to 3.25 inches off your waist in only 2 weeks—and keep it off—as proven by thousands of recent users and in a controlled university test. So, go on—slip on **SLIM GARD the Instant Slimmer.** Then, take it easy, for while you're sitting around, watching TV, relaxing or eating, your waist, hips and small-of-the-back are getting an effortless "going over" that takes inches off your soft belly without your even knowing it! It hugs your body gently but firmly, keeping warm air in—cool air out—trimming inches effortlessly away! **SLIM GARD** and the **SLIMMER'S Routine** work effectively for the fat or slender man. Instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight. When you have slimmed down, you are given a simple "maintenance" program that will **keep** you slim and trim for the rest of your life. **And SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . except the inches that go! You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!**

Building a natural Muscle Girdle that holds in your waist for life is easy, when you buy and use

THE "SLIM GARD"

(Made to last for years)

and The Slimmer's Routine.

Only $9.98

Comes in sizes: Small, Medium, Large

2 "SLIMMER" SHAKE

Helps You Lose Up to a Pound-A-Day—14 Pounds in 14 Days—Without Losing Your Strength and Vigor. If you're 10 to 100 pounds overweight and want even faster weight losses—up to a-pound-a-day, Part 2 of Joe Weider's famous **SLIMMER'S Formula** is the easiest and most delicious way to do it. It's called The **"SLIMMER" Shake**—a scrumptuous, **protein-enriched** milkshake-flavored drink. It supplies nutrients to your body that charge it with **power** and **vim** while it slenderizes you. Even chubby guys who won't even lift a finger can lose up to a-pound-a-day, 14 pounds in 14 days—just drinking The **SLIMMER** Shake! It's the first and the best for fast weight losses . . . that's why even the world's strongest and best-built men and Olympic champions drink it to get in shape quickly.

"SLIMMER" SHAKE (Complete nutritious meal-in-a-glass) **and The Slimmer's Routine.**

Only $11.98

(2 weeks supply)

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FREE! THE SLIMMER'S ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks To Shape You Up and Trim You Down

Here's Part 3 of the Slimming Formula, the surprisingly effortless **"Aerobic/Circuit"** training routine used by athletes, coaches, actresses and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier, more Exciting You! You need this routine NOW—because it's the youthful-appearing person who gets and stays ahead!—**AND IT'S YOURS FREE!**

SPECIAL OFFER!

3 SLIM GARD AND SLIMMER'S SHAKE

and The Slimmer's Routine ALL THREE ($21.98 value) For only $17.96

INSTANTLY LOOK SLIMMER
LOSE UP TO 3.25 INCHES IN 14 DAYS!
Go Ahead . . . Start Moving Your Belt Back A Few Notches, Instantly . . . And Keep It There.

SHAKE YOUR WORLD

Now You Can Have a Slimmer, Sexier Waist and a "Turned On" Sleek Body—Fast!

It's Foolproof! It's Easy!—and so simple to slim down for life with my effortless, GUARANTEED 1-2-3 SLIMMER'S FORMULA. Attack your weight problem these 3 ways: (1) Wear SLIM GARD to lose up to 3.25 inches from your waist in 14 days. (2) Drink The SLIMMER'S SHAKE to lose overall weight of up to 17 pounds in 2 weeks. (3) Do the "effortless" SLIMMER Routine 15 minutes a day for 14 days. WHY NOT GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY? You've nothing to lose but a flabby waist—or a fat body—and you'll gain a "turned on" sleek body, a real "male status symbol". If you have that, you're definitely "in" with the girls. Don't miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime offer! Prove to yourself that within 14 days you can slim down once and for all—OR EVERY PENNY BACK. Clip and mail the NO RISK COUPON NOW—while it's still handy and the offer is available to you.

I GUARANTEE YOU A WAIST LOSS OF UP TO 3.25" —A WEIGHT LOSS OF UP TO 17 POUNDS—IN THE NEXT 14 DAYS—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!—FAIR?

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

My entirely New "SCIENCE WEAPON" and the SLIMMER'S Formula really works! That's why I can guarantee these results. I have tested it over 2 years with astonishing results and just recently a CONTROLLED TEST WAS CONDUCTED AT A LEADING UNIVERSITY AND AS MENTIONED BEFORE, THE STUDENTS REPORTED WAIST LOSSES OF UP TO 3.25 INCHES AND OVERALL FAT LOSSES OF UP TO 17 POUNDS—IN JUST 14 DAYS.

Trainer of the Champions, Architect of Beauties since 1936 with over 2,500,000 successful students

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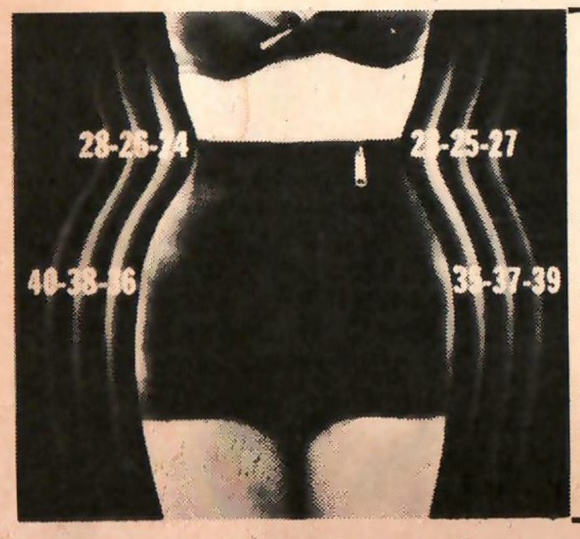

GREAT FOR WOMEN!

Slim Down with the Instant Slimmer JOE WEIDER'S SLIM·GARD THE INSTANT SLIMMER

You Lose Up to 5 Inches or More Off Your Waist and Hips in 30 Days—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

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CHECK THE "SLIMMING DOWN" PLAN YOU NEED BELOW:

1 ☐ **SLIM GARD** and Free Course **only $9.98**
Check size: ☐ Small (24-29) ☐ Medium (30-38) ☐ Large (39-47)

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3 ☐ **SPECIAL OFFER:** Slim Gard, Slimmer Shake and Free Course **only $17.96**

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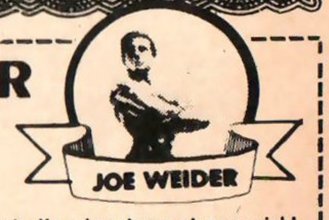

Dear Joe: YES! I want to start slimming down at your risk! I am enclosing only the special low price for the plan I need to "SLIM DOWN" and "SHAPE UP". If I am not completely satisfied, I can return the unused material within 5 days for a full refund of the purchase price.

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ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

Prices do not include small parcel post charge paid on delivery

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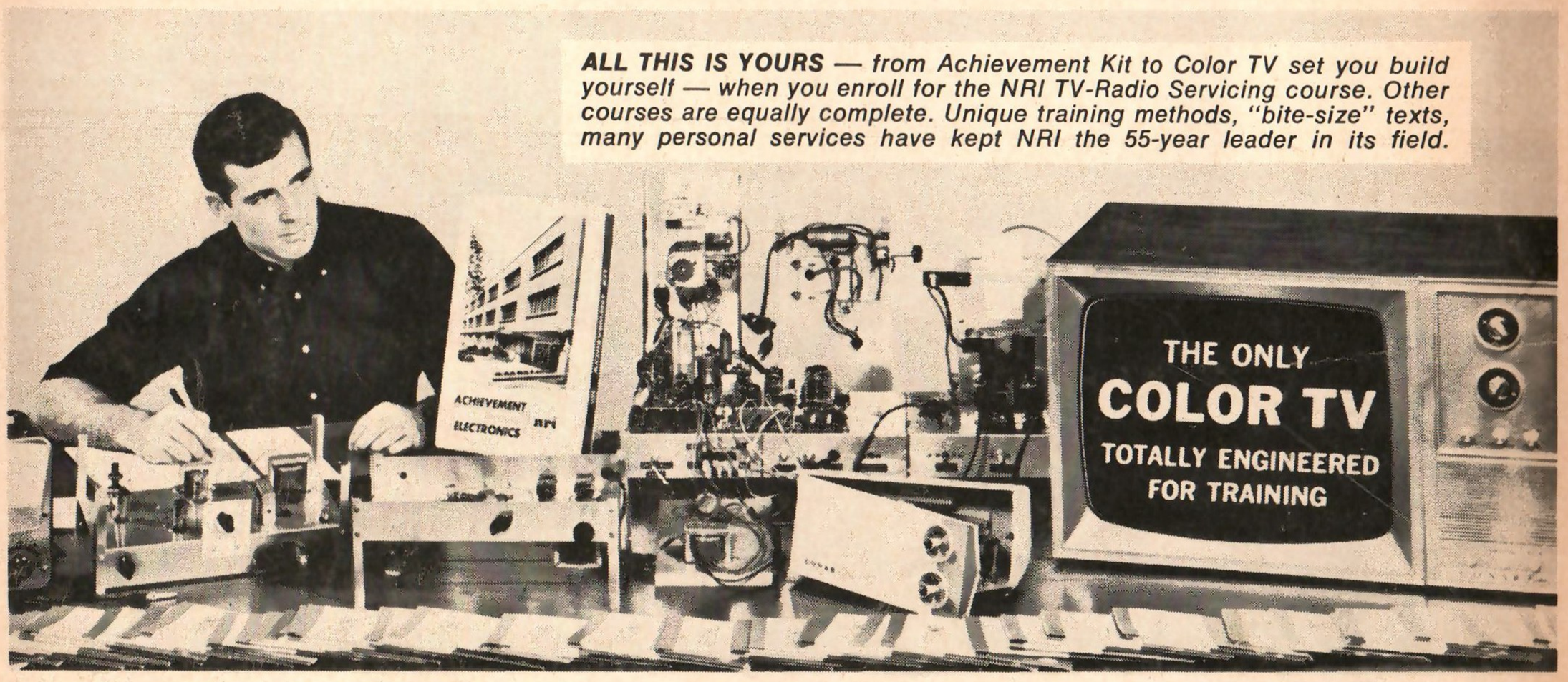

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Color Television is just one of the money-making "boom" markets in the field of Electronics. And Electronics is growing so fast it is expected to be America's number-one industry in a few short years. TV technicians are in demand *now* to keep millions of color sets in working order. NRI prepares you with actual on-the-job experience by including in its Color TV course a custom-designed color set totally engineered for training purposes. You learn by *doing*, demonstrating things you read about in "bite-size" texts as you build and work with professional equipment. Electronics comes alive in a fascinating way. In Color TV, the end product is your own high quality set, yours to keep for years of viewing pleasure.

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NRI has a training plan to fit every interest, every need in Color TV Servicing, Communications, Industrial Electronics. You can learn to be your own boss in your own TV-Radio Servicing business, or make $5 to $7 an hour fixing sets in spare time. Or you can get into the fascinating fields of broadcasting-communications. Or be a part of the Electronics "revolution" in business and industry; learn to understand computers; or take part in missile, rocket and satellite programs. Whatever your interest, whatever your need, NRI has fifteen training plans tailored for you.

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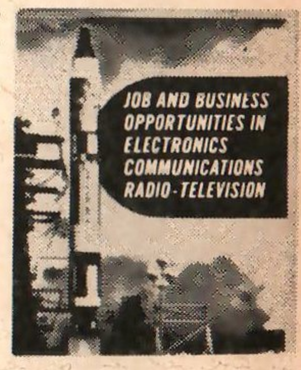

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